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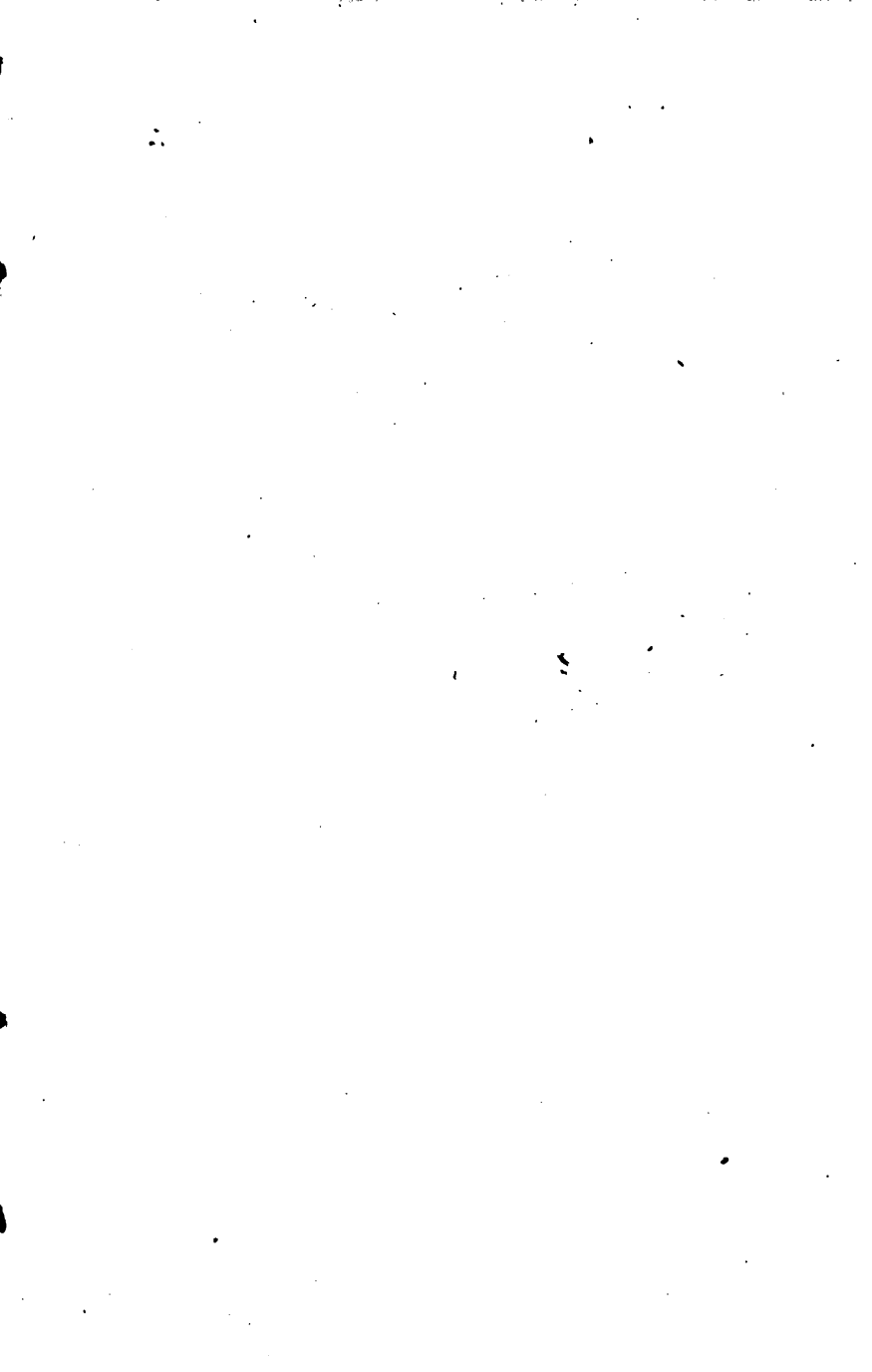
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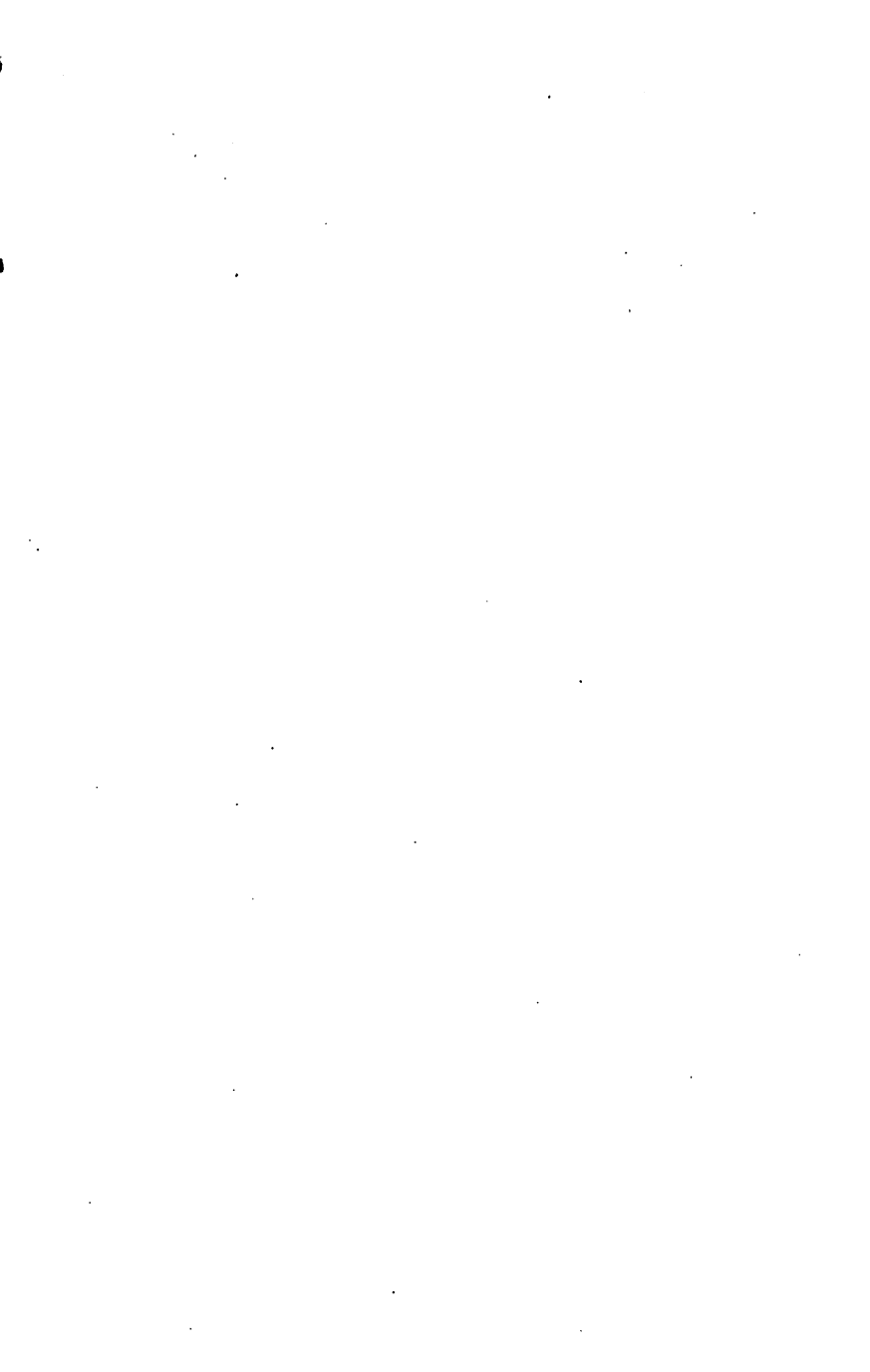


THE BEQUEST OF
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(CLASS OF 1882)
OF NEW YORK

1918









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ADVENTURES

OF

RUDOLPH BARDY DE KOVATSI,

A

HUNGARIAN EXILE,

IN

ITALY, HUNGARY AND TURKEY.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.;

PRESS OF LEE, MANE & CO., DAILY AMERICAN OFFICE.

1855.

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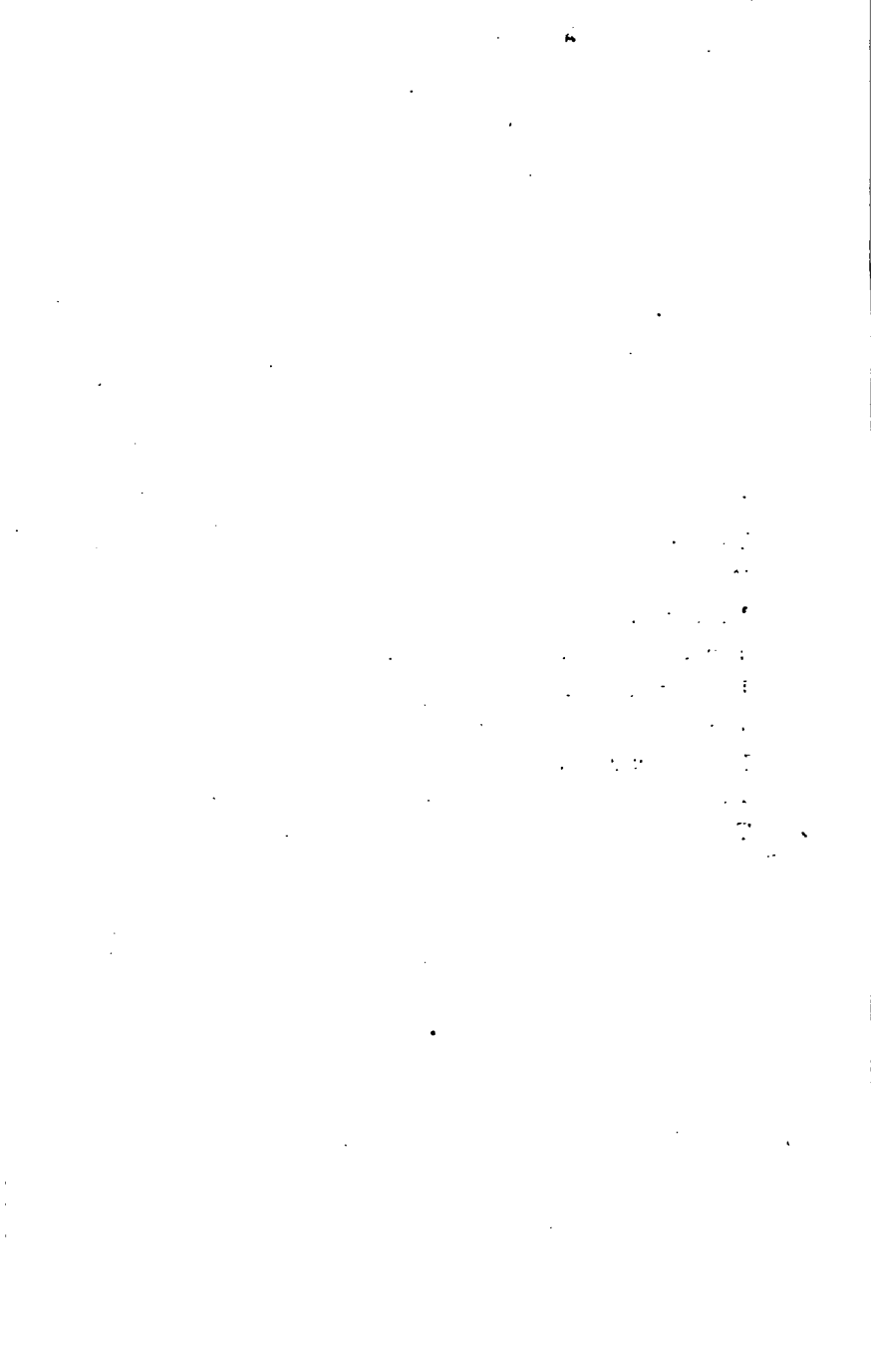
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THIS VOLUME
IS RESPECTFULLY ASCRIBED TO
THOMAS AMORY,
COLONEL OF THE INDEPENDENT CADETS OF BOSTON, MASS.,
AS A PROOF OF THE
EVERLASTING RESPECT AND GRATITUDE
OF
THE AUTHOR.



PREFACE.

UNDoubtedly every one who participated in the late European revolutionary struggle, may properly relate, without exaggeration, scenes whose authenticity, if confirmed, would make them worthy of public attention. With regard to this point, I would direct the reader's attention to the certificates appended to this volume.

As to my motives and purposes in giving publicity to this narrative, I leave them to be discovered by the reader. I only remark here, that many of the most respectable citizens of the United States have aided me in carrying out this task; and since by insurmountable difficulties it has been long delayed, I cannot repress a feeling of satisfaction upon being able at last to place this volume in the hands of those who have not denied me their assistance in the hour of need.

THE AUTHOR.



INTRODUCTION.

I AM well aware that in the field of authorship there is no task more difficult and delicate than the autobiographer's. If the author is self-denying, he cannot paint his own character with colors which might be interpreted to flatter himself, however indispensable this may be to the truth of history, or to a correct understanding on the part of the public. And on the contrary, if he has a little vanity, the result is still more unfortunate. Considering all this, and knowing that no human being is perfect, I have determined, in tracing my path on the sea of events, to keep for my compass the truth inviolate, and to relate candidly every act and occurrence. I do so, trusting that if the reader shall find me in some instances to have managed erroneously, too hastily, or with lack of discretion, or too impulsively, he will kindly pardon me, remembering that race, climate, education, and mode of life exert a powerful influence, even if they do not lay a complete and life-long foundation of a man's character; and if, on the other hand, he shall discern in me some lineaments of an honest man, he will ascribe it not to my conceit, but my determination to narrate events precisely as they transpired.

Finally, I ask the reader's forbearance and charity towards my imperfect and erroneous style in the English language. I have the more confidence that this will not be refused to me, because it is only two years and four months since I first breathed the free air of this glorious republic, to which I would wish from my heart to be forever united.

RUDOLPHUS BARDY DE KOVATSI.



ITALY IN 1847.

“——Italy

The clang of broken fetters heard,
And thoughts like her own chainless sea,
Within her throbbing bosom stirred.”

WHEN the flag of Freedom — “*La bandiera tricolore*” — was unfurled in Italy, in the year 1847, I found myself in a Hungarian regiment of the Austrian army — the Archduke Francis Ferdinand de Este’s 32d Line Infantry. This I entered voluntarily, some six years ago, and at the period when this history commences, I was honored with the grade of Corporal. How I arrived at this dignity, and why I did not reach the rank of Field Marshall, the reader shall be informed in the course of this sketch.

About the middle of November, 1847, the second battalion, in which, also, my humble self served, was ordered to leave Mantua and march to Modena,* to tranquilize the “rebellious people,” as the Austrian Government styled them.

Already might be seen the infallible symptoms of the impending revolution. “*Morte ai Tedeschi!*” — Death to the Germans! — was written on every corner stone from the Capitol at Rome to the Mediterranean and Adriatic shores. Even the King of the Lazzaronis — i. e. of Naples — the King of

* Mantua is the strongest fortress of Lombardy. Modena, weakly fortified, is the metropolis of the Duchy; also the residence of the Archduke. They are divided by the channel of Secchia.

Sardinia, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and His Holiness the Pope, had sided with the tumultuous people, who were tossed to and fro, like the waves of an angry sea, one moment lifted mountain high, the next descending to a valley's yawning depth. Exasperated by the systematic cruelties, oppression, and perfidy of the Austrian government, all their views, thoughts and feelings were concentrated into a sentiment of glowing hate, and a burning, insatiable thirst for revenge. No wonder that the tyrant, like the ship-master whose vessel is threatened to be crushed and swallowed by the stormy waves, which seem to have no other impulse than to revenge themselves on the fragile ship, riding so proudly on their mighty back, managed like the sea captain, who, borne along on the very back of his adversary, is just able to reach the port.

Among the insurgent, though yet harmless people, who, exceedingly irritated and exasperated, beset us *en masse* at every important point in our journey, we set forth on our march without attacking or being attacked. At the first glance it might be perceived that our position was purely passive, having the strictest orders to endure peaceably every insult, contumely and menace whatever, except actual assault. And indeed during our march there was no scarcity of the keenest sarcastic taunts, for every one knows that in this rhetorical figure the Italians are unsurpassed. And occasionally their sarcasm was so ill-timed that I am not sure my countrymen — old soldiers and high-spirited as they were — would have quietly suffered it, notwithstanding the most stringent orders, had they understood the language as well as myself; while the officers, pale with anger, were scarcely able to swallow their mingled rage and hatred.

At last, by forced marches we arrived in two days at the gates of Modena, where we were welcomed by the Archduke, who was also the nominal proprietor of our regiment. His Highness the Duke was attended by a suit of some sixty or

seventy officers, with uniform of every color, and belonging to every corps of his Modenese army. Whether they were not able to defend him against his people, or His Highness did not trust them, I am unable to say.

Before we entered the city, our Colonel ordered the music band — sixty to seventy strong — to play the Rakoczy's March during our defile through the city — the very march by which some hundred and fifty years ago, Rakoczy led his brave volunteers for the religious and civil freedom of Hungary, against the sanguinary intolerance and intrigues of the Pope, as well as against the tyrannical usurpation of the Hapsburg-Lorraine house. By this very march we were led by the Hapsburg-Lorraine family, to oppress the civil and religious freedom of a nation.

This march has to this day a powerful and extraordinary influence on every true Hungarian heart. The nobly sad melody, the genius of heroism, the memories connected with it, revivify the weary, inspire bravery in the daunted, and make dear and sweet death on the battle field for freedom. No wonder if my countrymen at the first sound of it, gained a new spirit and marched along the streets with melancholy sadness, but proudly, dignified and straight forward. By this the people were more and more irritated, and though the Modenese soldiers formed along the street a living fence on either hand, to prevent the people from approaching us, yet the demonstration of their disapproval and disgust was more vivid, more sharp, more cutting, insulting, and menacing than we had met on our journey.

The reader may imagine that such a reception was not very agreeable to my countrymen, whose hearts and sympathies were not with Austria, but with the Italians. But they, not understanding our language and feelings, and not knowing our character and position, indulged themselves in ridiculing us, while my countrymen in like manner misunderstood them. But I,

who understood both, and knew their character, was convinced that if they insulted, blamed, and manaced each other, it was the usual delightful (?) fruit of Austrian policy. And I was convinced that if they were able to read mutually the feelings of their hearts, the thoughts of their minds, the vote of their souls, they would not hesitate a minute to shake hands and unite against the common oppressor; — for who is more hardly oppressed than a Hungarian soldier of the Austrian army? Seized in the night time, in his sleep, by stranger soldiers — among his parents, brothers, and sisters — bound with ropes or ironed, taken away among bayonets to a strange land, to serve twelve or fourteen years, and not seldom for life, as an instrument to oppress a people who in his lifetime had never done him or his nation any harm. While at home his relations shed tears for his sake, as long as they have a drop left, and not seldom a rose-like fair one grows paler and paler, and falls into an untimely grave, being deprived for long years or forever of her promised husband, to her the only sweet solace among so many bitternesses by which the pitiful condition of the Hungarian is overflowed!

Under such circumstances I deemed it my duty, imposed not only by the calumniated honor of my nation, but also by the holy cause of Italian freedom, and by the impulse of humanity to prevent as far as possible the massacre which might be the natural consequence of such misunderstanding — to explain to the Italians our position, feelings, and opinions; and to my own countrymen the mistake by reason of which the Italians treated us in so repulsive a manner.

No sooner had I laid aside my military burdens than I took apart some of the most trustworthy of my countrymen, explaining to them the matter with such eloquence, logic, and reasons, as I was able to command and deemed suitable to my purpose. My advice was — “To refuse unanimously to serve Austria in oppressing the freedom of whatever nation; to unite our-

selves morally with the Italians, and physically to demand, and even, if necessary, to force, sword in hand, our way to our country." After having recommended to my countrymen to spread this doctrine among our brothers, and being persuaded that they had not only a strong inclination for it, but a firm and positive resolution, I hastened to find the Italians.

After some interrogatories, I was told that on the same evening was to be held a great meeting at Cassino Hall. At an early hour, it being prohibited to remain till late in the city, I found myself at the door. But though early, the Hall was already so densely filled, that if I had not worn the Austro-Hungarian uniform, I could not have gained admission. But the hated costume not only opened my way, but at my first request I was allowed to speak, while the whole assembly, with restrained breath, awaited with anxious curiosity what I was about to say. And I said:

"*Cittadini!*" — Citizens! — "I am a Hungarian. I love my nation much, and its honor more. As such, I feel entitled to present myself before you, and address you in behalf of the honor of my country, and also in your own. You accuse the Hungarian nation of ordering or permitting us to come here to oppress your rightly-claimed liberty. This is without doubt a great and sad mistake, not to say calumny. For the Hungarian nation never consented, much less ordered its sons to oppress the constitutional freedom of any nation whatever; and if we are here and used by the Austrian Government for such a purpose, it is against the will and consent of the Hungarian nation — it is even against our own will and principles. The most low-minded among my countrymen knows well and feels deeply that — to use their own words — 'One neighbor has no right to command in the house of another, and if he does, and shall be turned out, this is right.' This is the opinion and firm conviction of my countrymen, significant enough to show you that if we are not with you we are certainly not

against you, nor is the Hungarian nation. Now I pray you only allow me to remark that the repulsive, sarcastic, and menacing reception which we met, as well on our journey as in your city — your contemptuous and provoking manner awoke the military pride and national jealousy of my countrymen, because they do not understand your motives, as you, on the other hand, do not know our feelings, character and position. In short, what I wish is no more and no less than this — that instead of adding to the difficulties which to our common danger have hitherto separated us, we should attempt to destroy those already existing, and unite ourselves, if not physically, at least morally, against the common oppressor. Under such circumstances I can guarantee that they are not yet altogether despoiled of every lineament of humanity, though long under the pestiferous education of the Austrian Government, but are yet not wholly unworthy to be called Hungarians.”

For some moments a deathlike silence reigned over the whole assembly, not one eye, but hundreds being fixed, surveying me in my whole length, repeatedly. At length a gentleman of respectable exterior questioned me thus:

“What is your name?”

“Do not ask my name, sir; but be persuaded without it that I have spoken the truth, and the purest and most fervent wish of our hearts”, replied I.

“Well!” said he, “we do not doubt it, but an honest man never refuses to give his name.”

“If you take me not to be an honest man, because I refuse my name,” I replied, “I am very sorry. But if you will promise to believe me fully, and proceed according to what I have said, I will tell you, and have the pleasure of becoming in your eyes an honest man, and the reward, which is all I wish, of knowing that my words are not lost like foot-prints in the desert,” added I, with some feeling of indignation that they did not believe my words.

"I promise it," said he.

And I told my name.

"You are also a native born Hungarian?"

"And a corporal in the Imperial and royal army of Austria," added I, being unable to suppress a slight compliment and an ironical smile.

At this time a mysterious noise passed along the ranks of the assembly, and I distinctly heard some remarks, as — "*Eh puo esser una spia di Radeczky*," "Ah! may be a spy of Radeczky" — "*Lasciatelo andare*," "Let him go" — "*Non andate in discurso*," "Do not speak with him" — "*E' meglio che se ne vadi*," "It is better to let him go" — "*Non si puo crederli*," "Cannot trust him, etc.

During this noise the gentleman who questioned me said, I was very welcome with my message, and he promised to use his influence in persuading his countrymen to act conformably. And he made some short but spirited remarks on the treacherous conduct with which Austria had all along treated the Hungarian nation. But his voice was scarcely audible amidst the noise which resounded from every part of the hall, but of which I could hear only some broken words, enough, however, to perceive that they disbelieved me, and rather suspected me to be a spy. And so, shaking hands with my interrogator, I left the hall, and to my great regret I heard the outbreak of discordant, satiric laughter while I was descending the marble stairs.

Going home — that is, to the Cittadella,* which was at some distance from the city — I reflected on the matter. Concluding that the Italians not only distrusted my words, but believed me to be an Austrian spy, I indeed pitied them. But consoling myself with the consciousness that I had done my duty, I forgot their satiric laughter and doubtful remarks which were the result of my humane, pure, and fervent desire.

* A fortress built for the purpose of destroying the city by bombardment.

The signal of morning prayer had no sooner aroused the sleeping sons of Mars, than I was ordered to present myself before the Captain. This order did not surprise me, but when the officer on duty ordered me to put down my sword, I conjectured that my address of the last evening had been reported for such a journal as I had never meant it for.

Entering the office and in a military manner saluting my Captain, he asked me what I had spoken yesterday evening in the hall, to the Italians.

"I defended the honor of our nation," I answered, "and our own; because I hope we are Hungarians, and wish and mean to be worthy of our nation."

"My dear friend!" said the captain, in a tone a little more sensitive than usual, for he himself was a Hungarian — "The soldier has no nation — no fatherland. The soldier must be obedient — that is all. I am sorry, very sorry for you, because you were born under an unhappy planet. You will be shot."

"Well," said I, "if it is for defending the honor of my nation, I will suffer it without grief or lamentation. Nay, I will be proud of it."

"Unhappy man!" said the captain, with half compassion, half merriment, and giving the order, in less than five minutes I was chained "in cross,"* both hands and feet. In such a manner, only the criminal sentenced to death, is ironed.

About nine o'clock the same morning, I was brought before my colonel.† He asked me in the most horrible manner — "What have you spoken to those Italians?"

I repeated my words.

"Upon my honor," said the colonel, not without emotion — "had you been any other man of my regiment, I should not

* That is, the right hand to the left foot, and the left hand to the right foot.

† Named Jos. Cassellitz, born in Styria. A good-hearted man, but a mere instrument.

now be hesitating a single minute to give you into the hands of the martial law, to be shot without pardon. And if I do not, it is not for your sake, but for the sake of your family—I do not wish to embitter the few remaining days of your aged parents. But one word more to those Italians—a single syllable with them—and I will not forget that I owe you three balls. For the present”—addressing the captain—“let him be degraded forever, and have fifty hard lashes this afternoon, in the presence of the battalion.” Saying thus, the colonel left me to the care of a captain and two corporals, who did not forget to secure me, but only with one chain; and they locked me up in my former prison.

I had plenty of time to reflect on my condition. As to my colonel, I knew him to be a man who did not trifle with his words in such matters, and I had no doubt the barbarous punishment would be inflicted upon me. After a serious consideration, I determined that it was better to die, than submit to such an inhuman, debasing, and humiliating punishment. Yes! I concluded that my good old parents would prefer the fame of my death, incurred in self-defence against such an inhuman procedure, which would stamp shame on the front of my whole family. With this firm decision, I managed to extricate myself from my chain, and putting off all my outer garments, I waited the moment of my fate. In the whole of this very serious situation, nothing was so troublesome to me as the thought that I had been suspected by some of the Italians in the meeting, of being an Austrian spy; while the very spy who so infamously reported me, was undiscovered in their own bosom. With my natural sincerity, I had only acted, as the reader may conceive, a little incautiously and indiscreetly. But after making a full confession and a fervent prayer to my Creator, the Supreme Judge of all, I forgave every one who, willingly or unwillingly, had offended me, and I felt more than enough courage to meet the imminent crisis.

In the afternoon, about half-past three, the officer on duty entered my prison. Seeing me not only liberated from my chain, but stripped of my garments, in his astonishment he brought his hand to the hilt of his sword, swearing in a horrible manner — for oaths are familiar to the Austrian officers, who are skilled and excel in their shocking composition. He exclaimed: "What are you doing? Put on your clothes, instantly!"

I remained motionless and mute, as I lay on the wooden bench, sustaining my head in my left hand.

"Don't you understand me, you Hungarian noble? Come, come; we will now put the seal on the patent of your nobility," added he, sarcastically.

"Not while life remains," answered I, in a tone which showed that I spoke with my whole heart and soul. "Go you, sir, and report to him who orders the execution, that I am a man, and not an ox, and I will not go on my feet upon a stage where I know eternal shame, humiliation, and infamy, that I have never deserved, await me."

"Aye! aye!" remarked he, with ironical compassion. "You forget that we have thousands under our command, and that such kind of play may cost you dear, my brave fellow."

"I forget nothing. I know what you suggest to me. I am decided to defend myself. That is all I say — that is all I do," replied I, with a firmness equal to my determination.

"We shall see," said he, making a sign to the corporal who stood near him; and with a diabolical laugh mingled with exultation at my imminent danger, he left the prison followed by the corporal, who made me a sign of approbation, but with all this, he carefully locked up the massive door.

I knew that under such circumstances, if a soldier, under-officer, or officer, resist the guard, he may be killed at once, or

* He was born in Hungary, but of a lady who paid a short visit to Hungary, and afterwards returned to occupy her place as *Dame d'honneur* of her Majesty.

shot at the bidding of the commander, without any responsibility. But I decided to die rather than submit myself to the ignominy. Yet in this fearful and threatening situation of my life, there appeared to me a spark of hope. This was the sympathy of the whole regiment in which I served, and in which I was kindly regarded by every man, for doing them some trifling services, and never any harm. The simple knowledge that I had been sixteen times chained for refusing to beat men sentenced to fifty, eighty, or a hundred lashes — that I had never undersigned a sentence of death, because in the cases in which this punishment was pronounced, the sentence was not only unjust, cruel, and inhuman, but the greatest and darkest satire upon justice and humanity; this knowledge of my character, I say, attached the regiment to me with respect and sympathy, and I cherished the hope that they would not obey the order to shoot me. After a few minutes I heard the steps of the approaching guard. In a second the door opened, where stood the lieutenant at the head of the guard.

“Put on your clothes, or you shall be shot!” ordered the lieutenant, with his whole authority — but of which he had very little, in spite of all his efforts to assume it.

I remained motionless and mute, as I lay on the wooden bench, sustaining my head in my left hand.

“If you do not obey, so much the worse for you,” said he, almost suffocated with rage at my laconic conduct. “Platoon!” commanded he to the first three men at the door, in front — “Ready!”

And three muskets fell in a horizontal line with my head, while the click of the hammers was distinctly audible.

“No! no!” exclaimed I, in the very sound of my opened heart; “You, my countrymen — you cannot shoot me. You know I love you, and ever have. If I must be shot, let it be done by stranger hands. Do not stain yours with a brother’s blood, whose only crime is that he defended the honor of our nation.

The lieutenant saw that the address made an unexpected impression, for the soldiers fixed their eyes mildly and imploringly on the face of the lieutenant, but meeting a look of indescribable surprise and rage they began to pray me not to resist the order, but be obedient, while their muskets lost their aim.

The lieutenant, seeing this unexpected demonstration, with irrepressible rage and perplexity, exclaimed, "This is mutiny! This is treachery! I will announce the whole guard as rebellious. Away with your arms! Take him and bind him, if you wish not yourselves to taste the sharpness of my sabre!"

"Take him," he ordered once more.

"Take him, if you please, sire lieutenant," answered one of the soldiers, "but we will not put our hands on the body of this man."

The lieutenant either had no authority or no courage, or it was beneath his dignity to attack me and cut me in pieces, as it is written in the military code of Austria, in such cases as this. But he ordered to shut the door, and returned to report what had occurred, to Captain Mozer,* who commanded the execution.

A few minutes passed and the door opened again. A number of Modenese soldiers rushed into the prison unarmed. I had scarcely time to get up and take a position with the iron chain, which was my only weapon of defence, before I was surrounded by every side. After some blows had been exchanged, I was taken both by my feet and hands. Putting my clothes on, they carried me on their shoulders to the place of execution and bound me to a bench so tightly as to intercept the circulation of blood. Then two martial corporals, famous for the infliction of lashes, commenced their torturing experiment on my back.

Not so much the agony caused by the management of the unmerciful Slavonic corporals, as the consciousness of finding myself in such an infamous position, took away my presence of

* A born Hungarian, but renegade.

mind, and at the fifth stroke of the lash I had entirely fainted. When I regained consciousness, I found myself in bed, among some others also in bed, whose pale faces showed that the place was the Infirmary. And indeed I felt unspeakably miserable, when it was told me by the superintendent that after twenty-eight lashes, the surgeon of the regiment declared that I would die if the punishment should be fully extended.* The remainder were remitted for the present on condition that they should be inflicted after I should have recovered from the first.

The reader may imagine that under such circumstances, a mind so excited as mine was, being occupied at once by so many different thoughts as my situation suggested, was not strong enough to suffer the attack with calmness. On the second or third day I was seized by a typhus and nervous fever; and it was supposed that instead of the punishment reserved for me, and newly deserved by resisting the guard, I should be locked up forever in an insane asylum, or sent home for the great pleasure and consolation of my poor old parents!

Such was the reward of my humane intentions — namely: by the Italians I was suspected of being a spy of Radeczky, while by the Austrians I was beaten like a highwayman or thief — except that during my punishment, some of my countrymen, hard, war-worn soldiers, could not refrain from tears; while the guard, six in number, were sentenced each of them to fifty lashes, which they endured more bravely than myself, for they uttered not a sigh nor a word for pardon.

*It was a special favor, as in general the punishment must be fully executed. If the victim die in the midst of the lashes, the remainder must be inflicted on the dead body.

THE SKIRMISH OF GOVERNOLO.

“—I spoke of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field,
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' th' imminent deadly breach.”

THE second of January, 1848, was the “*Dies iræ, dies illa*,” when the infernal punishment was inflicted on me, by which I was confined to my bed two and a half months. When the delirious crisis of my sickness had passed away, and I had recovered my mind, I understood that negotiations were going on, and that probably the Austrian Government would agree to, and grant the constitution sought, to every people under its crown; and also that the Grand Duke of Modena, as an appendage of Austria, would imitate her example. But I, who had been so long educated in the Austrian school, who knew the sad history of that country during the reign of the Hapsburg-Lorraine House, and who liked to look to the very bottom of every matter, hardly believed those rumors. Accordingly, when, on the 19th of March, we received official news that the constitutions claimed by Italy and Hungary were undersigned and sanctioned by His Majesty Ferdinand, I conjectured that this was nothing else than the song of an imprisoned bird, which the hunter has brought out to fascinate the free ones, and make them fall into his grasp.

— And I guessed well.

When the news was announced to the people of Modena, they became as eccentric in their joy, hope, and exultation, as

they had been in their bitterness, threats, and thirst of revenge. To describe the scene, or rather the transition, by which this people in less than half an hour had fallen from one, the most terrible and menacing extremity, to the other, that is, an inebriated cheerfulness — this, with its hundred variations, is for my pen, a little too prolific a matter. I say only, that every dark, suspicious looking, revenge vibrating, provocation flashing, or sad, melancholy, and fearful face, became as serene as the cloudless sky, from which the sun burningly diffuses and sends down his rays, as their faces the rays of their joy.

The arsenal was opened, and conformably to the new constitution, the City Guards were organized and armed. Processions were going and coming in every direction, hundreds and thousands of flags waving over their heads, with gilded inscriptions — “*Viva Pio Nono!*” Long live Pius Ninth! Balconies, windows, lofty terraces, were covered with lovely ladies of the city, waving their tri-colored handkerchiefs, on which the likeness of His Holiness was printed or embroidered in gold or silver.

We Hungarians, too, received orders to quit Italy and march into Hungary. This news, as the reader may imagine, filled the heart of every Magyar with unspeakable joy and gladness. Italians and Hungarians became brothers, and in their reciprocal cheerfulness embraced each other. In short, every one thought that the days of sufferings and tribulations had gone forever, and the days of freedom, gladness, and happiness were about to dawn. Indeed, at this instant the people were happy, and I thought, “How little it costs tyrants to make millions happy!” But the people, as well as my poor self, were deceived — deceived because we had deceived ourselves first.

Among all these festivities, of which I was rather a spectator, the thing, which appeared most strange to me, was the hurried departure of the Archduke. The distribution of arms was not yet finished, the procession was not yet over, nor was the

usual "*Te Deum laudamus*," for the new constitution, chanted. All was in the greatest disorder and confusion, caused by the unlimited joy — only the Archduke was busy, very busy, about leaving the city. And I sighed, "My God! my God! Are the hearts of these tyrants so poisoned that they cannot — if not partake — even behold the happiness of their people?" I was going on in such kind of thoughts, when a touch upon the shoulder awoke me from my reverie.

"*Buono giorno, fratello Ungarese!*" Good morning, brother Hungarian — saluted the man who owned the hand that touched my shoulder.

"*Buone giorno, signore!*" replied I, while turning towards him, I was contemplating the significant physiognomy of the Italian race, and the manly stature attired in the knightly costume of the middle ages.

"*Vi ricordate a me?*" Do you recollect me? asked he inquisitively.

"It seems to me that you are the gentleman with whom I had the honor to speak in the Casino Hall, some weeks ago," replied I.

"*Sì, sono quello,*" said he, and continued, "I heard of your fatal lot, brought on by your daring and noble declaration, and I am not only sorry for it, but I have sworn *alla Madonna Santissima* — by the holiest virgin — that if I find out who was the dog that denounced you, I — I ——" Here, with a significant glance he looked and pointed at the handle of his poinard. "I — I —— But enough of it! you are a brave fellow." Pressing my hand repeatedly and fervently, he continued, "You may well be proud of this, because you have suffered it for our common holy cause, which, as you see, has triumphed — triumphed because it is just and holy. Now, all danger is over. The despots are annihilated forever. They are no longer any more than the shadow of the light — the executors and servants of the people's will, as they ought to be. What is your opinion?"

"Well, sir," replied I sincerely, "I have grown up under Austrian education, and I see things differently from you. I think, for instance, that the danger is not over — that the tyrants actually now just begin to plot against you, and they conspire not only to recover their former usurpation but to revenge themselves — and the revenge of tyrants is terrible. Ask Poland — she will tell. You are a leader: consequently you have influence among your people. Were I in your situation I would not permit the Duke nor our battalion to depart, but I would detain both at the point of the bayonet, if there were no other means — detain them as prisoners and hostages till the further development of affairs in the other principal kingdoms and provinces of the Austrian Empire. Believe me, sir — believe me fully, because I speak from experience, and sincerely, — that the Duke will return, when your city shall be taken by foreign bayonets, among whom our battalion may figure yet. You will be disarmed even of your pocket knives — your constitution abolished — your people down-trodden. Under such circumstances the Duke will return and select the victims for his revenge. I wish verily from my heart, that your head may not fall as a living testimony that I speak the truth. We Hungarians shall not go into Hungary. No, sir! I have but one head, but I pledge it to you if we shall. The whole is a trick, of which Austria, you well know, is never in need — a trick on purpose to lead us into a trap, that is to say, among other foreign troops, where there will be no more opportunity as favorable as the present one for sympathy, fraternity, union with you. Yes, sir! We shall be compelled, with cannons pointed to our back, to battle against you! The whole is a stratagem, by which General Radeczky intends to concentrate his scattered force. Dispersed as it is now-a-days, it is weak, and may be defeated at every point, but united, it will become strong enough to resist until succor shall arrive, particularly in some of the fortresses. You will see we shall fight together, each against the

other. What will be the result? It is impossible to foretell; but whatever it may be, if you detain the Duke you will have always at the diplomatic market a great and fat bull, for which the highest price may be asked and will be paid, while *Sua Altezza* — His Highness — in your possession, cannot do any mischief, but if once at large he will not give up acting the part for which he is educated and destined by his Hapsburg family. And with regard to our battalion, do you make an appeal to us, stating the circumstances, promising that you will treat us in a friendly manner and transfer us into our own country as soon as opportunity and circumstances allow, and I guarantee you, sir, that our battalion will without hesitation deposit their arms in your hands.* The battalion is 600 strong, well trained soldiers, and I hope that in time of action and need you will see and be convinced that we are more disposed to fight for your freedom than against it, providing you will give us opportunity and a possibility for it. This, sir, is my opinion," concluded I, with heartiness, and as positively as I was convinced that I was right.

"No, no; *Caro mio amico*" — my dear friend — replied the leader, with the sincerest self-confidence. "These rascally Dukes shall never return into this country, or if they do, they must be what they ought to be, else we shall know how to manage these muskets, which from his kindness are now distributed. And you too, brother Hungarians, you shall go home and never come back again as soldiers of Austria, to insult our ladies, fairer than angels in paradise, to profane our churches, to devastate our statues, built by divine inspiration, to desolate this de-

* Four companies of the 1st batt., of the same regiment, and one squadron of Hussars, under such circumstances, had deposited their arms at Colorno. They arrived at Trieste, where they were forced to take up arms, come back, and fight against Italy, in violation of their oaths, for they — half forced, half voluntarily — pledged themselves never to take arms against Italy. Some refused to violate their oaths. Four of them were sentenced to be shot, sixteen to run the gauntlet until 6000 blows were received, and ten to a hundred lashes — all deadly sentences. — Thus Austria observes her oath.

lightful Eden of Europe; but if you come, you shall be here as our guests, and shall be welcome. You may enjoy in peace the delicacies of our ever green, ever blooming garden soil — the odoriferous air of our ever serene sky. And we will take care that returning home you have no reason to complain to your friends of the hospitality and liberality of the Italian nation.”

Alas! all that happened was totally contrary to this fanciful but noble utterance!

The gathering signal of the drummer bade me leave the chief and join the battalion, which was about to march into Hungary, as they said.

Had this leader given ear and trusted to my advice, and had his companions done likewise to some of my countrymen, who like myself advised them, I were not now compelled to confess and acknowledge with the deepest regret and to the discredit of the Hungarian nation, that my countrymen stationed in Italy executed the sacrilegious plan by which the tyrants plotted to murder the best and bravest hearts of the Italian nation.

The families fearing a bombardment of the city, had previously left it, but were now returning to join their brothers and sisters in their national festivity. Only the Archduke in a splendid carriage drawn by six snow-white horses, and escorted by some of his *gens d' arms* on horseback, and by our battalion on foot, had fled the city, proceeding slowly and in the deepest silence, as Death does when going for his victim.

While these things were happening in Modena, the people of Milan rose, and after five days' hard fighting, forced Radeczky's Croats to leave the city.* If the story might be believed, it was reported that General Radeczky saved himself by covering his dear old body with the robe of a Catholic priest, and his

* See "*I cinque giorni di Milano.*"

head with a triangular hat, riding on an ass and distributing his blessings by forming crosses over the heads of the bystand-ing people;* and so he succeeded in entering Mantua "*incog-nito*."

The other cities followed the example of Milan, expelling the Austrians and taking possession of their towns. But the cities of Verona and Mantua, fearing a destructive bombardment by the towers and citadels which entirely commanded the towns, were not so decisive in their action as their neighbors. Although they made some strong demonstrations, yet they could not obtain the keys of the city gates, and so contented themselves with sending a strong body of volunteers to every gate, to control the Austrians,† and to resist the entrance of other troops. And indeed, when we arrived at the gates of Mantua they opposed our entrance. It was not permitted, until, after many entreaties, General Sgorkowsky‡ and our colonel pledged their word of honor — nay their heads — that we should remain in the city no more than twenty-four hours, and afterwards proceed peacefully to our own country; and the good people of Mantua, by advice of their archbishop, and perhaps influenced by our being Hungarians, received us.

Three days elapsed, yet our battalion was still in the city, kept under the strictest surveillance, and rigorously confined to Trinity Church, in which it had been quartered at its arrival. The people anxious to know the reason of this perjury on the part of the Austrian officers, waited on General Sgorkowsky, to demand it. But his Excellency was not to be found

* This seems a proper place to recite the extempore verses of a Roman poet who said to the Pope on a similar occasion:

"Mille cruces formas, crucibus nos Papa coronas,
Quas ferimus multas te rogo tolle cruces."

† At this time there were no other Austrians in Mantua, than two battalions of Italians: that is, the first battalion of Rgt Haugovitz and the third garrison battalion — except the Cannoniers in the citadel, who were Bohemians and Moravians

‡ A Pole, but renegade — at present civil and military commander of Venice.

at his residence, and in the afternoon of the same day, to the no little surprise and astonishment of the people, four regiments of infantry, about sixty pieces of artillery, and the appendage of a division, as cavalry, pioneers, sappers, etc., entered the city with their respective music bands, and in half an hour the proclamation of Gen. Radeckzy was posted up on every corner, ordering the people to surrender their arms and instantly deliver them at the military arsenal, at the same time threatening death to every one, without distinction, who after twenty-four hours should be found in possession of even a sharp pointed knife.

And the armed people of Modena, like so many sheep, obeyed the order, carrying their arms in dozens to the designated locality. Indeed, it seemed that he was happiest who soonest liberated himself from such an unnecessary burden as arms in time of revolution! My countrymen beheld this conduct of the Mantuan people with deep disgust, and remarked with their native simplicity and sincerity, that a people who dare not and will not sacrifice blood and life for freedom, are hardly worthy of it.

Radeckzy thus became master of the four strongest fortresses in Lombardy — Mantua, Verona, Legnago, and Pischiera, the two latter being of few inhabitants — from five to six thousand — which were heavily counterbalanced by Austrian troops. From these connected points, the General began his operations against Charles Albert, who commanded also the volunteers of Lombardy and Tuscany, and the Romans, who under General Durando, at Ferrara, crossed the Po, and also fifteen thousand Neapolitans, sent from King Bomba, of Naples.

To enter into particular details of those conflicts, or to examine them from a military view, or to investigate the manœuvres and behavior of the different generals who *pro* and *con* figured in the battles fought in April, May, June, and July, in the year 1848, in different places in Lombardy, is not my purpose. I

confine myself to those in which my humble self was concerned, so far as the clearness of this history renders it necessary; although I will not fail, nor can I fail, for the interest of historical truth, to state plainly and sincerely the impressions made on my mind and heart by the course of these manœuvres.

Confined as we were, against our will, to the fortress of Mantua, there remained for us no other alternative than to submit ourselves to the iron discipline of military life. To rise in revolt, our battalion was not only weak in comparison with other Austrian forces in the fortress, but was very little encouraged by the conduct of the people, who, after delivery of their arms, fled the city *en masse*. To unite ourselves by desertion with the Italians: this was impracticable, for the city was surrounded by walls at least twenty-five feet high, and also by water for a distance of from three to four miles, which a certain weed of luxurious vegetation rendered impracticable for swimming.

Our officers — chiefly Austrian* — were well aware of our feelings and inclinations. They did not trust us, while on the other hand, they put in circulation every false rumor to make us believe that the Emperor of Austria gave to each nation in his empire a most liberal constitution, but the Italians, not satisfied with this most gracious concession of his Majesty, requested Charles Albert to come and help them massacre our handful of an army, promising him the iron crown of Lombardy and Venice. Charles Albert and his allies came and crossed the Ticino like freebooters, and murdered our outposts like assassins. The falsity of this ever-perjured race ceased not here, but started anew by publishing false reports that Charles Albert and the generals of his army had resolved to return every deserter from the Austrian flag, as soldiers unworthy of their daily food. Indeed, two Italians, young fellows from the Chasseur battalion, whom Charles Albert ordered to be returned, had been

* Generally illegitimate sons of the "*Dames d'honneur du Court de sa Majesté*."

shot as deserters. And it seemed to me not very improbable that our Hungarians who should be caught in the act of desertion would be sent to Verona or Pischiera and shot before the Austro-Italian troops under the same false pretext as the Italians were shot before us. Though these false rumors and shooting catastrophies—calculated to inspire horror and distrust towards the Italian leaders—were not fully believed by my countrymen, yet they created a sensation rather unpropitious to the Italian cause.

In the midnight of Pentacost our battalion was ordered to get up and march. As soon as we were out of the gates—*Porta Georgia*, where we found some other troops: one battalion of Tyrolese Chasseurs, two battallions of Croats, one battery of artillery, and the other appendages of a brigade—we conjectured that this excursion would be of such a kind and nature as to disable some of us from ever making any more excursions or incursions in our lives. We conjectured that we were going to make a surprise by assault on the Italians, of whom a handful of volunteers was stationed at a village called Governolo, distant about nine miles from Mantua.

The brigade was divided into three columns, and was ordered to advance in three different directions, parallel to each other. Our battalion and a squadron of cavalry, also the battery, advanced on the high road, while the chasseurs were ordered to form the *Tirralleurs*, and the pioneers the wing patrols; and so as usual, being secured with fore and back guards, we proceeded slowly and speechless. On the highway we met some obstacles, as carriages, large heaps of trees and branches, wood and different agricultural implements, evidently thrown on the road for the purpose of rendering the passage prolonged, but they were removed with very little effort, and we proceeded.

. The first smile of the morning dawn appeared on the eastern horizon, when the report of a gun shot—a second—a third—made us open wide our eyes and ears, and perhaps caused our

hearts to beat more quickly. But we could not see anything, for the soil of Italy is entirely covered with trees and vines — while our ears were touched by the cry, “Kill him! kill him!” and afterward everything was quiet as before; but in a few minutes there appeared a young Italian, escorted by six of the Tyrolese chasseurs. The prisoner was a man about twenty-four years of age, of very interesting appearance, not only with regard to his national costume, which he wore in his critical condition with grace and defiance, but for the expression of his physiognomy, and manner of his deportment. Meeting the colonel, who marched at the head of the battalion, the corporal introduced him thus:

“I report most humbly, my lord colonel, we attacked the outpost of the rebels, killed three of them, and imprisoned these here, while the others fled ——”

“No one fled!” remarked the prisoner, sternly; “we were four in all.”

“Who are you?” asked the colonel, in the most repulsive manner, surveying the young man from head to foot in his whole length.

“I am an Italian,” said he proudly, touching with his right hand his left breast, where beat a heart truly Italian.

“What is your name?”

“Luigi Rossi.”

“What commission have you had?”

“I was commander of this outpost, who now are murdered by your satellites.”

“What!” cried the colonel, losing entirely his patience, on hearing his real title — “you are an assassin, a brigand;” and turning to the corporal — “Take him behind the troops, and shoot him down if he dare attempt the slightest resistance, or to desert.”

“I dare,” said the young man, and drawing a poinard from his bosom, and lifting it high, he rushed upon the colonel so

quickly that he was unable to avoid the point otherwise than by stepping back two or three paces, while, drawing his sword, he exclaimed rather in confusion than command, "Kill him! Kill him!"

And one of the Tyrolese transfixed him with his two inch broad bayonet, from behind. The unfortunate man fell instantly, and amidst the blood which profusely gushed from his nose and mouth, these words were to be heard: "*Io morro — ma vivra Italia — vivra Pio Nono*" — I die, but Italy shall live, and shall live Pius Ninth.

His pockets were searched with great care and minuteness, and among the contents was found a little square box, apparently of a portrait, which the spoiler seemed to value for nothing, for he threw it on the sidewalk. I, by an irresistible instinct, picked it up as a relic and "*memento mori*" that this unfortunate but brave man had died for his country's freedom. I say, after they robbed him not only of the contents of his pockets, but even of his garments, the half-naked body, in which the soul still struggled, was left on the highway.

During this sanguinary scene, I was scrutinizing the face the very soul of my colonel, to discover what might be his feelings and thoughts in the very moment when he was perpetrating a murder like this; and though his whole frame was agitated, yet it showed no pity nor compassion, no severity nor rigor, neither embarrassment, nor rage, nor hate — but a curious mixture of all these. We had scarcely gone twenty paces, when the colonel ordered our corporal to go back and see if he were yet alive, and if so, to kill him, in order to shorten his torments. The corporal, making a salute, turned round, muttering between his teeth, "Kill him! No; I did not create him, I will not kill him. It is God to whom belongs the life." After a few minutes our corporal returned, reporting that he was dead, and that he had put the body on the baggage wagon, in order not to leave him to crows and worms, to the scandal of the human race.

"You were right," said the colonel, "in doing so; but he ought not to be so desperate," added he, in a tone which was meant to excuse himself before his own conscience.

"Now," said the colonel to the Tyrolese corporal, after we had marched about half a mile, "you say that this is the place where this outpost was sheltered?"

"Yes, my lord colonel," replied the Tyrolese.

"Well, it ought to be burned down, that it may no more serve for such purposes. Captain Friebeisz!" addressing an officer who marched on the right wing of the section — "take this section and put fire to every corner of those farm houses." Saying this he pointed to a group of farm houses and stables, some quarter of a mile distant from the highway.

The captain made a salute with his sword, indicating that the order should be fulfilled, and commanded the squadron to take a left direction toward the houses. When we arrived in the yard, there were the three bodies of the slain weltering in their blood.

The captain was about to enter the house, when in the doorway he met a middle-aged woman, half-dressed, with an infant in her arms. He cried, "Matches! matches!" The poor woman, unconscious of herself, fell on her knees at the feet of the captain, exclaiming, "*Per la Madonna Santissima!*" The captain repeated, "Matches! matches!" But the poor woman was so frightened that she felt and knew nothing else than that her life and her child were in danger, and she was praying for it in the most fervent tones and words of a despairing mother, — a prayer that would have moved the heart of a tiger. The Austrian captain answered with a thrust of his sword, and was about to give another, when a private, named Simony — a man of very unpleasant exterior — arrested his sword, saying in a tone half reproaching, half imploring, "My lord captain, this is a woman and a child — blameless and defenceless. Pardon them, as you wish that God may pardon you. I will go and

bring matches, and put fire everywhere you command — but spare these innocents." The soldier, saying thus, entered the house and brought matches, kindling the building in several places.

The captain was struck, but whether by the words of humanity, or by the daring intervention of his private soldier, I cannot say; enough, that he left the bleeding woman with her child, as she lay senseless on the ground. The disgust of the whole section at the conduct of their captain, legibly appeared on their faces, but nobody uttered a single word. While I, who among a thousand other Latin adages of the good olden times, had learned from my aged grandfather that "In a deformed body hardly is to be found a fair spirit," found it refuted by the fact that our Simony, who was so ugly in his face that it made me uneasy to look at him, but from this moment I not only loved but esteemed him.

The flames rapidly took possession of the building, and soon covered its whole frame with its scarlet wings, while we advanced in double paces to join our battalion, and when we overtook it, the small village of Governolo appeared to our view.

To give a true idea to the reader, of the subsequent skirmish, I must briefly describe the landscape where we found ourselves. Our way conducted us in a small degree upon the summit of a hill, which, sloping more rapidly, and rising on the opposite side, formed a beautiful valley, not wide nor narrow. In the bottom flowed a small river, about five or six rods wide. If we intended to surprise the Italians, we must pass the river on the bridge, for the village was entirely built on the opposite side. But when we arrived in a line horizontal with the village tower, we were saluted by the thunder of a cannon, and a ball of six pounds, which came in such serious collision with the breasts of three of my countrymen that they neither breathed more, nor moved a single muscle. This unexpected salute produced a

more unexpected effect, for the whole battalion, as if it were standing on a thread of wire, fell mechanically into the side groove of the elevated road. "Artillery forward!" sounded now in a rattling tone, in the rear, and the battery, followed by a squadron of Hulans, advanced in full gallop, with such a tremendous noise that the earth seemed to break down under their crash. "Halt!" was commanded, and the battery of five pieces took position against the tower from whence the cannonade continued.

I, who had read so much about battles but never had seen one, was deeply interested to know how it goes on in reality. And indeed, I so far forgot myself in my curiosity, as not to observe that I was exposed to danger, being the only man of our battalion standing in the road. Now the cannonade began from both sides with energy, but without effect. I saw the artillery officers in the greatest confusion, giving their orders not with so much precision as on the drilling ground. I saw the cannoniers pale and trembling. I saw three of them and a horse fall, to the no little alarm of the others, and I thought that such operations as this might not be very congenial to the human race. And I was glad to see that the tower of the Italians stood yet, and its deadly couriers yet emanated unrelentingly. But this cry, uttered rather in the discordant tone of astonishment, than of command — "Bardy! will you come down?" — awoke me from my reflections. I turned my head to whence this admonition came, and saw my colonel, but totally altered in his physiognomy, so far that if his hat "*a la Napoleon*," embroidered with gold, and his golden collar, had not indicated that he was the commander of our battalion, I would not have believed it. Every muscle of his face was in a condition as nervous as the fibres of an anatomized turtle when touched with salt. In this moment arose in my bosom the feeling of revenge, and though I know well that this feeling was unworthy of my soul, I could not entirely sub-

due it or extirpate it finally from my heart. I was determined then and there to vindicate myself, and I said with piquant accent, "No, sir! I will not come down, because here or there life is in the hand of God. I wish you would be as brave a soldier — as good as your word in taking this village, as you were in prescribing me the fifty lashes."*

"What!" cried he, with forced self-composure. "Drummer! the signal of storm!" and saying so, jumped on the road, addressing the soldiers — "Forward! we must take this nest of brigands by assault!"

"Forward, my lord colonel; I will not desert you," said I, not without irony.

The drummer sounded the terrible signal as strongly as he was able, but I remarked that he was more moved by astonishment than by courage, in performing his deadly music.

Here and there a couple of soldiers appeared on the highway, but at the next flash in the windows of the tower, they fell back.

"Are you not Hungarians?" cried the colonel. "Are you not the very brothers of those brave soldiers, who, under Eszterhazy,† achieved the highest glory for this very regiment?"

"Yes," thought I, "we are Hungarians — very brothers of our predecessors; but we are now, as ever, good for nothing to fight against freedom."

"Forward!" cried the colonel repeatedly, advancing at the same time, my humble self keeping pace with his colonelship, and with us a sergeant named Fajfer. After, some six or seven, then twenty or twenty-five, and so gradually the whole battalion, but scattered, without order, without energy, life, or courage.

We arrived in the vicinity of the bridge, when a fire of platoons was opened upon us, from the terraces of the houses on the opposite side of the river. About a dozen of my country-

* He remarked on the way, that we were going to take a nest of brigands.

† The former proprietor of this regiment was Prince Eszterhazy.

men fall victims to this discharge, among them my best friend, Alexius Butsy. The rest, stricken by the panic, sheltered themselves behind the small objects afforded by the ground. But the second, the third, and now the continual fire kept us entirely in check. My colonel sheltered himself beneath the only big tree which by chance happened to be there, and by indisputable right belonged to him.

"My lord colonel," said I, with express purpose to torment him and revenge myself, "Napoleon, at the bridge of Arcole, in the same position as we are now, took the flag and crossed the bridge himself, first."

Scarcely had I finished my comment when an officer of the engineer corps arrived on horseback, and reported that our ammunition had been drawn by the frightened and wounded horses into the lake, that two pieces were put *hors de combat*, that our left and right wings met the same welcome as we in the center, and that we must retire as soon and as cautiously as possible, this being the order of the Brigadier General.

No sooner had the colonel ordered the drummer to sound the signal of retreat, than my countrymen began to go back, not like soldiers, but like rats or snakes in the grass, on their belly on four feet.

"Hallo!" cried I. "Whoever is a Hungarian will hear me, and whoever is not a Hungarian is a coward — a coward, I say, who will not help me to carry back our wounded brothers, but would leave them to the first fury of the indignant enemy. To-morrow we may ourselves fall, and what would we say if our brothers would leave us to a tormenting death? Whoever is not a coward has heard me."

Scarcely had I finished these words when my countrymen, with very few exceptions, stood up and with fearless faces began to busy themselves with carrying back the wounded on their shoulders or on their muskets. During this engagement, five more were wounded, but they deserted not their enterprise;

may, they performed their humane duty with a courage equal to their timidity during the inhuman part of the catastrophe. And so we carried back forty-eight wounded, but eleven of them died on the way.

About two miles from the fortress of Mantua, where the three columns joined each other, a brief council was held, which resulted in the order that we should change our down-cast countenance, put green oak leaves to the yellow and black roses of our helmets, and entering Mantua, march into the streets with proud and victorious air!

This order, as far as it concerned the green leaves, was obeyed, but the rest was not so easy a task for our battalion, as our officers supposed it to be, notwithstanding the music band was ordered to play the heart-stirring march of Rakoczy. I and my companions who helped me in carrying back our wounded brothers, being of course covered with blood, were marked out by the passing people, as monsters, though they dared not utter their execrations. I understood their mute language — familiar only to Italians — by which they implored maledictions upon us, by heaven and earth. Poor people! They knew not that the blood on our uniform was not the blood of their brothers, but of our own. They felt not that it was heavier for us than for them.

After a march through the principal streets, our battalion entered the casern, situated on the Piazza Virginia, and our captain the worthy son of Haynau, addressed the company as follows:

“I am not content with the courage of my company.”

“Nor I with yours,” thought I, but did not speak a syllable.

“This conduct may be excused only by the fact that this was the first fight in which the company has participated. And I hope that next time you will behave yourselves better, and with the blood of those brigands, wash out the stain you have this day suffered to obscure the name and fame of our regiment. Private Rudolph Bardy is the only exception in the whole bat-

talion. He displayed such valor and courage as I had never expected of him."

"You are greatly mistaken, my dear captain," thought I, but I spoke not a syllable, for as the reader knows, the motive in my behavior was not courage, but bitterness at my own position, revenge toward my colonel, and love of my countrymen, as well as the impulse of humanity.

"I wish and will," continued the captain, "that he should receive the reward he deserves. Private Bardy, step forward."

And I came forward with measured paces, as it is prescribed, making five paces in two rods, and arriving at three paces distance, I halted and stood upright, like a post driven into the earth.

"The company may retire," said the captain, "and do you come with me before the colonel."

"Our lord colonel," thought I, will give me a reward of another fifty lashes, for the sharp remarks made to him on the battle field." But we advanced, and entering the office, found our lord colonel surrounded by the officials of the regiment, to whom my captain reported the cause of our presence. The colonel advanced toward me and looking keenly into the very center of my eyes for some minutes, said, "Well, well! I had never supposed that you were blessed with such an intrepid and noble heart as you showed to-day. I wish to reward you."

"You have no reward for me," thought I, but spoke not a syllable.

"From this day you shall have your former grade," continued he, "and I will request the General-in-chief to reward you with a medal for your bravery. Behave yourself once or twice more as you have done to-day, and the first vacancy for official promotion shall be yours, as surely as my name is Colonel Castelibz. And to convince you that what I say is my real intention —" turning to the captain, he said — "Let me have the diary of the punishments." The desired book, called the Black

Book, being brought, he looked after my name, and finding it, took out the pages in which my transgressions and punishments were recorded, and putting them in the fire, said, "Look here. I pardon you — I forget all."

"But I cannot forget the fifty lashes, my lord colonel," said I, not without solemnity, for these words came from the wound inflicted by his order, on the most sensitive part of my soul, that is, on my dignity as a man.

"This is nothing," said the colonel; "this is a military thing. If you remember it, this is well; but afterwards, you ought not to trouble yourself much about it. You know well that his Excellency Friemont ran the gauntlet until 6000 blows were inflicted, and yet he became Field Marshall. Baron de Simonyi was beaten with 100 lashes, yet he became Brigadier General, and so have many others," said my colonel, consoling me.

"I know all this very well, my lord colonel," said I, "but you will excuse me if I remark as sincerely as I feel, that I am very little disposed, and less anxious, to merit the rank of Field Marshall, by suffering a hundred lashes."

The colonel made a sign of disapprobation to the bystanding officers, as much as to say, "This man is always as of old. He will never be fit for an officer;" and turning to me — "I am very sorry for you. You are from a noble family, from good parents, with high-standing relations, of a favorable and prepossessing exterior, of good intellect, and of undaunted courage. You might be a champion of the Monarchy, the pride of your relations, the joy of your parents, an ornament to society. But if you continue your caprices, you will not be a blessing to yourself or yours, but a cursed malediction for both. You may go," he absolved me.

Yes! my colonel was right in saying I was from a noble family; but to my colonel's disgrace, my father had implanted the idea in my youthful soul that to be noble by birth is no merit, but by it a duty is imposed to walk in the path of hon-

esty, humanity, and virtue, to treat those not noble by birth as we would wish to be treated by them — even with more love and kindness — to protect the innocent, defend the oppressed, patronize all that is good and fair in human life — in short, to be an example, as well in moral as in religious behavior, to the class who by birth do not enjoy the privileges of the noble. He implanted in my juvenile heart the truth that he who strays from the path of justice, of honesty, humanity and virtue, stains not only his own name, honor, and soul, but also those of his glorious forefathers, who through their virtuous behavior achieved nobility for him. My colonel was right in saying my parents were good. Yes; they were so good to the colonel himself, as to send him every two years a couple of young horses of the best Hungarian breed, and the colonel in return had given me fifty lashes.

In the daily orders on the same day was also published my elevation to my former dignity of corporal; I was assured, likewise, that providing I should behave myself in future struggles as I had in the last, I should be promoted to the officiality, while the colonel would exert all his influence to secure for me a medal for my brave conduct on the battle field. The reader may imagine that I could not help laughing at this exaltation. I, who had three months ago been published in the whole regiment as a most dangerous individual, whose society every brave and honest soldier must avoid — to-day, by the same authority, was pointed out as an example of military bravery. I laughed because I knew this whole ceremony had another purpose than to reward me. It was designed, by so doing, to kindle the slumbering military ambition of my countrymen, for murder, robbery, fight — for the miserable and cursed reward of being promoted. But I was silent, for if I spoke it would bring another fifty lashes. I was mute looking for an opportunity to change my uniform.

Here I might relate a curious scene, if I were a believer in

the holy traditions of the Romish Church. But though a Roman Catholic by birth, by baptism and by education, for this very reason I trust very little, not to say nothing, in them. But if the holy successor of St. Peter, or whoever of his Levites, is desirous of knowing who robbed the blood preserved in the subterranean department of the Basilica di Saint Andrea, in triple metallic boxes, under the heavy marble pieces constituting the altar, on the front of which was engraved in gold, "*Sanguis Domini nostri Jesu Christi*," — The blood of our Lord Jesus Christ — I can inform him. I can also name with minuteness the persons who robbed the two gold vases, weighing sixteen pounds of pure gold, and elaborated in the most elegant style. I content myself with saying that the incendiaries who set fire to the church, and the robbers of the alleged holy blood, also of the pure gold vases of sixteen pounds, were at that time two subaltern Austrian officers, and at this day they hold a high rank under the same government. But should the Romish Church be interested, if not for the blood, at least for the gold, I will inform them of the robbers without extra charge; I would only remark now that they ought not to pray so much for the human race, and for the heretics, as they profess to do, but they ought to cease for once to keep open the workshops where are manufactured the misery, calamity and unhappiness of the human race.*

* It is related in the history of Mantua, that the murderer who plunged the lance into the side of our Saviour, was struck with horror at his deed, and with holy devotion collected the blood which flowed in his sleeves along the handle of his lance, and being a native of Rome he brought the blood to the Italian shores, hiding it at the same spot where now the magnificent Basilica di Saint Andrea is erected. The secret was revealed in a dream by an angel to Bishop Andrea, who also found the blood and built a hospital on the same spot, which afterwards was transformed into the modern Basilica. This is the story — *Sit fides penes auctorem* — to which I add, that I have seen many Archdukes and Dukes of the Hapsburg-Lorraine House, kneel before the altar, while I saw thousands of people put money in the boxes around this altar, with inscriptions, "For the souls of the deceased." But I know not, nor can I imagine, how this money was used for the benefit of deceased souls. I only know that the money found on the occasion when the blood and vases were robbed, was divided among the soldiers, in order that the words of Scripture might be fulfilled, "*Et dividerunt inter se vestimenta mea*."

THE SECOND FIFTY LASHES.

"Rebellion! Foul, dishonoring word,
Whose wrongful blight so oft hath stained
The holiest cause, that pen or sword
Of mortal, ever lost or gained!
How many a spirit, born to bless,
Hath sunk beneath that withering name,
Whom but a day's, an hour's *success*,
Hath waisted to eternal fame!"

The reader will perhaps recollect the result of the battles fought by Charles Albert, King of Sardinia, and his allies, against Field Marshal Radetzky. If not, I here briefly remark, that Charles Albert, after having concluded an armistice for six months, recrossed the frontier of Lombardy. I will return to this topic in another place. This was the condition of affairs in Lombardy, when in the month of September a vague rumor reached us, that the Croat-servians and Walachians, under command of Baron Jellachich, had invaded Hungary, and devastated her by fire and sword, putting to the most torturing death every Magyar within reach of their hands.

The reader may imagine that this news was a new blow on our bleeding hearts. And although we were not sure of its reality, having for six or eight months previously been cut off from every communication with our parents, and in utter ignorance respecting the affairs of our homes, yet we felt our-

selves so uneasy, so discontented, so anxious to know the truth, that I am unable to describe our feelings. But when, through secret ways, the genuine decree of the Hungarian Assembly arrived, by which we were ordered to abandon the Austrian flag by any means whatever, and come into Hungary, or if this was impracticable, to join the flag of the Italians, and fight against the common oppressor and traitor; and when also the famous proclamation of Kossuth came, addressed to the Hungarian soldiers in the Austrian army stationed out of our fatherland,—when these documents arrived, our discontent broke out openly. Some loudly demanded release from the army, broke in pieces their arms, rent their uniforms, tore off the Austrian insignia, and refused obedience, declaring that they could die, but could no longer serve Austria. Poor, but noble-hearted fellows! They were beaten to death, and died with the death of deaths—*cum morte mortis*.

Some of the officers — four in number, Magyars by birth — alike requested dismissal; but it was rejected by Gen. M. Radeczky. They attempted it once more, and were then admonished that if they should persist in their design and come forward again with the same request, the answer would be three balls in the brain. And strange to say, these officers spared the trouble to Gen. Radeczky, by shooting themselves in one day—at the same hour, each in his room, leaving letters on their tables in which they unanimously stated that under existing circumstances they could not be the faithful servants of His Majesty they had sworn to be, and their release having been denied, and since they were unwilling to break their oath, and to debase their character by desertion, there was left for them no other resource but to take their lives with their own hands. For life was not only worthless, but altogether unsupportable under the present and future circumstances.

These equally sad and dreadful events, naturally only inflamed more and more the hostility of my countrymen

toward the Government. And as we knew well that there was no other way to go to Hungary, or to be united with the Italians, than through the dead bodies of our German officers, the question was how to carry out this horrible plan, which was indispensably imposed upon us, by necessity. After many consultations in secret meetings, we, twenty-four in number, all under officers from two Hungarian battallions stationed in Mantua, concluded that at the first opportunity we would shoot down our chief officers, and afterward every living being who should resist—that we would with every precaution prepare our countrymen for the planned catastrophe, and that we would inform one of the leaders of the Mantuan people, and request him to join us and make ourselves masters of the fortress. And indeed, everything was going on so well, as not only to encourage us, but to anticipate the victory. For the Hungarians, now as a body, became totally unmanageable by the officers, who already feared to command them. They were now implacable against the Croats stationed in Mantua, fought them wherever they found an opportunity for it, and in fact showed that they preferred death to their actual condition. Under such circumstances there could be no doubt that at the fall of the first Austrian officer, the whole two battallions would join us, and woe to him who should resist.

But "*Homo proposit, Deus disposit!*" A letter carelessly left at the table of Sergeant Paul Job, one of us twenty-four, and secretary of the meetings, written to him by Count Litta, although in an allegorical style, led the officers into the tract of our plans. We were gallantly arrested and separately locked up.

The same evening, the 24th of September, I was brought before the Court of Marshal Law, consisting of sixteen persons. They, by every means, attempted to make me acknowledge having participated, or been aware of a correspondence between Count Litta and Sergeant Job. But as their most skillful inquisitorial proceedings did not succeed to unveil the

truth, and as I could not deny that Sergeant Job was my friend, but I denied that he ever mentioned Count Litta to me, and I also denied that I was acquainted with the latter either in person or by reputation, they subjected me to torture, in hope that the torments would make me acknowledge what they, not without reason, supposed lay under my friendship and frequent interviews with Sergeant Job. But they failed for once.

The blood-hounds, four Croat corporals, bound me to a bench, and each minute inflicted one stroke of the lash, so heavily, that it seemed to me to have fallen from the heavens. The pain caused by so prolonged an operation, was unspeakable. My head exhaled vapor. The sweat in heavy drops fell from my face and covered all my body. I felt myself in a bath of fire. Yet the thought that if I became unconscious of myself, I might betray twenty-three of my countrymen and cause them to be hanged with myself, preserved my presence of mind. Nor forgot I the remarks of my countrymen, made to me when I fainted under the first lashes, that they expected from such a Hungarian as I professed to be, and believed I had more heroism than to faint under twenty-eight miserable lashes, stating at the same time that they would rather have been cut in pieces with the lash than utter a word for mercy, or invoke aloud the name of God. For it only enhanced the pleasure of those hangmen's sons. Think of God—invoke Him silently to give you strength to endure the injustice without humiliation. But do not name Him loudly, for these soulless creatures ridicule Him and you. I was thinking of this advice of my countrymen. And indeed, I endured the terrible lashes with such firmness that I not only did not disclose the matter, nor make known my companions, but was too proud to give utterance to my woe, or speak an imploring word. I even answered the questions and remarks of the bystanding officers with such well-timed words that I was

myself delighted at it. Among other things the Mayor, President of this lawful (?) body, said: "I advise you, as your benevolent father, to confess the truth, and you shall not only be relieved from your present critical condition, but if the truth is as important as we have reason to suppose, you shall be liberally rewarded by our Colonel."

"Aye! aye!" said I, with ironical accent, which was rendered more strange by my torment; "Our colonel and a liberal reward—I mean an Austrian Colonel and a liberal reward are things as contrary, as opposite to each other, as light and darkness. Where one exists the other can not."

"What?" exclaimed the Mayor, "has he not lately promised you an officer's sword?"

"Officer's sword!" exclaimed I, laughing like a madman, amid the most dreadful sufferings; "If the twelve plagues of Egypt should fall on my shoulders, they would not be so hard, so heavy to me as the sword of an Austrian officer!"

The officers looked at one another and gave new orders to the merciless corporals to do their duty.

The flesh on my back was already torn off. The blood drenched the blue pants. But I thought, though they cut me in pieces I would not confess.

"Well, well," said the Auditor ironically, seeing that the extreme anguish did not move me to open my lips; "you are very easily accustomed to endure lashes. Formerly you fainted."

"Yes, sir," replied I, "our Colonel told me that this is a necessary qualification to graduating as an Austrian Field Marshal."

"You are mocking," said he with suppressed rage, "but I assure you with all that, yours is the worst."

"I feel it," said I laconically.

Some blows were still struck in the very wounds, and he said: "I ask you once more and finally, had Sergeant Paul Job never mentioned to you Count Litta?"

"What I have said, is said," I replied. "And though you kill me here, I can not say anything else."

"Can you swear on the crucifix," said he, pointing to it on the table between two burning candles, "that your statement is true?"

"Sir!" said I, "the same law in virtue of which I am tortured here, forbids to examine a delinquent under oath."

"You are well versed in the law it seems to me."

"This was your duty, not mine. But you are forgetful of it, while I fulfill mine so well as to surprise you all, said I, alluding to my conduct in enduring the terrible lashes.

"Shocking!" exclaimed the Mayor.

"He is obstinate," said the Auditor.

"Let him be shot without further ceremony," added one of the Captains.

"That is the best we can do," remarked the Lieutenant.

"And I shall have courage enough to give the command to fire, like Marshal Ney," concluded I.

"We shall see," said the whole assembly at once, which showed that they were unanimous in pronouncing the sentence.

At last they ordered me to be led to the prison. Here a physician dressed my wounds with linen bathed in cool water. Ordering me to repeat the same operation, they left me to my reflections, anguish, tormenting uncertainty about my companions. At length the door opened and the Provost ordered me to go out. I obeyed; surrounded by six Croat soldiers whom the Provost ordered in my presence to load their muskets. Having read the articles of the military code, which prescribe that an arrested person be shot upon the slightest resistance, they proceeded, conducting me in double chains and among bayonets to the citadel, through the streets of the city. I knew well that I was going to hear my sentence.

When we arrived in the square yard of the citadel, I found thirty-five of my countrymen, but only seventeen from "our twenty-four," in the same delightful position as myself—that.

is, chained "in cross," and guarded by bayonets like malefactors or kings, though we belonged neither to the former nor to the latter.

A glance exchanged with my countrymen, told me they had braved the torture, while their pale languid faces showed that they had suffered not less than I.

Opposite our train stood a battalion of Croats. This indicated that our sentence would be executed immediately after the publication.

Now came forward the honorable Court of Martial Law. Forming themselves in a semi-circle, between the battalion and ourselves, with the Auditor in the midst, they drew their swords. The Auditor called out, "Sergeant Paul Job!"

A tall young man in the spring-time of life, over whose flowers a desolating storm seemed to have recently passed, stepped forward among the bayonets. His firm tread and statue-like form, as he stood erect in the tightly buttoned uniform before his judges, showed that the storm had broken him not, but only swept away the vivid colors of his youthful face.

"Sergeant Paul Job," repeated the Auditor, continuing to read the sentence aloud from a sheet of paper, tremblingly held in his hands — "born in 1825, in Hungary, in the State of Bihar, in the community of Sukos; aged 23; unmarried; Magyar by birth, Catholic by religion, student by profession — in virtue of the 16th article of the military penal code, which under pain of death interdicts communication with the enemy or with their allies, having been found guilty of the high crime and aforesaid treason, through the evidence of a letter found in his possession, written to him by Count Litta, known as one of the most notorious chiefs of the rebellious people of Lombardy, is sentenced to die by lead and powder.

"Mantua, September 28th, 1848."

Here came the names of the officers and under-officers composing the honorable Court of Martial Law, and last:

"To be made good and instantly executed.

"JOSEPH CASTELLIBZ,

"Colonel, mp."

The Auditor drew from his bosom a stick about the length of a bayonet, broke it in two and threw it at the feet of the prisoner, as a token that his life should be broken like this stick, never more to be united. The drummer sounded the signal of *fiat*.*

The reader may imagine that this scene, for a simple spectator, must have been a heart-touching one, but he cannot think nor feel how dreadful it was for us.

The executioner now took his victim, who without uttering a word or moving a muscle, advanced to the spot pointed out. Binding his eyes with a black handkerchief, he ordered him to kneel.

Here was the victim — three paces distant were the Croat soldiers, nine in number, selected to consummate the sentence. He knelt with blindfolded eyes. We looked at one another, and understood the glance which told us any attempt at resistance would bring us all to the same spot where our unfortunate friend stood now.

A few moments were spent in arranging the three soldiers who were to make the first shot.† At the very moment when the commander raised his sword to give the signal for fire, the victim suddenly stood up, tore off the handkerchief from his eyes, causing a sudden amazement in the executioners for a minute, during which he said in a solemn and calm tone in the German language, "I am not afraid to die, because I die for the cause of a people's freedom." Afterward, in the Hungarian language, addressing us, "Tell my countrymen that this my lot should serve not as a warning but as an example to follow,

* "Let it be done."

† In case the first three shots cause not instant death, there shall be a second three; if this fail, a third — and should this fail, the prisoner is pardoned.

because they who die for freedom, will die like myself — cheerfully. Long live ——”

But at this instant the sharp ring of the three muskets startled the ear, and the victim with his whole length fell forward, his skull scattered in fragments two rods from his body.

He died! But his memory lives in the hearts of thousands. The balls that missed his heart, touched the heart of every Hungarian that learned of this scene, not extinguishing life, but only igniting the slumbering fire of revenge, to be quenched only by the heart's blood of the tyrants.

The pretended accomplices, as no proofs were elicited against them by the torture, were discharged on condition that they should be transported into different foreign regiments, having been guilty of friendly intercourse with such a great criminal as Sergeant Paul Job. My unfortunate self, for insulting the honorable body of the Martial Law during the inquisition, was sentenced to run the gauntlet, between 300 men, nine times up and down. But his lordship the colonel, considering my brave conduct, as he termed it, in the battle of Governolo, deigned to content himself with my eternal degradation, and overlooking kindly the corporeal punishment, ordered me, as an incorrigible offender, to be transported to the regiment of *Deutsch Meisters* — Dutch Masters — a regiment well known and far-famed in the Austrian Empire, as thieves and rascals.

“Very well,” thought I, when I heard the sentence, “you shall hardly have the trouble to adjust for me the *Cserepar** uniform.

On the following day, with another private, who also, like myself, was to be transported to the same regiment, we were ordered to undertake our march, which would bring us to San Benedetto, where our new regiment was stationed.

During the march I was of rather cloudy mood. Tired of indignities, sufferings, patience — tired even of laughing within

* A kind of Austrian uniform despised in the same army by every other branch.

myself at the rascality of the Austrian government, I was determined to desert these cursed bodies of abject human beings, and shortly told my colleague what I was about.

"Well," replied he, "I will share your fate. Where you go I will go. If you die, I shall not live."

This square answer and the desponding tone in which it was spoken, moved me to examine my countryman from a nearer point.

"What is the cause of your transportation?" asked I.

"Well — insubordination!" answered he briefly.

"Insubordination? Of what kind and nature?" asked I, rather impatiently, for this word "insubordination," in military life, involves as much as the word "marriage" in civil life.

"I refused to go on duty, broke my gun and bayonet, and rent every piece of the cursed uniform."

"And the punishment?"

"Well — a hundred lashes, inflicted by six corporals, and transportation."

"What is your name?"

"Do you not know me?" asked he, with surprise. "I am Nicholas Barocs, private, of the 1st battalion, 5th company, under Captain Baron de Winczingeroda, of the 3d section. My corporal was your good friend, Lougi Szupkay. Do you not know me?" asked he once more.

"My dear friend, it is impossible to know every man of a whole regiment. Your name is familiar to me, but your face is entirely new. How long have you served here in Italy?"

"It would be five years, but I deserted five times, and spent on every occasion half a year in going to Hungary and being brought back. The other half years were passed in trials, during which I was in prison, and in sickness caused by blows, under which I lay in the hospital. So it seems to me that in five years I have not *served* five days," was the frank and curious answer.

"Yes, yes," said I; "I recollect now about you. You are the same man who recently so bravely resisted the Croat soldiers ordered to arrest you."

"I did my best," answered he, with a lowered face.

"But you are a thousand times fortunate that the colonel has not ordered you to be shot."

"Our colonel is not a bad man; or if he is, it is only because he is in that cursed Austrian service."

The fact is, that my countryman, whose singular history I now recollected well, was taken away from Hungary amidst bayonets, and conducted in chains into Italy, to be forced to swear fidelity to His Majesty the Emperor of Austria. But he refused the oath, and after twenty-five hard lashes were inflicted on his back, he consented to swear, with a mental reservation that he would never maintain it. The motto of the Austrian policy is, "*Not the hand, but the mind,* can put the chain on the lion's neck." And so they hoped that the native son of the prairie would become more manageable under a competent treatment.

But no sooner was he able to steal away from the eyes of his guardians, than he undertook a journey towards Hungary, which, as he knew, was situated to the east. Through the mountain range of Monte Baldo, which is connected with other Tyrolese mountains, after 60 days' march, he arrived in Hungary. But before he was able to see the friend and playmate of his childhood — a dark-eyed, fair-haired girl of the prairie, as he termed her — but if we call her now, his sweetheart, I suppose we do not make an unpardonable mistake, though if he were present he would perhaps blush up to his ears, as he did relating to me this story — I say, that before he was able to see the object which fascinated him so far away from home, and he came like a bird, over mountains and valleys, rivers and prairies, without a beaten path, always in the direction of sunrise, he was arrested, carried back into Italy, and sentenced to run the gauntlet until 3000 blows were inflicted. Beside these, he was condemned to serve six years above what was imposed upon every one by the Government. Scarcely being recovered from the effects of the blows, or to use his own words, "the

skin being yet quite new on his back," he deserted a second time. 1500 blows were now added to the former 3000, and he was sentenced to serve for his lifetime. But all this did not trouble him. He deserted a third time, and being arrested as in the two former cases, was beaten with a hundred lashes. But, determined either to be hung or to liberate himself, he deserted a fourth time. 6000 blows were now inflicted, with the admonition that the next time he should be shot. But he was a man, as he told me, not to be so easily terrified.

He endured these tortures coolly, never asked for pardon oftener than is ordered by rules, never acknowledged repentance of his deeds, and never promised not to desert again. On the contrary, he deserted five times, was arrested, brought back and this last case was when I was ordered, as corporal, to constitute one of his jurors. The Auditor announced the "*voluntarium*." It was to be hanged. The captains, first and second lieutenants, and sergeants consented, but I could not, because his desertion, as it was clearly shown by the evidence developed in the course of the trial, was not induced by a feeling adverse to his military condition, or to the government. It was simply caused by the insuppressible love of home and desire of home. He declared many times that he would serve willingly in Hungary, but not in Italy, where he could not speak nor understand the language — where were no friends of his, and from whence he was not permitted during the twelve years of his service, to go home for a couple of weeks. I tried to prove that the military authority had no right to detain him in Italy, under such circumstances of his sentiments and intellect. And I succeeded in moving my colleagues. The two vice-corporals, two privates, and myself, refused to underwrite the sentence, which was now commuted to ten years imprisonment at hard labor in the galleys. I opposed this, too, on the ground that the military code clearly orders the punishment to be of such kind as to amend, but not such as to render the man worse. This sentence would make him desperate, and induce

suicide, and I was as little willing to subscribe my name to an indirect sentence of death of my fellow man, as to a direct.

The officers launched on me glances like the lightening, for it was considered a crime on the part of a corporal to raise his voice against the "*votum informativum*" of the Auditor, or to attempt to overturn the sentence already subscribed by the higher officers. But I thought I was doing my duty, and conscious of this I kept my ground. In short, another body of jurors was convoked, and sentence of death pronounced, but the colonel pardoned him with a hundred lashes.

What effect these thousands of blows and lashes had, the reader may conceive. He will recollect the language uttered when I communicated to him my intention to desert. But now, for once, I was glad to find perchance a man in whom I could trust perfectly, and whose courage was known to me. Recently, when he rent his dignitary robes, and was about to be arrested, he seized his gun, knocked down a dozen Croats, and made himself master of the whole room, and no man from two battalions had courage to enter and arrest him. At last the colonel came, and coolly entered the room. He took aim against the colonel, who with incredible presence of mind, said to him —

"My son Barocs, your colonel orders you to give him your musket."

He looked for a minute wildly, and struggling within himself, at last said —

"Here! but let me go to Hungary."

The colonel took his musket, set him free, and as a favor for having obeyed his colonel, in the greatest fury ordered him to be punished only with 100 lashes. He said that such lashes as these he could endure on his nose, which was of no inconsiderable magnitude.

"Well, well!" said he, resuming the thread of conversation, "Mr. Bardy, I know very well that you opposed my sentence of death. I will never be forgetful of this."

Here he fixed his large eyes on me with such a legible expression of hearty gratitude that it made me quite uneasy.

"Well, well," replied I, somewhat confounded; "what has happened six times, may happen now on the seventh."

"I hope not," said he. "You can speak well more languages, and so we shall succeed."

About sunset we arrived at San Benedetto, and we were formally consigned into the hands of the regiment's adjutant, with the proper papers. The far-famed battalion was quartered in a cloister, formerly used by the monks, and at present by the wildest, ugliest, and most stupid branch of the Austrian army. I looked around on the soldiers, who were lying on — or rather *in* — the straw, like so many swine, along the circumference of the oblong hall, which had once served as a dining room. I detected pretty easily that there was only one way for desertion, and this, too, rather perilous. This one was the balcony, as we were stationed on the second floor, directly under which was the door, the only exit and entrance of the *quondam* holy, but now profaned building; and as the sentinel was standing beneath that door, we might have been detected by the slightest noise, while lowering from the balcony. I informed my countryman. He was ready and approved everything that I proposed to him.

He stole the ropes from a drum, by means of which we intended to descend from the balcony.

Night came on as usual. The noise of the half-drunken soldiers, slowly passed away. They were now immersed in sleep which was rendered still more deep by the free use of wine. I reflected on the past, and felt, indeed, not a little grief to know that I must yield to the necessity, and leave as a deserter, the service by which I had hoped not only to merit respect and honor, but to crown with content and gladness the wishes and hopes of my good parents — hopes and wishes which they entertained toward me with a kind of conscious

infallibility. I was happy, very happy, in the thought that if through honesty, earnestness, and modesty, I once attained an officer's rank, which was in my parents rather a wish and hope springing up from the prejudices of aristocracy, my good parents — good, because they loved me and educated me well, and I loved them — who daily were growing older and older, but should become younger in me — that not only would they find the fulfilment of their hopes shining on their approaching eve of life, as the sun shines in a serene September eve, from behind the mountains, but it would really prolong their lives, and relieve the melancholy so natural to advanced age. I was happy, very happy, in the thought that I should be their supporter in their second childhood, as they were in my first — that I should watch over their bed as they had over mine, when attacked by sickness. Indeed, I was delighted to dwell on the thought that after I had satisfied the wishes of my parents, I should go home, and be a grateful son and good citizen. But alas! deserter — shame — eternal shame for me, and through me, for my good parents! Such were my thoughts, when the clock of the old cloister — now barracks — tower struck eleven, and by this another direction was given to my thoughts.

The night was bright and silent. Its monotonous stillness was only interrupted by the sentry's tread, promenading below, along the corridor, behind the barred gate by which we entered, but by which we should not go out — and now and then by a dreadful groan or exclamation of the sleepers, in their dreams. Perhaps there appeared to them the mother, furious in her despair, whose children they had atrociously murdered; or the violated maiden whom they had so brutally outraged and massacred; or a young man, burning with revenge for the immolated blood of his family. I wished to have the power to collect together all those bitternesses, from which flowed the heart-rending maledictions of the childless mothers, the innocent, but painful tears of the orphans, the terrible thirst for revenge, of the surviving youth, the inconsolable loneliness of the young

girls, the solemn and fervent prayer of the white-haired old men — I say, to collect them all together, to mingle it and let every one of this miserable company drink of the cup, that they might learn what sort of work it was that they had done.

Now the metallic tongue struck twelve — and I must obey my fate!

My companion Barocs, as had been agreed upon, arose, and silently, like a shadow, was passing through the capacious hall. I, with the least possible noise, raised myself from the straw and cast a last, but pitiful glance on the sleeping band, to whose army I had belonged six long years. At this thought, I seized my musket, and felt that in this same minute I was entirely changed in my heart and soul. An unspeakably bitter feeling passed through my frame. I felt my blood boil, from my feet to my head, and I never forgot what I muttered through my teeth —

"Eye for eye — ear for ear — life for life!"

I came upon the balcony. Barocs was on the alert. We tied the rope. He lowered himself happily. Now I lowered the two muskets, and afterwards I was busied to descend myself; but alas! I had not reached half the distance between the ground and balcony, when the rope "crash!" and I with my whole weight fell down, making such a noise as would naturally be made by the fall of a man, six feet tall, and weighing a hundred and eighty pounds, a distance of about two rods, or more. What I did after my rather rash descent, was to seize convulsively my musket, raise the hammer, and look at the door if there were any sign of opening it. There are moments in the life of frail mortals, when reason is entirely superseded by impulse. Such was this, for I assure the reader that I would have shot immediately the first person who should have presented himself at the door, and afterward gone on with bayonet till the last drop of blood was spent. But all remained in the former silence, only the sentinel stopped for a few minutes, and afterwards resumed his measured and monotonous pace,

which told me that he had heard the noise, but it led him not to the thought that such wingless birds as we, were escaping.

Though I fell on my feet, I was so seriously hurt in my spine, that I could not stand erect without very sensible pain. I attempted to go bent, which was done with great exertion; yet the instinct to save life gave me strength to press forward, and we advanced, but very slowly.

My companion was alarmed at every slight noise among the trees, now caused by the soft zephyr, and then by some wandering wild beast which, fearing in daylight the death-dealing hand of man, was looking for its food while its enemies were asleep. And if the truth must be told, I confess that my brave self experienced an uneasy sensation as the morning dawn removed the last slight veil of twilight, making every object clearly visible. I said to my journeying brother —

“Now, for the first time in my life the light seems not to be friendly.”

“He understood me, and said, “I am myself of the opinion it would be better for us to enter some house and bathe your spine with cool water, as it now begins to swell, and rest yourself till evening. Then, under the wing of darkness, we may leave this land with more security, and gain the Modenese soil.”

Accordingly, I took the direction to a cottage, and knocked at the door.

A head covered with a white night-cap, presented itself at the window in the second story, and exclaimed, “*Per la Madonna Santissima! I Croati!*” — By the most holy virgin! the Croats!

“No Croats!” replied I, “but Hungarians. Open the door.”

“But what will you have? Who are you? I can not; It is yet too early;” said the poor astonished peasant, confusedly.

“We are your friends—we wish a little rest, and some refreshment, and if you refuse it, the worse for you, because I shall break the door, and learn you how to treat the unfortunate.”

"Stop a minute—stop a minute—I will come down directly and open the door," said he with the greatest confusion. Afterwards he descended in his wooden shoes and opened the door, keeping himself at a distance, and with every caution dictated by such fear as stupefies a man.

"Do not trouble yourself" said I, in a tone to inspire him with confidence. "Here is my hand as a pledge that we mean no harm to you, or yours. Let us have something to eat and drink, that is all we want, and during the repast we shall make a nearer acquaintance. There are our muskets, put them in some safe place, that, if you have children, they may not reach them."

The poor, but honest peasant, by trusting him with my musket, was touched in the very heart of his better feelings, while my Barocs looked doubtful and hesitated to hand his, but a sign, and he obeyed.

In short, our brave peasant while treating us with the best salamies, cheese and wine, that he had in his house, became quite familiar with us, and advised, to present ourselves to Signor Guiseppe Carloverini his landlord, who, as he told us, was a little foolish, because he took great interest in the revolution, and so risked his beautiful estate. This advice was such as to convince me clearly, that neither the peasant nor the landlord referred to, belonged to the class of men whom we might fear in our critical condition. I accepted the advice and pretty soon found ourselves in the parlor of Signor Carloverini. He, after our guide had made a considerable noise on the door of his sleeping room, came forward, and received us with every kind of hospitality, peculiar to the Italian nation, regretting only that we were two and not two thousand!

He himself with some strong spirits bathed my back, which resulted favorably. He also provided us with garments of peace, exchanged our muskets for pistols of double barrel. His advice was to remain in his house for the night and rest us, while early in the morning, he hoped to find some pretext under which he

should succeed to pass the frontier. Every thing was done as he wished; only my Barocs could not sleep during the whole night, remembering every half hour that we were only three miles distant from San Benedetto.

At an early hour of the following day, our landlord requested us to follow him. After a substantial breakfast and spirituous liquors we moved on foot towards the frontier, to a point which, as he told us, was guarded only by three gens d'arms of his acquaintance.

We arrived, but found instead of three, seven of the gens d'arms. These did not yield to the pretext under which Signor Carloverini endeavored to effect our passage. On the contrary, they refused to permit it, because it was forbidden under penalty of death. Under such circumstances I saw that there was only one way to get through, and I hesitated no longer to undertake it. Drew my pistol, pointed it at the head of the commander, and advised him in strong and brief terms that at the first word, the first sign of resistance, I would blow out his brains, taking at the same time such a position as showed them I was no novice in such kind of play. And ordered my Barocs to take off the hammers of their rifles and put them in his pocket. This was done easier than I had expected. Then I told the commander, all the while under the aim of my pistol, to enter the boat with us and pass the canal, when I promised on my word of honor I would leave him free from harm.

The reader may imagine that this scene would be worthy of the pencil of the most renowned painter. The astonished commander every moment changed the color of his face. The convulsive contractions of his lips showed that he was willing to speak, but a movement of my finger on the trigger—a piercing glance in the very centre of his eye, a briefly spoken "Not a word! Obey!" made him silent. At the movement of one of the soldiers, I really was about to shoot him, when he exclaimed, "Stop! Do not compel him to kill me." The

common gens d'arms—born Italians, but in the Austrian service—were rather stupified by this unexpected visit. Yet I saw well that they had not lost entirely their mind, to think how I might be prevented from shooting. But at this time they found a match, who was as well acquainted with their business as they themselves; while I had more decision, if not more courage than they. The commander obeyed, and advanced beside me, at the distance of three paces, to the boat.—After him my Barocs, myself and Signor Carloverini. While going he said to me, “Pray keep that pistol a little sidewise.—It may be discharged against your will. You see I do not resist, nor my soldiers.” This made me half smile, and I said, “Be quiet. I am a soldier. I know the arms.”

While passing the canal Signor Carloverini in a painful tone said to me, “Now I may as well go with you at once, for if I return I shall be immediately hanged.”

“No sir,” replied I. “You shall not be hanged, but do not speak now.”

At length we set foot on Modenese ground, which was at this time neutral, and I now for the first time after six long years, breathed freely. “My dear friend,” said I to the commander, “If you choose you may return now, and you will not forget that if this scene shall come to the knowledge of your officers, you and your soldiers will be shot, cowards and poltroons. It is also your common interest to keep our passage in as deep secrecy as possible. We, on our part, promise not to report you, although you miserable man are unworthy of any other fate than to be killed by those hands you serve. Be it remembered that this gentleman here,” meaning Carloverini, “I have induced by a similar kind of play to tell you the story by which we were desirous to pass peacefully. Thus I have induced you to cross with us this canal. If you report him he will report you, and you are well aware what is the punishment for you both. In order to avoid every suspicion which may

lead to the discovery of this fact, I have removed the hammers of your rifles. Here they are; take them, and if we ever meet under hostile flags, use them better than you have now." And the commander seemed to agree with me, who without doubt was right, and he returned, but rather ill at ease.

Carloverini accompanied us a few miles, and after I assured him that he might without fear return, as the gens d'arms would not only not report him, but would conjure him never to remember this event. For if it should come before a court of Martial Law it would bring the commander to the gallows, every second man of the six to be shot, and a hundred lashes to be inflicted on the others.

So he was half-and-half acquitted, and said in a rather desperate tone, "I go! I will sell all my property which under existing circumstances may be sold, put the money in my pocket, a musket on my shoulder, and hope to join you in a few days at Bologna.

Mr. Barocs was very much pleased and delighted with my conduct, and tried to pass a eulogy upon me. He said, "You appeared like a mad dog, which looks in neither direction, yet sees everywhere." He was desirous to have a fight, of which he alleged without doubt, we should have had the better, but I doubted it.

MY PART IN ITALY.

" Oh Freedom ! Thou art not as poets dream,
A fair young girl with light and delicate limbs—

. * * * * *

A bearded man—armed to the teeth—art thou !
Thy brow, glorious in beauty though it be,
Is scarred with tokens of old wars!"

The consciousness that our country and nation were in danger, hastened our paces, and three days' hard walking brought us to Bologna—in the Roman state. Here first we learned the heart-rending atrocities and barbarities with which the hordes of invading Croats and Wallachians, instigated by the mercenary agents of Austria had invaded the country, exceeding in cruelty the most inhuman practices of the most barbarous ages.

I felt deeply my obligation to my fatherland, and to my good and brave nation in this afflictive situation. " Go and defend them till the last drop of blood is spent." This I considered my holy, my only duty. Yet in spite of this knowledge, in spite of my efforts and the most fervent desire of my soul, circumstances held me bound. No way into Hungary.—No entrance into Hungary. She was surrounded on every side like a rock amidst a stormy sea. And in the rock dwelt all that is near and dear to the human heart—all that elevates man above the brute.* All this was threatened to be sunk—to perish forever and ever;—while I, confined to the shore, was doomed to see, and to contemplate their danger, to hear their cry—and to tremble for their safety, without being able to save them.

A fatal lot was mine, but to storm against it would be a temptation to God.

Hungary stood like a rock amidst the stormy waves—no trembling—nor yielding—but receiving firmly the violent attacks of fanaticism, repulsing the dark legions, broken and scattered, as the rock sends back the stormy legions of assaulting waves.

Voltaire says, "There are now-a-days seas where once superb cities stood, and there are superb cities now where once immensity and depth of water dwelt. If this is possible, so it is more possible that the waves of blood, misery, calamity, woe, desolation, affliction and despair which now overflow the soil of Hungary, shall become lessened and dried up. She will appear once more, to receive smiles and kisses from the sun of freedom, bringing flowers and fruits from her fertile soil—flowers, to adorn the graves of our brave brothers—fruits, to bring an offering to the altar to the God of liberty. Yes, she will re-appear! For she is not conquered, destroyed, dissolved or broken by the fiery storms that assailed her. She is only overflowed and covered with the waves of tyranny. But to conquer or dissolve her, there is no power on earth; because her foundation is in the love of God, and of freedom. Principles that shall live until all tyranny and usurpation shall be unknown.

But the reader will say—the writer promised a biography and he gives a prophecy. Yes! gentle reader, you are right; but excuse me, for Hungary is for me what the dry, leafless branch of the tree is to the pigeon which has lost his mate.—But now I am at your service.

Seeing it was impossible to go into Hungary, I determined to serve the Italian cause, which in essence was the same as the Hungarian.

"Il regimento dell'unione," (the regiment of the union,) was at this time to be organized at Bologna, and their colonel knowing me to be a practical military man, requested me to enter

and drill the students who were to compose the new regiment. The colonel, named Garibaldi, bestowed upon me the rank of non-commissioned officer until it should be confirmed from Rome, from whence His Holiness recently fled, and where the Mazzinian Government was about to exercise that function.

I obeyed the request, but declined the offer, saying that I would not decline it when I should have deserved it in the battle-field, and frankly remarked that I was very sorry at finding that every one contended and conspired to be officer, forgetting the words of their own poet: "There are many in the world who have no merit and yet pretend, while there are very few who have merit and do not pretend."

However I undertook my commission, and began to drill the students—not with pens and penknives, but with guns and bayonets. But I assure the reader that I never experienced harder work in my life—except to endure the lashes—than with these *signorini*—young gentlemen.

No discipline—no subordination—no knowledge, nor even an idea of what makes a soldier. The unity, mutual good feeling and good understanding that render a regiment invincible, they were unacquainted with. There are other requirements than to know how to load a musket, and how to discharge it in the air. To make front and battle on a force equal or even superior, with less loss and exposure, they had no inclination to learn, no observation of service, no order, no patience. Every one was infatuated only to become officer. In short, in a couple of weeks my patience broke down, and I resigned my commission with no little regret, seeing that with such soldiers we should never beat Radeczky's veteran Croats.

The officers were of no more value than the privates, except the old Colonel Ferrara, who succeeded Col. Garibaldi.

From Bologna we were ordered to march to Rome, but we arrived only at Ancona—a port on the Adriatic shores—when a counter order destined us for the assistance of Venice. Em-

barked on the English steamer, Tripoli, we found ourselves in 28 hours in the bosom of the Queen of the Adriatic.

The Venetian Lion being aroused from his lethargic sleep, with his terrible look terrified the Austrians, who fled the city, and surveyed him but from a respectful distance.

In Venice I found a Hungarian Legion, commanded by Capt. Lougi Vinkler,* and composed of the Hungarians who now, in spite of mortal dangers, continually deserted the flag of Radeckzy. I requested my commandants, (or rather, I left by my own authority, the "regiment of the union," in which everything was to be found except union,) to be transferred to this Legion, and was glad to find myself among soldiers, who performed their duties not only with the strictest punctuality, but considered it a holy duty. I was rejoiced also to find I was among my countrymen.

But I did not enjoy very long the happiness of being a soldier of a republic.

Usually I had the honor to dine with my Capt. Lougi Vink-

* This captain justly deserves to be commemorated in the annals of history.—When Count Zichy, by birth a Hungarian magnate, and at the above time General de Chevalieri, and military commander of the city of Venice, was summoned by the Venetians to withdraw the Austrian forces, or they would fight and expel them. He answered that though he had means in his power not only to resist, but to level the city with his lagunas, yet he had not enough depravity to resist their rights and to destroy the monumental city. "I know," said he, "that I shall be tried and sentenced to death by the Austrian martial law, but I give up with pleasure my few remaining days. May they only lead you, and put you in the possession of your national rights—and save your fair city from the extreme calamity." Accordingly he gave orders to the Austrian troops to leave the city. Every branch obeyed the order; except that Chevalliere Cullatr, the Brigadier General, opposed it, and ordered his brigade to fire upon the people, when Captain Lougi Vinkler, who also found himself in the brigade, stepped forward before his company, and said, pointing to his breast: "First shoot here, and afterwards, if you please, upon the people, your brothers. The company was struck with amazement, and lowered their muskets. The people stormed the brigade and forced it to retire into the barracks, from whence, after three days and nights' siege, they left Venice down cast and disarmed. Count Zichy was entreated by every saint of Venice to remain among them. But he declined, saying, that he must give report to his Majesty.

Arriving at Trieste he was arrested, and after the Cossacks and Gen. Gorgey closed the door of servitude on the Hungarian nation, he was sentenced by the martial law to be imprisoned for life.

ler, in the crystal saloon called "Al vapore," and while there at dinner one day, it happened that a gentleman of an appearance very familiar to me, occupied the place opposite to myself. He ordered "risotto alla milanese"—(rice made in milanese manner.) I said to my captain that I had seen somewhere my "vis-a-vis" companion, but could not recollect where. I am not nervous, but vexed unspeakably when my memory fails me. And I have kindled my mood, to light up the dark store of my remembrance, like Diogenes, when searching for justice by lamp-light in daytime. I was looking in every corner of the closely filled magazine of my diary, but to my vexation I was not able to catch a glimpse of what I was looking for.

During this unsuccessful research the milanese rice was brought by the servant before my unknown gentleman, who after cutting off a piece of the bread crust with as much dexterity as a surgeon would cut off a finger, took with extravagant delicacy his spoon and helped the rice with the bread crust into it, and with the spoon into his mouth, which when opened to receive the dosis, exhibited the places where once stood a couple of teeth; but now in spite of his middle age, they were departed. The manœuvre by which he crowded the milanese rice into his spoon, and by which he managed the spoon, told me at once that he was German, while the empty places of his teeth helped me to catch what I could not find by the light of my memory. I knew him now perfectly well. He was the adjutant of the Austrian General, of Count Ludolf, in Verona. Also I saw that his half grown bushy whiskers and mustache was the veil which had hid him from my memory. I said nothing to my captain, but with all civility I began to examine him in the Italian language, thus: "

"You will excuse me sir, if I am not able to resist my curiosity, since it seems to me that this is not the first time we have seen each other, if I ask you your name. For in spite of that certainty with which I am convinced I know you well, I forget your name?"

"My name, sir, is Stephano Blocca," replied he.

"This is an Italian name," remarked I, "and rather unknown to me."

"Yes sir, but I am a Switzer from Canton Ticino."

"You are from the Canton of Hades," thought I. But decency required me not to be harsh, so I said, rather imposingly,

"What are you doing in Venice?"

"I am here on my business," said he, a little confused.

"Business! What is that business?"

The captain secretly gave me a blow with his foot, and with a glance of his eyes bade me give it up; while the gentlemen sitting by began to open their ears and eyes, for I put my questions in a rather loud tone.

"Sir!" said the stranger, "That is my business—not yours!" but I remarked that he grew rougher.

"No doubt, sir!" said I. "Your business is your own, and nobody will meddle with it. But my business is my own business, and that is to *know what is your business?*"

"If you are so obstinate," said he, with no little indignation, "Here is a paper from the police court, to answer your insolent curiosity." Saying so he drew from his pocket book and handed me a paper partly printed, partly written.

From this paper I understood that he was authorized by the police court to stay in Venice; also acknowledged by the same court as an agent of a trading house in communication with a Venetian merchant. But I was not satisfied. (The Austrians had taught me not to trust them. "Well," said I, "Have you your passport!")

"Yes sir!" replied he, pettishly.

"Will you show it to me, and at the same time excuse my conduct? But you know we are in a very critical condition, and it is the duty of every soldier of the republic to look out."

I made this apology not that I was in doubt that he was the same Austrian officer I took him for, but because my cap-

tain became very uneasy about my conduct, while the crowd, though all gentlemen—if they should have been formed—if they smelt who he was and what he might be, I had every reason to suppose would treat him a little worse than I treated him. Besides, though he was an Austrian officer, I was yet not wholly convinced that he was on mischief in Venice.

"My passport is in the police office," said he. "I was obliged to deposit it there."

"This makes no difference," said I. We will go directly there. And I advise you," continued I, lowering my tone, "not to make any resistance. I have my reasons for doing what I do, and if I am doing you any injustice, I will be ready to give you whatever kind of satisfaction you desire, providing it be in my power. But now please to follow me."

The pretended Switzer conjectured from the piercing glances of bystanding citizens, that the best he could do was to obey. I arose and he followed me. Some of the guests also accompanied me.

"We will take a gondola," said I, perceiving from the look he cast anxiously around that he was ashamed. "So we shall be relieved of our suite." I ordered a gondola. He got into the gondola first, and after him an unknown gentlemanly looking person, intruding himself with such agility, that I, who with my whole soul lingered gazing on the Austrian, noticed him only when he stepped into the gondola.

"Halloo sir!" said I, "You are in a mistake. This gondola is exclusively for my use."

"And for the use of the republic," said he, confidently.—"Come, come; do not be alarmed."

I was unspeakably excited at this conduct, being struck with the idea that he might be a secret friend of the Austrian, who under a false pretext wished to accompany us. And I asked not very courteously, "Who are you?"

"You will hear," said he. Now come."

It was no time to trifle, nor was I disposed to; and excited and doubtful as I was, I said: "I shall count one, two three, and if you are still in the gondola I will shoot you, as truly as you are in my gondola. At the same time I drew my double-barreled pistol—aimed it at his head, and said "One!" But before I pronounced the "Two" my intruder jumped out with as much agility as a monkey,—that is to say, the same as he jumped in. And I jumped in. "Now," said I to the gondolier, "'*Avanti*' Go ahead as quick as you can. I shall not forget to put my hand in my pocket before you leave us and give you my last zwanziger, what the republic gave me."

Then turning to my Switzer, who was not a little excited by the preceding scenes, but who spoke not a word, I asked him,

"Have you arms?"

"No sir!" was the reply.

"On your word of honor?"

"On my word of honor."

"Well, I spare myself the trouble to search your pocket, and the humiliation to you which would be subjected by a little tickling if you are an honest man;" said I. And I could not help adding, "which I can hardly believe."

"You insult me, sir, and without provocation," said he angrily, for his eyes flashed with fire.

I remained silent, pointing to the distance in which I kept myself from him, and to the pistol, as to say, "you understand me." Indeed I acted my part so well, now the second time, that I had not anticipated such adroitness from myself.

A few minutes—and the gondola, which under experienced hands cut the water so rapidly that it had no time to run before its sharp nose, halted at the marble stairs which conducted to the police office.

I inquired for the chief, and without delay we were admitted. I stated the cause of our visit, and the chief ordered one of his assistants to look after the passport, which was found in

a few minutes, while the chief courteously invited us to sit down.

"What a difference," thought I, "between a Magistrate of a Republic, and that of a Monarchy! One of the latter would have let me stand four or five hours in a military position.— And if I would take a little ease by bending one of my legs he would cry, "How stand you? Who am I?"

The chief scrutinized the passport with great minuteness, and afterwards handed it to me, saying, "I find everything in order;" while our stranger, with an air of offended dignity was sitting in his arm chair.

I examined the passport, and found all not right. I found for instance that this gentleman entered Mantua in the month of August, when Mantua was besieged so closely that no living person except those belonging to the Austrian Government, were permitted to enter its gates. A circumstance which gave some grounds that all was not right.

"Now, sir!" said I, "I guarantee you that whatever may be the reason for which this gentleman is now in Venice, one year and a half ago he was the adjutant of Count Ludolf, General of Division, at that time, in Verona. I swear by the most Holy Virgin, and if this is not enough there will be no one in our legion to dispute what I say."

In short we were both detained in the police office. The chief sent for my countrymen, whom I named. When the gentleman who *par fors* insisted on coming with us, entered the office, and perceiving me he looked half smiling, half indignant, and saluting the chief in a familiar manner, turned towards me and said: "*Voi avete una testa calda*, (You have a hot head.) You would have shot me if I had not left the gondola."

"I think so, sir," said I. "But as you now are here, I am very anxious to know who you are, in order that if you have

any reason to give for your conduct, it will be all right; but if not, I am yet disposed to find fault with you."

"I do not doubt it," said he. "Come with me;" and so saying he entered the next room. I followed him.

"My dear sergeant," said he, when we were alone, "I am one of the secret police officers, and the reason I insisted on coming with you was, that the gentleman whom you have conducted, has already been for some time under our eyes. He is suspected, but there are no proofs, and I thought that during your passage he might play some serious trick with you, and escape, if he has reason to escape; and I think he has. But your manœuvre convinced me that I had nothing to fear on that account. Indeed, you performed your duty well."

"Are you sure that he is an Austrian officer?"

"As sure as that I am standing before you. At least when I lately saw him he was."

"Well, we are on the track," said he. "But his papers are all in order."

I said here what I believed not to be in order, that is:—the entrance into Mantua in the month of August; when every third day I had been on duty at the gates, and knew well that no merchant's agent could enter.

During this colloquy the under officers of the Hungarian Legion arrived, and I was ordered to remain where I was, from whence I could see nothing, but hear all that passed.

"Are you acquainted with this gentleman?" the chief of police asked the first admitted under officer.

"No sir, I don't believe that I am," answered the voice.

"His physiognomy is also entirely new to you?"

"No sir. The physiognomy is not *new* to me. I see that it is between forty and fifty years *old*!"

"I do not mean how *old* you estimate him; but I ask if you have ever seen him before?"

"It may be that I have seen him, but I don't know when or where. Ask him if he knows me."

"That is another question; said the chief."

"Well sir, if he were an officer, I would—of course, I *must* know him; but being a peasant, I pay very little attention to them."

"You may go," said the chief. "Send in the next."

And the next one came in, who was also asked by the chief, the same as the first: "Are you acquainted with this gentleman?"

"I do not understand," said he, in the Hungarian language, —"*Nem értem önt.*"

"I do not understand what you say," said the chief, in Italian language. "*I non comprendo che cosa dite.*"

"You may speak what you please," said the Hungarian, in his mother tongue, amusing himself; "But I shall not understand it if you speak till to-morrow morning."

"What are you saying?" said the chief impatiently, in Italian.

"What shall I say to him?" the Hungarian asked himself.

"Don't you speak Italian?"

"Ah! aha! now I understand him," said he to himself, but always in Hungarian. "How can I say to him that I do not speak Italian? Yes! uhm, now I have it—"Nix Italiano"—said he with great effort, which in half German and half Italian, means "nothing Italian."

"Nix Italiano!" echoed the chief, "speak you German?"

"Nix German—Ungharese—Magyar vagyor," I am Hungarian.

"Well, well," said the chief, losing his patience, and going into the ante-room to find somebody among the Hungarians who could speak both languages, and he returned in company with a sergeant. "Well," said he, "Translate what this corporal, your countryman, has said."

"Yes sir," said the sergeant, and afterwards turning to the corporal, asked him "what have you said?"

"Nothing," replied he.

"He says that he has said nothing," reported the sergeant.

"Well, ask him if he know this gentleman here."

The question was translated—

"Hm—Hm—commenced the "nix German" of course in the Hungarian language, and speaking to himself—"I saw him—I knew him—but this mustache and beard—well may be he is no longer an Austrian officer. Exactly? He deserted for freedom like myself—well so much the better—He may here become a General—and I will—"

"What does he say?" said the chief, interrupting his soliloquy.

The sergeant translated.

"Well! ask him if he also knows this gentleman to be an Austrian officer?"

The sergeant asked him.

"Of course I know him," said the "Nix German." "He was the adjutant of General Count Ludolf in Verona. He was the best horseman in the whole garrison, because he had the best horses, as I am corporal, now sergeant Miklossy used to train them. He paid us every month four dollars, and as I was at this time but a poor private, it was very welcome."

The sergeant translated his words.

"Well, Gentleman," asked the chief of the stranger, "Do you know or recollect anything of this corporal?"

"No sir," replied he briefly.

"Well," said the corporal, "it is very probable. For the officers take very little interest in the common soldiers, and what is more, I then wore the Austrian uniform, as did this gentleman. But I know him, notwithstanding he looks now more like a peasant than an officer—If he does not know me he certainly will corporal Miklössy. He spoke with him always

because he knew the German language—Eh! if I were able only to ask him if he has yet this yellow mokany*. It was a fine horse, worth among brothers—I don't know how much—”

“What is he about,” interrupted the chief.

The sergeant translated.

“Well! is sergeant Miklossy here?”

“Yes sir.”

“Let him come in.”

When the sergeant entered, whose curved legs showed that he had served long in the cavalry, the question was put to him. After a minute's recollection, in spite of his moustache and beard, he knew him. He also related that while stationed at Verona he was ordered to drill the horses of Gen. Count Ludolf, to which were added those of his adjutant, the present gentleman. That he was assisted in training the horses, sometimes sixteen or eighteen in number, by corporal Farkas, who was also the “Nix German” present, and by another who was also then present in Venice, because they deserted together.

“What have you to say to this?” asked the chief of the Austrian.

He said that they took him for another man who probably had a great resemblance to him.

The evidence was enough for the chief to lock him up for further examination, which he did.

On the following morning he was taken before President Manin. We also were ordered to be present as witnesses.—He denied obstinately but calmly, that he had ever been in the Austrian service, in spite of the fact that now a dozen of my countrymen attested him to be the very man I stated. The President ordered him to be committed to the Lazaretto till the end of the revolutionary war. I was not content with this

* A breed of the Hungarian horses, small of size, but of very strong muscles. 3

sentence, and was so excited that I gave utterance to my discontent in such a loud tone that it reached the ears of the President.

"Well! what would you do with him?" asked the President.

"Hang him!" I briefly replied in my excitement, "as they have hanged hundreds of our brothers."

"We have no hangmen," replied he significantly.

"This is no difficulty," said I, "I will perform the duty."

The President looked me full in the face, and after a few moments said, "We have no gallows."

"There is the high steeple in the square of Saint Marco, that will fit him very well!"

"This was the standard of old republics, which had enough of hangmen — and gallows — and for what good?" saying so, he turned to the officer who had him in charge, and said, "Lead him into the Lazaretto without irons — and there he shall remain on half pay till the end of war."

"Very well," thought I, "by and by our prisoners will be better off than ourselves." But scarcely had the first period of my indignation passed, when recollecting that I had offered myself to perform the hangman's duty, I was disgusted at the thought. But I was exasperated, and am to this day against the Austrian officers. I cannot help it. Now the President made a sign to me to approach him; I did so, and he requested me to wait till he should be at liberty, as he wished to speak with me alone.

At once the thought struck me that the President would take me at my word, and use me as a hangman. I confess I felt not a little troubled, and accused myself of being thoughtless in my utterance, having spoken words for which I could hardly be deemed a good man. To be a hangman! Shame! I abhorred unspeakably the idea, which made me tremble in the whole of my frame. Yet I had offered myself without provocation, and so to withdraw my proposal was equally inconve-

nient. I felt myself on thorns. At last the President finished, or rather set apart for a while his business, and intimated to me to follow him into the adjoining room.

I thought I was going to receive a hangman's diploma, and shuddered again and again. But God be loved! The issue was quite different.

"Your name is Rodolfo Bardi?" asked he, with his usual vivacity, which contrasted not a little with his care-worn features and toil-bent frame; while he pointed to a chair.

"Yes sir, at your service," answered I.

"You speak our language well."

"It is not my merit sir, but the merit of the language, or rather of its makers or reformers. It is impossible not to be enamored of it, if we begin to be a little acquainted with it."

"Good compliment!" said he, smiling; and now ordered me to sit down. He put me some questions concerning my birth, education and former mode of life. I answered him briefly, in substance as I have related to the reader. He listened very attentively and not without emotion.

"You have, it's true," said he, sighing,* "more than enough cause to hate the Austrian Government and its tools. But who among us has not? While we have absolutely no *right* to hate our neighbors. You are a young man, mark what I say. He is not and can not be truly republican and christian who yields to the impulse of hate and revenge. You did not understand me when I said we have no hangmen nor gallows. I meant that while I shall be President of this republic, hangmen and gallows shall not exist in Venice. But enough of this. I wish to speak with you about a matter which greatly interests as well the Hungarian as our own cause. I have received via Constantinople,

* He had been incarcerated by the Austrian Government, was liberated by the people of Venice, and brought from prison directly into the Presidential chair.— He is now in Paris, earning his bread and butter by giving lessons in the Italian language. His wife died of anguish during the bombardment of Venice. His only daughter became insane, but he has a hopeful son.

documents from the Hungarian National Assembly. Some of these concern the Hungarians who yet continue in the Austrian army. I am requested in the warmest terms by your Government to communicate these documents to your countrymen who are in the Austrian army. Also I am myself very anxious to satisfy this desire of your government, but hitherto I have found no man fit for this expedition. Now I ask you sincerely, and I expect as sincere an answer. Are you disposed to undertake this matter? You speak fluently both languages, and as to your zeal for our common cause, your recent conduct sufficiently proves that I may trust it fully. What is your answer?"

"Mr. President," said I, quite overjoyed at hearing that my commission was not to be a hangman's, or to hang *another* man, but to be a spy, or in other words, *to be hanged myself*. But this mattered little, and I continued, "Whatever is in my power, by which I can benefit our common cause, I will do. I will cheerfully lie a sacrifice on the altar of our struggling fatherland. And in the present case, although I am well aware that if I fall into the hands of the Austrians, as their emissary has fallen into ours, they will not lock me up in the Lazaretto till the end of the war, on half pay, but will forever lock up my lips—yet never mind. If my fate is to meet the gallows in the service of my fatherland, I will care but little. At the same time I will not fail to keep a good look-out, that I may report to you with my own lips how I succeed."

"That is the answer I expected from you," said he, praising me. And tendering his hand he pressed mine warmly. "I have to thank you," continued he, "for the discovery of this Austrian officer. We have reason to believe there are quite a number of the same sort. But what their place may be is yet unknown. This discovery may lead us in the track of it. Now I must leave you. Come at two o'clock this afternoon to my house, and I will give you the documents and the instructions."

I bowed, but not from courtesy—nor from hypocrisy—nor from blind obedience or servitude—but with and from my heart, before the goodness and virtues of the man.

It were tiresome for the reader to hear the story how I prepared myself in my mind and in my garments—all calculated to deceive—for my dishonorable expedition. For say what we please, the office of a spy is not, cannot be the most honorable. I was acquitted on this point only by the consciousness that I did it not for any low and vile price, but for my fatherland.—At two o'clock I waited on the President. He gave me the documents, of which the most important article was, that the Hungarian Assembly informed us that they had concluded a treaty with the Republics of Venice, Rome and Piedmonte, in virtue of which these authorities obliged themselves to protect every Hungarian who deserted and should desert the Austrian flag—to provide them with uniforms, victuals, payment—and should they arrive in sufficient number to form a corps, to arm them in order that they might cut their way into Hungary.

I scarcely need remark that my expedition was of the most dangerous sort, providing I wished to discharge the duties connected with it. Yet, for the reason that I was perfectly well acquainted with the spirit, manner, nature and condition of the Austrian army, I cherished a confident expectation that I should come to a successful issue. The reader is not unaware that a man in a place where he is well acquainted finds an object more easily in darkness than another who is not acquainted can by daylight. Such was the case with me.

On the fifth of December, 1848, I embarked in the post-boat running weekly between Ravenna and Venice. I had a hundred copies of documents, printed on the finest paper, in my cane, which was made hollow for this very purpose. Also a check was given to me, with a kiss on my forehead. The former to help me and my countrymen if I should come in need where money could help, or be necessary to carry out my task, and the latter as a talisman, to inspire me with courage and de-

termination. The boat had a couple of sails, but not being a mariner, I cannot describe it. So much I saw, that when the sea was calm, the six men whom we had on board helped it along with their oars.

On the following morning, the courier, pointing to a vessel on the horizon, said it was an Austrian brig, and very likely, if they observed us, they would try to take us. The courier was not mistaken, for the brig came directly towards us. We were about six miles from the bay, and before she arrived within gunshot, we safely entered the Bay of Ravenna, a considerable city in the Roman States.

From here, with a diligence, I started for Bologna. My intention was to visit the cities of Modena and Reggio, which, as I was told, had Austro-Hungarian garrisons.

In Bologna I hired a fine horse with a light leather-covered Italian chaise, and shaved off my moustache and hair, replacing the latter by a wig, of a color rather contrasting with my dark complexion, my other garments I arranged after an old Dutch fashion. I practiced before a looking glass, like a monkey, to make myself familiar with the demeanor required by my costume. Providing myself while in Venice, with passes under Austrian seals, which they left when they fled from Venice, I started on my expedition, well knowing that on this side, where I intended to cross the frontier, the two States were separated by a canal, and passing the bridge on this, I should have no difficulty till I reached the gates of Modena.

Reaching the bridge, I was stopped, by a Croat sergeant, commander of the outpost, twenty-four strong. He demanded my passport. I handed it to him. After the perusal of it — or rather, after looking at it for a considerable time, because I read from his face that he was one of the class whom the Austrian government deem more convenient to their purpose, not to benefit with the faculty of reading and writing, — he handed it back, ordering me at the same time to descend from the chaise. I obeyed, and he searched the inside of the

chaise, and at last ordered me to open my trunk. It was done and he with great avidity examined every article of its contents, evidently not with the view or hope of finding any contraband article, but of finding some piece which should suit him best. With such intention he laid aside a couple of silk handkerchiefs. I thought, "Stop, my dear fellow. You will now find your man for once." I knew that he would not be content with the handkerchiefs, but would ask for some money, should I not give it from generosity, for his trouble! Having finished the search he made signs, with the handkerchiefs in his hand, of inquiring if I were not willing to give them to him. I assumed an air as if not understanding him, when he *bona fide* put the handkerchiefs in his bosom.

"Halloo, my friend!" said I in German, "You are mistaken!" and taking from his bosom the handkerchiefs, I put them in my trunk.

The sergeant seemed thunderstruck at hearing me speak in German, but I left him to his surprise, and taking my big snuff box with all the ceremony and manner of a German prince, took a long snuff. This manœuvre established beyond doubt the fact that I was a German.

"I did not know you were a German," said he, with confusion, and worse accent.

"I am," said I, "and if you had a little better eyes you would perceive I am a bit above your grade in his majesty's service. I do not know what your colonel will say, if I report to him that you are robbing passengers in such a manner," added I, significantly.

He excused himself, saying that he had not understood me, but thought that I was willing to present him the handkerchiefs. But I, with the pompous authority of a petty tyrant, re-entered my chaise and rode on my way.

About two miles from Modena I stopped in a village's *albergo* (hotel) and, *comme il faut*, refreshing myself and my horse, patiently waited for night. As soon as it came, covering the

earth with its raven wings, I advanced straight to the spot where I intended to effect my entrance by mounting the walls. With some uneasiness experienced in passing the ditches filled with the ice-water of December, I reached the spot. The difficulty was, not in mounting the walls, about two rods and a half high, for they were old and the tooth of time had caused a hole here and there, the brick falling out; but the difficulty was to mount without being observed.

I made a scrutinizing glance round myself and not seeing a living being within reach of my eyes, I commenced mounting and succeeded. Once within the walls, I directed my paces towards the house of the surgeon who attended me while lying under the effects of the fifty lashes, and traversing some streets, I found by the sentinels that the Hungarians stationed here were the same regiment my humble self had served in, a few months ago.

I found the surgeon, but he no more knew me, nor was inclined to know me, until I had recited to him the particulars which had occurred while I was under his care. At length, being persuaded that I was the very person, he exclaimed with every sign of concern, "*In nome di Dio, cosa volete qui?*"—In the name of God, what will you do here?—"You will be hanged. How dare you enter this city, as perilous to you as hell itself?"

"Through the walls," said I, laughing; "but *Zitto! Silenzio!*"—hark and silence—"I come not to you to hear ill auguries. I have myself plenty of imagination to create them for myself; but I come to ask you, as I cannot go into a hotel, should my business detain me here for a fortnight, would you receive me as your guest?"

He made a hundred excuses, evidently not to deny the requested hospitality, but to make me know what disgrace would befall us both, should my whereabouts be discovered. I tried to make him acquiesce, and after taking a couple of glasses of the renowned wine of Modena, called "*Zucchi*," he became more courageous, as well as loquacious. Among other calamities of

the city, he related to me how the youth of Modena were murdered and imprisoned, and how the remnant fled when the Austrians returned; that every prison, and the citadel were full of captives, awaiting their fate, which should be decided on the return of the Grand Duke. He also said that Count Sipnola, the leader whom I mentioned in the first chapter, had fled, and his property was confiscated, and his family — an old lady, the mother, and three young sisters, were reduced to extreme misery.

I had no time to listen to the sad details, for I confess, that while on one hand I was pressed very much by the wish to accomplish my mission, on the other hand I myself never feel so bad — never so much affected — as when I am compelled to hear or witness family distresses. So I left him, amidst his prayers and warnings to be careful.

In the cities swayed by the Austrian monarchy you need not go miles and miles to find sentinel after sentinel within a very short distance. I found two standing before the residence of the Brigadier General. I knew both of them, but because there were two, I deemed it not advisable to enter into conversation and make known myself and my plan. So I left them, and finding another, approached him, vehemently puffing with a cigar in my mouth, with the design to attract his attention. And I was not disappointed, for he said, "Signore, you will oblige me very much if you take the cigar out of your mouth while passing before the sentinels, for we should be punished for letting people pass before us with cigars in their mouths."

This voice was very familiar to me, and looking a little sharper into his eyes, I found one of my old friends, and said in Hungarian —

"You are always the same genteel old fellow, my dear friend, and I am glad of it."

"What!" exclaimed he, forgetting himself. "Are you a Hungarian?"

"Hungarian? yes; and your old friend Bardy," replied I.

"It is impossible!" continued he in a loud tone, which made me recollect that it is forbidden to speak to the sentinels; and I said —

"Hark!" we shall both be shot if discovered speaking together." Now in a low tone I related to him the cause which brought me back. The poor fellow was so far moved that he would have come immediately with me. But I told him that before he deserted he might accomplish a duty which I could not. This was, to scatter the documents in the rooms of the barracks, in the night, while his companions were asleep, so as not to be observed, and so that before the officers should have time to prevent, it might be known to every one. He offered his services and I handed to him the papers and some money. He refused to accept the latter, and after I had promised to wait for him in the Albergo, where I left my horse, and had given him the necessary directions most surely to find me, I left him with tears in his eyes. Returning to my surgeon I found him in extreme anxiety, despite the empty and full bottles among which he was sitting. But after learning my success and my intention to leave his house the same night, he was more glad of this than I of my success.

In the same way by which I entered the city, I left it, and reaching the hotel, waited a day and a night for my friend. He failed not to keep his word. He came about nine o'clock in the morning, and while our horse was being harnessed into the buggy, he changed his uniform. We made ready and set forth.

I was well aware that the outpost on the canal would not only resist our passage without a special order of the commander of the city, but they would arrest us and conduct us back, which might result not very pleasantly. So I made up my mind to evade the outpost. When near the bridge I let my horse go at his own leisure, in a most majestic slow pace, while we, gaily smoking our cigars, made so loud a laughter as might be heard half a mile. Our intention was to make the outpost

believe that we were far better off than to think about escape. Arriving at the head of the bridge, the sentinel stopped us and called the commander, who had scarcely appeared in the door of the watchhouse before I said in one breath, but loudly —

“We are spies and deserters! Catch us if you can!”

At the same time I gave a few tickling blows to the horse which sprang out at once with the carriage. The sergeant cried, “*All’ armi!* — to arms! — Fire!” “*Reecee!*!” sounded now, and twenty-four musket balls whistled round us. But I was ready for such a salute, and had arranged the contents of my trunk, also the leather trunk itself, to shelter us. Now a second discharge was made, but without effect, though three balls penetrated the linen, so that if it had not been thickly folded they would have entered our backs.

Thus I finished the first part of my mission. I afterwards visited the city of Reggio, with no less risk and success than Modena, and now intended to go into the very heart of Lombardy — *i. e.* to Milan.

On my way, in Turin, I found Baron Splenyi, brother-in-law of Gen. Guyon. He acted in the capacity of Hungarian Ambassador at the court of Charles Albert. I found also, another Hungarian legion, about two hundred strong, all deserters from the Austrian army. This legion was commanded by Captain Stephan Türr.* Baron Splenyi gave me every assistance and instruction to facilitate the success of my mission, and I started for Lugano, in Switzerland, in order to procure a passport less doubtful than the one in my possession. I knew that at Milan I should meet with more difficulty than I had at Mantua. Taking a boat loaded with wood, and in the character of a wood dealer along the canal of Ticino, I entered the city and remained undiscovered by the police and military officers, in whose offices I was compelled to present myself, and everywhere submit to an examination.

*It is reported that in the last revolutionary attempt, of 1853, at Milan, he was killed. Peace to his ashes!

I found here two battalions of infantry, and one division of Hussars, and being intimately acquainted with some of their officers, I resolved to find one of them first of all.

It was Captain * * * *, whom I not only loved but respected much, and who also seemed to entertain towards me a paternal feeling while I was in the Austrian army. I immediately looked for him. It was evening, for I preferred this part of the day for the transaction of my business. I found and was admitted to him. When I entered the room the old captain* was in the act of lighting his cigar by the candle burning before him on the table. I saluted him boldly in the Hungarian language. He looked at me rather with curiosity, for the Hungarian tongue and the uniform of a Swiss wood dealer contrasted not a little. After inspecting me for a few moments he asked —

“Who are you?”

“I am Rudolph Bardy,” replied I.

“What! Bardy? Which Bardy? What Bardy?”

“Your adopted son once, afterwards a deserter, and now a spy in the service of the Venetian Republic.”

He let fall the cigar from his hand on the floor, which I picked up and handed to him, while he exclaimed —

“What are you in Milan for?”

“To hand you the decree and the covenant; also the orders of the Hungarian Assembly. Here they are,” replied I, and put the papers before him. He rang the bell.

“Captain!” said I, not without surprise, but with forced coolness; “will you cause my arrest?”

But before his answer the servant presented himself at the door.

“This evening I am not at home. Do you understand?” said he to his servant.

“Very well, captain,” replied he, and retired.

*In the Austrian army it is not rare to meet captains who have served thirty or forty years, and hold the same rank for ten, fifteen or twenty. The reason they are not promoted is only because they are Hungarians by birth.

"And now that I see that in reality you are Bardsy, sit down and tell me what sinister wind brought you back," said he, endeavoring to hide his surprise caused by my sudden and unexpected appearance.

I informed him briefly.

"My dear brother," said he, in the very tone of his heart — "think you, or the Hungarian Assembly, that I and my brother officers, and our intrepid fellow soldiers, would not long ago have cut our way through the Austrian ranks and joined Charles Albert, had we but seen that he is showing fair play? But on the contrary, we have seen, and there are undeniable and irrefutable proofs, which positively show that he manoeuvres in accordance with the will of Austria. Charles Albert is nothing else, and nothing more nor less than a secret tool of the Austrian government, to bring the democracy of Italy under the death blow of his batteries and hordes!"

"My dear captain," said I, "will you state the facts which entitle you to speak as you do?"

"The facts!" repeated he. "Have you no eyes to see? Have you no mind to understand? Were the Tuscans" — continued he in a bitter tone — "the Tuscans, I say, were they not massacred at Anguli, Curtatone, and Montanara?"

"Yes; they were," said I, "for I myself was present at that sanguinary affair."

"Well," said he; "under what circumstances were they murdered?"

"They were about two thousand, and we Austrians sixteen thousand, if not more. They resisted five hours so bravely that I felt a tear in my eyes, when I was ordered to escort the survivors to the citadel."

"Well," said the captain; "where was Charles Albert?"

"I do not know," replied I.

"At Goito," replied he, "three hours distant from the place of massacre, at the head of an army of thirty thousand, which

lay quietly in their barracks, and not a soul was moved to assist these braves — these heroes, I may say. And who ordered, who sent these Tuscans, these genuine democrats, to these points?"

"Charles Albert, of course," said I, "for he was commander in chief."

"Yes; he it was who led them to these points with a promise to assist them in case of an attack. But when from every side the mouth of death opened against them, Charles Albert left them to their inexorable fate. But further — were not the Lombard volunteers, at Governolo, massacred under similar circumstances?"

"Yes; they were," said I, for after our unsuccessful expedition, on the second day of Pentacoste, as the reader will remember, they were attacked by a far superior force. They not only resisted bravely, but took two battalions of Croats prisoners. But on the third time being attacked with batteries of heavy artillery, the village was destroyed and the brave volunteers massacred.

"Moreover," said the captain, "why did General Durando, who at the head of fifteen thousand Romans passed the Po, capitulate to General D'Aspre, at Virenza?"

"I do not know," said I.

"Because Charles Albert left him entirely to the Austrians. Gen. D'Aspre in his front, Gen. Radeczky in his rear at Verona. And lastly," said the captain, "did not Charles Albert leave behind him the handful of volunteers at Mantua, while he capitulated here at Milan, and re-crossed the Ticino, leaving these poor fellows in entire ignorance of his movement, and of their own situation?"

The words of the captain were literally but too true!

"But now I ask you," continued he — "as you come from Piedmonte, of course you must be better acquainted with the spirit of the Piedmontese army and people than I am — what is the common feeling of the army?"

"Not very encouraging," said I, "for they suffered much in the late campaign, and several times were worsted. They are little inclined to return again."

"Yes!" said the captain. "Here lies the essence of the matter. While Charles Albert led the volunteers to the very mouths of the Austrian cannons, or left them to a force sixteen times superior to theirs, with the intention, or rather the determination, to have them all killed, he calculated very ingeniously that this catastrophe would strike a panic into his own army. Not content with this, he attempted, by every means, to demoralize them. They suffered in clothing, food, fatigue from unnecessary marches — and when entirely exhausted of their physical and spiritual energy and courage, he led them against the Austrians in such battle order that their defeat was inevitable. And now, no wonder if the army is little disposed to renew the campaign. But what are the people doing?"

"The people, by every means in their power, seek to compel him to come back and fight again; otherwise they threaten to overturn his throne."

"Poor people! poor people!" sighed he. "I must say with our Saviour, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.' What do you think would be the result of a new campaign?"

"I can hardly imagine, but I hope for the best."

"The worst, my brother," said he. "If the people compel Charles Albert to renew the battle, he will say, 'Well! I will return and immediately raise an enormous army, not to fight the Austrians — oh no! but to help them; because the expenses of maintaining this army will wear out the good feeling of the Piedmontese towards their Lombard brothers. The army will become malcontent with the nation, because it is the nation that compels them to return for a new campaign, of which they have so sour a memory.' Next, Charles Albert will form into a body the survivors of the volunteers and democrats, lead

them into the very center of the Austrian army, and while they shall be killed in thousands and thousands, he will say, 'My work is accomplished;' for this will be the last death blow to democracy in Lombardy and Piedmont. His army, with such spirit as it has now, will make no front against the victorious army advancing over the dead bodies of the volunteers. I say, It will make no front, nor will Charles Albert or his Generals force them to make opposition, but they will leave them to fly, and having fled in every direction, to devastate and rob their own country—and so the people will see that the way is open to Radezky and his Croats. Yes, my brother," continued the captain; "the whole revolutionary war is a compact agreed upon by every tyrant in Europe. Charles Albert is their tool here in Italy. But never mind; you will see that Charles Albert will be chanted as a martyr, and Radezky as the greatest general of our age. But the former is nothing but a traitor, and the latter an executioner."

I must confess that these words of the captain made upon my mind a very unpleasant impression. I saw that he was not far from the truth, and afterward I found that he was perfectly right.

"Go back," said he at last. "Do not risk your head in this dangerous mission, but seek to go into Hungary in some way, for you shall see that the Piedmontese government at last will compel you all to return under the Austrian flag. But if you obey their order, no longer call me your brother."

"I hope," said I, "that we shall never more wear Austrian uniform."

"Uniform!" exclaimed he — "*rope*, my dear friend! — a rope! You and all of yours will be hanged, if you fall into the hands of this Godless race!"

How far these words of my brother captain were true, we shall see.

THE BATTLE OF NOVARA.

—“ Tyranny of late has *UNKING* grown,
And in its own good season, tramples down
The sparkles of our ashes. * * *

Better, though each man's life blood were a river,
That it should flow and overflow, than creep
Through thousand lazy channels in our veins,
Dammed, like the dull canal, with lock and chains.

! METASTASIO said “The throne is bright, and its rays and splendor cover its dark crimes from mortal eyes.” I am of opinion, that this sentence was never more applicable than during the years 1848-9 in Europe, as we shall see.

Charles Albert on the 10th of April, 1849, broke the armistice and proclaimed his intention to re-cross the Ticino and renew the battle. Gen. Radeczky answered this intelligence in the public papers, by an appeal to his army, in which the General spoke of Charles Albert with expressions which, even among rowdies and lazzaroni, to say nothing of their insolence would be termed *unmerciful*. They would have moved the feelings of a man of any condition, from whose bosom was not yet entirely obliterated the sentiment of self-respect and dignity. But it moved not the King. The General denounced his Majesty as a lawless invader, a coward, a villain—a curse to the Italian nation. Even his insolence advanced farther. He said: “He who supposes that Charles Albert is loved and trusted

by the Italian nation must go into the palace of Gonraga, at Milan, and there he will find his portrait perforated through and through with pistol balls." And he appealed to his army not to wait till he should re-cross the Ticino, but to prevent him from crossing it, to transfer the theatre of war to the Piedmontese soil, and not to rest till they reached Turin, and his throne should be overturned and his crown broken in pieces.

Now I ask the reader if he can form any idea, or conjecture for what purpose such language was uttered by Gen. Radeczky, and such measures taken to prevent him from crossing the Ticino? I hardly believe he can, but I will tell it. It was to deceive the people of Piedmonte, and to frighten them. I say to deceive them, because they began to doubt the sincerity of Charles Albert, though from their eyes was carefully hidden the management of the late campaign. But this answer in the public papers not only convinced the people that Charles Albert was, and ought to be an inexorable enemy of Radeczky, but they regretted to have doubted for an instant the honesty of their King, and in fact declared him to be a martyr for the Italian nationally. And they took strong oaths to help him with their last farthing, to revenge the insult to his Majesty's person.

I saw now that the prophecy of my brother captain was going to be fulfilled. I was convinced the more because I was informed that his Highness sent the Lombard volunteers—fifteen thousand in number, to the bridge of Bava, to resist the passage of the Ticino by Gen. Radeczky, while he was concentrating his whole army, a hundred and thirty thousand strong, in the city of Novara and its environs.

Gen. Bava, the commander of the fifteen thousand Lombards whether he became aware of the infamous design of Charles Albert, or like a man well versed in military tactics, foresaw that his utter defeat was inevitable if he should obey the order to defend the bridge, and to resist the passage of the Austrians over it, thought probably that a couple of thousand men and a

small artillery force would occupy his whole attention, while the Austrians above and below the bridge* might pass the canal, surround him and kill the whole army, as they had done with the Tuscans; and that Charles Albert would not order a single company to his assistance, as was the case with the Tuscans.—Through the defeat of his army the Austrians would be encouraged; while the Italian army, already low-spirited, would be panic struck, and fly, as Charles Albert wished. By such a manœuvre of course the way would be opened to Radezky to march directly to Turin. Thither they would go, not to overturn the authorities, but to plunder, murder and frighten the people of Piedmonte, who were so nobly interested in the cause of their Lombard brethren. He also retired from the bridge, took a position as defensible as it was rendered by mother Nature for such purposes, and determined to let the Austrians pass and meet them breast to breast—steel against steel, though his army was only a quarter as large as the Austrian, and all volunteers; not having a single trained officer except himself, who was elected by a unanimous vote of his army.

Radezky passed the Ticino, but instead of meeting the handful of volunteers, he advanced straightway toward Novara, leaving a small detachment to occupy Gen. Marmora's volunteers.

On the 26th day of March, 1849, about 11 o'clock A. M., the thunder of the batteries—which made not only the massive buildings of the city tremble, but the earth itself—alarmed the citizens, who were otherwise troubled by the thousands of soldiers. I, in company with Baron Splényi, leaped on our horses and in a quarter of an hour witnessed the magnificent spectacle from an elevated point, where the King himself, with his staff, was standing. Our position entirely commanded the position of the Austrians. We had thirty-thousand on the field, and thirty-five thousand more at our rear in the city. During two hours and a half only, the batteries worked with a tremendous

* The canal, in some places only 4 mile wide, may be crossed on foot.

cannonade, and the skirmishers, (*tirailleurs*) both from a considerable distance, and with little destruction. Now the Austrians advanced in columns to storm, but were repelled by the second line of the battle. They attempted a second storm, but with no better success. The battle now was reduced to its former manœuvres, that is, the batteries from their respective positions. The first line of Infantry from a convenient distance and here and there the cavalry were desperately engaged, when a battalion of the second line* exclaimed at once, "*Tradimento! Treason!*"—and turning their backs to the Austrians, began to flee, while their officers instead of rallying them, run twenty or thirty paces before them, sword in hand. This battalion drew after itself the next two, which were standing on their right and left, and these were followed by the whole second line.—There was not a single officer to arrest them in their precipitous flight. On the contrary, when they reached the third line—called reserve, they alarmed them so far that they too, as if swept along by an irresistible flood, joined in the flight, without waiting to ask what was the matter. The field now, where but a few minutes ago stood ranks of battalions and regiments—the hope of Italy—was covered with red helmets (*plumes*) and muskets desperately thrown away by the panic-stricken army. The foremost line which was engaged in action, behaved itself bravely. In particular, the cavalry made some determined charges. But as soon as they knew that the lines of assistance and reserve had fled, they lost their courage, while the Austrians made a renewed onset, and killed about four hundred, dispersing the others in every direction.

I saw, with deep anguish of soul, that while the words of

* The battle generally is begun in three lines—the first, called *tirailleurs*—is in loose order, nearest to the enemy, and is left to manœuvre at its own judgment.—The second line, called the assistance line, is stationed on the points considered by the commander the most advantageous for him. In case the first line is repelled they take up the battle. The third, called the reserve, is to fill the ranks of the two former lines if they are damaged by fire.

my brother captain would be literally fulfilled, the cause of Hungary had received here a blow which would cost too much blood.

And so in less than five hours, our army, a hundred and thirty thousand strong, was beaten by the forty-five thousand Austrians, and the fate of Italy was decided with a loss of four hundred men!

Novara is a city of about thirty thousand inhabitants, and surrounded by a wall, built in old times to resist arrows, but not cannon balls and bombs. I therefore considered it would be a piece of humanity from Gen. Radezky that he should immediately order not to take the town by assault. But he began to send into its very bosom dozens of bombs and grenades, as couriers of the coming doom that overhung the city, should the people resist. And these bombs and grenades, which spread death, fire and destruction where they touched, were not enough. The Piedmontese soldiers began to break the doors of the houses and plunder and murder their own brethren. So far was this army demoralized, that had I not witnessed with my own eyes, I would not only not believe, but not not even imagine, such dreadful realities as this army perpetrated.

About eleven o'clock at night, Baron Splényi, by some of his personal friends—it was said, the Duke of Genoa, younger son of Charles Albert—was advised to leave the city, as his person was not secure here. Now what is more strange, he was advised to change his Hungarian uniform, which not only might not be respected by the soldiers, but might be a cause of serious trouble to him. The Baron obeyed, changed his uniform for a common soldier's of the "Guidi's" branch, and left me behind with the order, that as soon as I could get an authentic copy of the articles of capitulation, I should bring it to him at Domo D'ossola, a city on the frontier of Switzerland.

At twelve o'clock the capitulation was concluded. I think it was written and agreed upon before the Austrians crossed the Ticino. The essential points of this capitulation were:—That Charles Albert should resign the crown and throne in favor of his eldest son, Vittore Emanuele, the present king of Sardinia; that Radeczky should occupy the province of Novara, and the fortress of Alexandria, till the expenses of war, amounting to eighty millions of francs, should be paid by Piedmont, the Austrian troops naturally being to be paid by the people of Piedmont*. That the person of Baron Splényi, also the Hungarian, Polish and Lombard Legions should be surrendered to Austria, etc.

As soon as I had this intelligence I started to join Baron Splényi, and inform him how matters stood. He received the news with the single remark, that he would rather die a hundred times than sign such an infamous covenant, and he gave me the order to start for Nizza Maritima†, where the Hungarian Legion was stationed, and urge them to cut their way into French territory. But alas! I arrived too late. They were already disarmed and on their march to Novara.

At this intelligence I was stupefied, being unable to find out how my countrymen could resolve to go to Novara, which was occupied by the Austrians. I had no time to lose, but mounted a young horse, and after five hours of gallop, overtook my disarmed brothers. Scarcely were they aware that the Austrians were in reality at Novara and that we at our entrance would be welcomed by their hangmen, when they uttered a unanimous oath to die rather than to go to Novara. The people of Riviera‡ were very much excited. Genoa revolted against the infamous agreement, while our arrest would natu-

* To exhaust the financial means of the Piedmontese people who were so nobly disposed in behalf of their Lombard brethren—as my brother captain said.

† A port on the Mediterranean, near the French frontier.

‡ Thus is termed the shore of the Mediterranean from Nizza Maritima to Genoa or Chiavari—a beautiful landscape.

rally give vent to the volcano which was fermenting in the bosoms of the people.

Be it said without self-flattery, I belong not to the class of men who in spite of their consciousness give up their right to the first adverse circumstances. So in the present case I said to the captain, that his sacred duty was either to die with us, like the Spartans at Thermopylæ, in attempting to cut our way out of Piedmont, or succeeding to lead us to Rome, Venice or Hungary, where the cause of freedom was yet not bartered away. And accordingly the whole Legion swore to live and die together.

I knew that the best way to elude a treason is to do it by a counter treason. So I advised my countrymen to keep quiet, and to advance noiselessly on our way toward Novara; leaving the Government in the happy thought that we, unconscious of our position, were going into the jaws of the danger prepared for us. The people made every effort to persuade us that at Novara were the Austrians. But we apparently refused to believe it, and marched on from town to town in the hope that in one of these maritime cities we might find a captain of some vessel, and embark for Rome or for Venice.—But shame! Eternal shame to the Government. The captains secretly informed us that they were strictly prohibited to embark us. So we arrived without success at the last maritime station, a city called Savona, from which Novara was yet about sixty miles distant.

The people, supposing in fact that we were going to Novara not only despised us, but declared us to be Austrian satellites, and come by the order of Gen. Radeczky into their country; or to be cowards. In short they had every kind of evil notion in regard to us. But there was nobody to take up arms, or arm us and *en masse* to march to the rear of Gen. LaMarmora, who was bombarding Genoa.

Arriving at Savona, we saw plainly that there was no other

way to escape the snare which was set for us by the loyal Government of Piedmont, than to come out sincerely and decidedly. So we, three officers, three under-officers and three privates, presented ourselves to the superintendent of the city, and declared sincerely that we were well aware of the treason by which the government intended to bring us to the gallows—that we would stir not a step further toward Novara, and that we should resist every order or violent measure taken to force us. The superintendent was not a little surprised at our declaration. I could say, without overstepping the truth, that he was involved in the greatest perplexity as to what measure was to be taken with us. And, indeed, his position was no less critical than our own, for should he use force, we were in all two hundred, and should undoubtedly be assisted by the people when they knew how the matter stood with us. This would be enough to spread through the whole territory of Piedmont the flames of a new revolution. But I thought the Government, although the basest in the world, and ready to perpetrate whatever villainy in secret, could not openly use force against us; because this would have made its treacherous conduct plain and undoubted.

As the people became aware of our position, they embraced us a second time as their brothers, and assisted us in every way. Of which the most significant act was, that we, in part at our own expense, in part by the assistance of the people, armed ourselves.

The superintendent seeing the serious condition of affairs, requested us to remain quiet. He said that he would relate the matter to the ministry at Turin, and promised to use his whole capacity to make the answer favorable to us. I trusted very little, if any, to the men employed in the business of Monarchy, but as there was no alternative but to wait, we waited. Also wrote to Gen. Avezzana, at Genoa, requesting him to send for us a steamboat. But no answer nor steamboat came.

There cannot now be the slightest shadow of doubt that Charles Albert acted in accordance with Gen. Radezky. But he is dead, and stands now before the eternal Judge, who shall judge him according to His infinite wisdom.

Gen Marmora, on the charge of disobeying the order, having been found guilty of high treason by the Martial law of Piedmonta, was shot. He died manfully, himself giving the command to fire. People said that he was shot because he was republican in his views—and I do not doubt that.

After eight days an answer arrived from the ministry, by which we were allowed to march into French territory, and so we set out returning by the same way we came.

As we knew not how the French government would receive us, Captain Türr was very anxious to go by diligence to Paris, and there consult our Ambassador, Count Ladislaus Telcky. Consequently to command the legion now became my duty. Baron Splényi had given me the rank of first lieutenant, in the same legion. He started in the beginning of the month of May, and we smoking our cigars happily arrived at Vintimiglia, that is at the last station towards the frontier of France. Here I received an order from the Colonel commander of the fortress, by which I was ordered to divide the legion into sections, consisting of twenty men each, and subsequently on every day to let one of them start to cross the frontier. But as the reader will remember, we were bound by an unanimous oath to live or die together. So I communicated this order to my countrymen, and asked them what was their will. They answered at once to remain faithful to our pledge. And I consented. For I felt that there are circumstances when the officer must yield his own will to the unanimous will of his soldiers. Though if they had asked me what was my own opinion, I should have said, we ought to obey the order; for I knew that passing the frontier in a body of two hundred would make the French Government uneasy, and we should be entirely dispersed. While twenty by twenty, we could pass in silence,

without awaking the suspicion of the Government, and join at Marseilles, where I intended to embark. But we were bound by oath, and I could not disobey the will of my countrymen, who remained faithful to it, after I had explained to them what I have stated above.

On the following morning I was in the act of leaving the city with the whole body of the legion, when a corporal of gens d'arms requested me to go with him to the commander. I guessed that there would be some little dispute with him, and requested my lieutenant Balogh to come with me. As we entered the ante chamber of the commander, we found some twenty of the gens d'arms, an officer of whom courteously opened the door leading into the commander's cabin. No sooner had he perceived us, than he sprang on his feet, advanced toward us with an air as if to eat us up, and cried:

"Why have you not obeyed my order?"

"Because you are not my commandant, sir," replied I coolly.

"What! It is not I, but the ministry who ordered you to divide your legion into sections, and so let them pass during the night."

"Nor is the ministry my ministry, sir."

"Well, well; you shall pay dearly for this disobedience. I will teach you to obey the orders of superiors," said he, with a menacing pathos, which was empty as a soap bubble. "Well, what can you say for your excuse?" said he, in a tone a little more kindly modulated. "What can you say? Tell me."

"Nothing for an excuse, sir, because I do not need to, being not guilty. And as to dear payment, I assure you that I am not able to pay cheaply, much less dearly. Because the Government withholds my payment, contenting me with three sous per mile for what I walk daily. And as to disobedience to superiors—"

"Enough! enough! broke out the storm which gathered

itself more and more on his forehead during my laconic speech. He continued, "What! what to your superiors?"

"I have always obeyed them, sir," continued I, "providing they were worthy to be my superiors. But I never obeyed and never shall obey traitors to their own country," added I.

"O, corpo di Bacco! what language!" exclaimed he.— "Captain Jualta! Captain Jualta!" Here entered the captain. "Please take charge of the first lieutenant," said he, pointing to me, and saying, "Your sword?"

"Here sir!" said I, loosing it from my side and handing it to him.

"Well, that is right. That is order. That is subordination. Well, will you go in company with this captain, or shall I order an escort, in case you intend to resist?" said he.

"Never mind," said I, ironically, "Do not trouble your soldiers on my account. They had hard fighting at Novara, and no wonder if they are tired. I will go without them, or even without this officer, only inform me where is the place whither I am bound."

"Well," said he, "your word of honor?"

"You have it."

"Well, now you may go," said he, afterwards addressing the captain with glances significant enough to be understood, "Tell the keeper that he may allow the officer to promenade in the yard or garden, and give him a comfortable room also, to suit his wishes, because he is my guest now."

"Very much obliged to you," said I, in an ironical tone, and with the same bow. "I will not wish your keeper to set me free, for fear that you would attribute to me the result which shall be caused by my arrest."

"What result? What caused?" asked he.

"You shall see," answered I.

"I shall see nothing. I wish to see nothing. Begone, that is all;" said the colonel, imperatively.

I turned to my friend Balogh, who stood in a corner speech-

less and motionless like a statue, watching what would be the issue. Taking him by his hand I said to him, perhaps with a little more sensibility than I describe it now, for to depart from him and from the legion was indeed painful to me. "Now you will remain alone. Take care of our countrymen. You art now their father, brother, mentor and all. God bless you. Do not forget me."

He convulsively pressed my hand, and in his dark eye a tear sparkled, and afterwards loosing off his sword, he threw it violently at the feet of the colonel, saying, "Here, take this too. Where my friend goes I shall go, and thither shall come every Hungarian."

The colonel was so much surprised that his physiognomy became a mere interrogation sign, looking alternately on me, on Balogh and on the officer, whom he ordered to stop.

"This is terrible!" exclaimed he at last. Both of you officers, who served long in the well-subordinated army of the Austrians, and yet so insubordinate."

"Too subordinate, sir," corrected I the colonel. "You have ordered only one to prison, and there are two hundred more all ready to go."

"Well," said he, "My intention was only to admonish you a little by the arrest of a couple of hours for the disobedience you have committed against my express order. But now I see that with you there is nothing to do. Here is your sword. I would not be your superior officer——"

"Nor I your subaltern, sir," interrupted I, "for the glorious crown of Piedmont."

"Keep your tongue," ordered he, "and begone! I report the matter to Turin, and you shall wait for the answer."

"I wait not a minute more," said I, leaving the room and the colonel.

On my way a letter was handed to me, and after breaking the seal I read as follows:

PARIS, May 10th, 1849.

MY DEAR BARDY:—

I found our Ambassador, Count Teleky. Explained to him our situation. He did everything in his power to secure for us an embarkation at Marseilles, but in spite of his efforts it is not guaranteed to him by the Government. Things look very gloomy. The advice of our Ambassador, also my own, is to let the legion pass into the French territory in sections, twenty men in each section; and that they successively should proceed to Marseilles, where we shall join each other and I hope to embark for Constantinople, under some pretext, or all incognito. Inform our countrymen that if they pass in a body into the French territory the Government will not allow them to proceed, and they will be divided; if not by other means, by the use of gens d'arms, for the French Government has no treaties with Hungary.

Yours,

STEPHEN TÜRRE.

I communicated this letter to my countrymen, who after some discussion consented to start successively, one every day. The first moved under Lt. Balogh. I intended to remain with the last. The commander, knowing not what was the reason of my conduct, highly praised it. Even his dignity condescended so far as to invite me to dine with him, which I declined, saying simply, "I am a Hungarian, and as such I should lose my whole appetite by sitting down to a table, next to one of the traitors." The Italians who heard this, my message, were surprised at my temerity, although it was not temerity, but only sincerity.

I remarked above that the province of Novara, as also the fortress of Alexandria, was occupied by the Austrians. Among them was a Hungarian battalion, from which very naturally, every one who had a chance, deserted. They passed generally in peasant's garments, and so succeeded to evade the eyes of the gens d'arms. But on the day previous to my intended de-

parture, six of them were arrested by gens d'arms and lodged in jail. I waited on the commander of the palace, who as the reader may well imagine, received me not with the greatest cordiality. After my message I requested him to release my countrymen; but it was denied, on the ground that the capitulation of Novara annulled the agreement with Hungary. I left the colonel and consulted my countrymen. They unanimously answered that we ought to liberate them. We were now only forty-six, while in the city was a squadron of cavalry and some twenty or thirty gens d'arms. But we might count on the assistance of the people, who with deepest indignation witnessed the treatment on the part of the Government. They now knew well, that we in defiance of danger and death had left the Austrian flag and come to battle for their cause, and that the sad event of Novara did not check us. When they became aware of our intention to liberate our countrymen, they joined us instantly in hundreds; and the colonel being informed of what was going on, magnanimously (!) released my countrymen.

When this scene was over I entered a coffee house to take some refreshment. The coffee house, as usual in Italy, was filled with people of both sexes. A young man of athletic robustness and stature accosted me there, and tendering his hand, said in an affecting and exasperated tone, "Brother Hungarian, I go with you. I go to revenge the death of my mother the best among mothers—of my father, the most respected as an Italian—of my sisters, the kindest beings among their angelic sex—of my brethren, who both died as become Italians. I go because I hear the voice of that blood of my family, cry to heaven for vengeance. I must obey it."

"Who are you, sir?" I asked the unhappy young man, whose deranged countenance showed the first symptoms of approaching insanity.

"I am a Novarese," said he, sadly.

"Your name?"

"Nicola Selvagni."

"And your family murdered?"

"Murdered! Yes, murdered sir, and murdered by the hands of my own brothers. By the Piedmontese officers. Hah!—But never mind! There remains yet this bitter heart, and I will tear it out from my bosom and give it to the murderers! I am sure they shall die if they taste it, and they shall eat it! For they are more voracious of human blood than the rhinoceros; and then I shall laugh as they now laugh at my misery!" These words were uttered with tones as vivid as the thought itself was; and it was impossible not to feel and see that they came from the deepest depths of the bottomless human heart, while his countenance too much resembled a day, when at the same moment the sun shines brightly and heavy rain drops fall. And he continued with the same tone, "Is it not true that if you ever go into your country, you will *not* say that all the Italians are cowards, poltroons and Godless creatures? You will say that *not* the *Austrians* fought and beat the Italians, but *their own King*, their own *blood*, *Charles Albert* did it. And not with cannons! No! By *Diana*! But by *treason*! by the most infamous *treason*! Look you there!" said he, pointing to a table where some five or six officers enjoyed their cards and Asti vine. "They are the villains! They are the cowards! They, who are covered with the garments of heroism, they fled before the *Austrians*. They assassinated their brethren."

This truthful utterance of the unfortunate young man was interrupted by one of the officers, who asked, with a face attempting to express all the severity and authority that lodged in his frail body, "Who are you?"

"I am an Italian, and as such your victim! Coward!" answered he, putting his right hand in his bosom, which indicates a poniard, among the Italians.

The officer uttered a terrible execration;—drew his sword, also the Italian his poniard. I could not see this inequality in

the fighting, and sprang between them and said to the officer, Sir! This man is not armed as you are. To attack him will be from you a villainy, a cowardice. But if you are absolutely determined to fight, I am at your service. The cause of this man is my cause; and *now*, if you please." I touched the hilt of my sword.

The officer looked on me sternly, and afterwards on the Italian, saying to him: "You may for once now thank this officer, but I will not miss you;" and addressing me in a low tone, "You will be so kind as to wait for my second, who shall come in less than an hour."

"What is the time?" cried I to the waiting boys.

"Just five!" replied at once at least thirty voices from the people.

"Well," said I in the same low tone, "I shall wait till six here." I resumed my place and the officer rejoined his party, which in a few minutes afterwards left the saloon.

Before a quarter of an hour had elapsed, the commander whom I have already introduced to my readers, entered the coffee house in a hurried manner and with an agitated face, and said to me, "Sir! you shall follow me."

"Not now, colonel," said I, standing up from my seat, not to commit a fault against the military etiquette.

"Why? Why not now?" asked he, more excited.

"Because I am obliged to wait here till six o'clock, and afterwards I may be at your service."

"Ah! oh! I understand you. And now I command you to come with me," said he, in a tone of authority.

"And I repeat, not *now*, colonel," said I, imitating my former tone.

"What, you disobey a second time, my orders?" exclaimed he. And at the same time grasping the hilt of my sword, drew it from its scabbard, and ran out with it from the coffee house. — All this was done in a moment, so dexterously that I had no time to prevent it.

"By Jove!" exclaimed I, throwing the scabbard of the robbed sword upon a marble table. "I knew that the Piedmontese officers were rascals; but that they are thieves, that I had never supposed." The people present were deeply disgusted.

In a second the colonel returned at the head of some sixty gens d'arms, and gave his orders, "Take him! Bind him! He is a Croat. Not a Hungarian.

"Halt!" said I to the advancing gens d'arms, drawing my pistols and pointing them at the head and breast of the colonel. "If you move, the colonel is dead."

"What!" exclaimed the colonel, with no little surprise, "Pistols! Pocket pistols! And shorter ones than are allowed by the law."

Some of the people advised my countrymen—who were quartered in the next building—of my situation. They were men who do not understand trifling, and at once they rushed into the coffee house by the back door. Their appearance resembled tigers, rather than men, as they entered with sparkling eyes, while the hair on their uncovered heads stood erect.

"Stop!" cried I, perceiving them. But they did not obey until a corporal named Francis Gaal* sprung towards one of the gens d'arms and took out the carabine from his hand, and drawing it out by the window, said in the comic tone of laughing rage, "*Corpo di Diana!* We have seen longer carabines than yours, yet it did not make us afraid." I attempted now to keep my countrymen in order, and cried, "Not a single word. Not a movement. If I fall, then let them see over my body that you are Hungarians." I knew well that at the first pistol shot there would be a sanguinary scene. I was ready to meet it, but not to begin. The people, at a respectful distance, stood like a wall. The colonel was in the greatest perplexity.

* Now Corporal in the United States Army, in Texas—a brave soldier.

"Well, colonel," said I, "The scene is interesting. Let it proceed, because the people are waiting."

At this moment a squadron of hussars entered the coffee house, and took position on the right and left of the gens d'arms. Their captain, a respectable, and rather aged man, advanced towards me and said, "Brother Hungarian!"

"Brother here. Brother there," interrupted I. "Keep your distance, else I will shoot you like a dog."

"He halted, and turning towards the colonel, said:—

"Colonel, you will be kind enough to return the sword of this officer."

"I sent it home;" said the colonel.

"Well, you will send for it;" suggested the captain.

"No, I will not, I can not."

"Colonel!" said the captain, "remember that you violated the law of the officer corps. Is this the way to arrest one of your fellow officers? A stranger who came to battle for our cause?" It was something in his voice beside the modulation with which he uttered these words, that told me the captain in reality felt what he said. "*Let him have his sword!*" said he, at last, in an imposing manner.

"What!" exclaimed the colonel, "Do you dare to interfere in my affairs?"

"Yes, colonel! I am forced to stop you in your thoughtless and scandalous proceedings. For twenty-two days I have accompanied this officer and his legion, and I wish that our army were of equally good behavior. Now colonel, no more words, but order your gens d'arms to go on their way. Their duty is to arrest brigands, but not officers."

The colonel was in the greatest perplexity, and expressed his disappointment in such a ridiculous manner that his own gens d'arms could not help laughing. At last he started first and ordered his satellites to follow him.

The captain now addressed me in broken Hungarian language, saying, "On my word of honor, you shall have your sword this very hour. And you shall not be arrested, but promise me to remain this evening at your rooms."

"That is as much as to be confined to my rooms, sir."

"No, sir," said he, "but it would be only as much as circumstances require. But we will speak about this afterwards. Let your soldiers go," said he at last.

"No sir! We shall not go," replied they at once to my own request, by which I advised them to retire to their quarters, 'You cannot trust the traitors.'

"I am sorry, captain," said I, "but you understand the Hungarian language, and you understand the suggestion of my countrymen."

"Sad enough, that I must understand it and not retort, because they are right," said he. And afterwards turning to his squadron, ordered them to go home. While tendering to me his arm, he said: "Let me have your arm. I accompany you."

I could not refuse the request, which was made in the voice of a melancholy heart.

"I am old," said he, "and have nothing else to mourn in my life but that I have survived this infamy of my country. I was once proud to be an Italian—to be a Piedmontese—to wear this uniform. Now all this burns with shame on my soul. This day is the last that I shall wear this uniform. To-morrow I shall lay it down forever."

The tone of this venerable man was always the same low, sad and imposing, without pedantry or pathos, modulated with great sensibility. He was entirely the counterpart of the former young declaimer, both victims of the same treason. And besides them were thousands and thousands of others, to read whose souls, for they were legible, would have been a most instructive school for a close student of human nature and temper.

Arrived at my quarters I thanked him heartily for his noble sympathy shown towards me in so critical a position as the above.

"Do not thank me," said he, "I have done my duty. Should a similar scene happen to me in Hungary, not merely one Hungarian, but all, would be ready to do for me what I did for you. I know well the loyal character of your people—have spent twelve years among your patriarchal fathers, and this is the evergreen season of my life in my memory. I am now old. I can no more fight, but I shall pray the Almighty for your struggling nation to come to a happier issue than ours. Poor! poor Italians!" sighed he, pressing warmly my hand, and continued, "You understand me, without speaking more, and now and forever, God bless you! I must leave you, and I trust you will remember not to go out this evening."

"I will," said I, "and I do it, captain, to assure you that I feel, and am obliged to you with respect and gratitude."

"I am very glad to hear a young man like you, speak so," said he. "And now, once more, God the Almighty bless you, and guide you to your fatherland!"

I must confess I was very much touched by the behavior and words of this venerable man, so much so that I forgot to ask his name. But no sooner was he out of the door than the thought struck me, "You will never more see this good-hearted old man," and I sprang after him, and overtaking him at the top of the stairs, I said, "Captain, you will excuse me if I dare to ask for your name?"

"Certainly," said he, and drawing his pocket book, wrote on a page, "Alfonso Della Rocca, late Capitano della Oasta Cavalleria."

"And my name is Rudolph Bardy," said I, receiving the paper.

"I know it too well," answered he significantly, and blessing me once more, he left me.

The reader can hardly have an idea how much more powerful is a blessing when we hear it from the lips of a weather-

beaten old soldier, from whom we are already accustomed to hear only oaths, execrations and blasphemies. Indeed, I felt I had been blessed, when this venerable old soldier left me alone to my thoughts.

The colonel, shortly after the captain left the house, sent my sword, and I being infinitely disgusted by the treatment of the government and its satellites, moved on my journey with the remnant of the legion, to leave, as soon as possible, this soil cursed by traitors.

Arriving at Nizza Maritima, which is only three miles distant from the bridge of Varro, which connects the French territory with Piedmont, I was requested by an officer to halt my section and let them take their dinner, which was ready for them, and also to settle and close up our account with the commissioner of war. I assented, and we were conducted into the barracks of the gens d' armes, where the commander requested me to write the names of my countrymen, also where they were born in Hungary, what was the condition of their parents, and in what regiment they served in the Austrian army. I asked the commander if the other sections which preceded me, had done what he requested from me, and the answer being affirmative, I asked him for the paper, and when it was handed to me I found that not a single name was genuine! I could not suppress a hearty laugh on reading this paper, because the names were more Hottentot than Hungarian! And since I knew well as my predecessors that this list would be transmitted to Austria, in order to enable them to find a pretext under which the poor fathers might be punished by despoiling them of their property, I praised not a little the sagacity of my countrymen, who in such a way were willing to save their families. I told the commander that not one of the names was genuine; told him that the Austrian government taught them to evade by such tricks the punishments intended for their fathers. I said to him laconically, that if he desired to have from me

the requested list, I would write it in the same manner as my countrymen.

The commander was not a little surprised at my sincerity, and not a little vexed by the trick, but endeavored to hide his feelings and thoughts, perhaps thinking there would be other means of forcing me to give a genuine catalogue of my countrymen, and of the condition of their parents.

After this I was requested to go into the office of the commissioner of war and settle our accounts. I assented, and they gave me a man clothed in citizen's garments to guide me. We arrived nearly at the extremity of the town, when we entered a large square building, and mounting the stairs, he pointed to a door to enter. Over the door was written, "*La caserma dei gendarmi veterani*"—the barracks of the veteran gens d'armes. But I had not even the shadow of an idea that I was brought here to be arrested, and entered the room. I was not a little surprised when I saw sixteen old gens d'armes, with mounted carbines in their hands, and the mayor in full uniform! He said to me on my entrance —

"Sir, I have the strictest orders to arrest you!"

At the same time four men sprang forward, two on my right, and two on my left side. I saw that at the slightest resistance they would overcome me, and not only put me *hors du combat*, but seize the opportunity to give me "not so hardly meant blows!" Accordingly I obeyed the order of the mayor, which was to give up my sword and pistols — that is to say, I was prevented from giving them up, for the gens d'armes were very anxious not to let the pistols come into my hands.

"Well," said the Mayor, pointing to an adjoining room — "here is your place. Make yourself at home. Two of the gens d'armes shall be at your service."

"Much obliged for your hospitality," said I, ironically. Entering the room and throwing myself on a sofa, I began to smoke; but it was a question not to be easily answered, which

of the two, my cigar or my head, smoked more. I was about to think of finding some way to liberate myself. I could not bear the thought of being separated from my countrymen, and of being returned to the Austrians to be hanged.

I requested the *gens d'armes* to let me have writing implements to write a letter to my countrymen, but it was refused; and he declined, also, to bring up my effects. I saw that they intended to keep my arrest secret from my countrymen. Being wearied and fatigued, I fell into a deep sleep, and slept soundly till dark, little knowing or tormenting myself with the thought that when I should awake, a prison and gallows awaited me.

When I awoke the mayor was the first person I saw, and as soon as I was conscious where I was — for my dreams were such that when I awoke, for the first minutes I knew not whether I was in this or in another world.

"Sir," said the mayor; "you will follow this officer, and I hope you will make no trouble on the way, for it would only render your situation more unpleasant."

I put on my military cap without a word, and followed the officer, who descending the stairs pointed to a covered carriage, standing before the door. I obeyed the silent command. Entering the carriage I found two *gens d'armes* on the opposite side, and the officer, taking a place near me, ordered the coachman to drive off.

I looked at my watch, but it was out of order, and so I asked the officer what was the time.

"Half past eleven," answered he.

I spoke not a word, but my thoughts were more rapid than the pace of the horses which drew the carriage. Among other thoughts I remember that my present condition seemed like that of a soul, which in stories is carried off by evil angels.

After half an hour, the carriage stopped before a house, which I recognized at first glance, from the iron rails in the windows, as a prison. The door opened at a signal given by

the officer, and a man more broad than tall, welcomed me with the exclamation —

“In the name of God! a Hungarian officer!”

Being conducted up stairs, into the house of the keeper — for the short thick man was no other than the keeper — he apologized *per longum et latum* for examining my pockets, as it was ordered by the law. I displayed to him the whole contents of my pockets on the table, to spare him the apology. It was some paper, about twenty francs in money, and a packet carefully folded and sealed. He examined every article, and when he was about to open the packet, I said to him —

“Take care! It is poison, deadly poison! If you breathe it you will breakfast with the patron saints of Nizza Maritima!”

At these words my good keeper made such a face, that I thought his head would fall out of his mouth! Indeed, I never saw in my life, so monstrous a mouth. It was above the size of my military cap, and I was very much inclined to measure it, in spite of my melancholy situation.

“P-o-i-s-o-n! P-o-i-s-o-n! you said *poison!*” articulated he, at last. “*Is it poison?*”

“Yes, sir; it is poison,” said I, “and I am sorry not to let you open it — to smell it — to taste it — as your genteel custom is.”

He put it aside with every precaution and much horror, and said — “Well sir, you may take your money. I wish to furnish you with board, as you of course would not be content with the ordinary fare of the other prisoners, and you will pay for it. The papers, this knife, and this mould for pistol balls, also these cartridges, I must retain, but you shall receive them on leaving this place. I shall do everything in my power to make this place pleasant and comfortable for you.”

“Well,” said I, “all I want is, put me into some room with another gay fellow. I do not like to be alone. But don’t put me with some rowdy or assassin.”

"Exactly, sir," said he. "You will have very pleasant, interesting, and if you wish it, instructive company. There is Signor Molioja, the best lawyer of our city, Monsieur Pazzerolli, the Corsican school-master, with but one eye. He is a clever fellow. And there is the Reverend Franchiotti, who said and preached that our Lord was a Republican."

I found it in fact as the keeper had told me. We were all four together — that is, a lawyer, clergyman, school-master and soldier. All were arrested on the same charge — *crimen lesæ Majestatis*—the crime of offending his majesty. I hardly need say that this was a beautiful quartette. The conversation and the table of our keeper made us forget that we were in prison. But I felt deeply, very deeply when I thought of Hungary and my countrymen.

On the following day I was conducted before the inquisitorial body, consisting of seven persons. The jury asked my name and how old I was. I answered their questions. They asked me if I had ever been summoned before a lawful body, and if so, how many times, and for what causes. I said to them that this was a curious question for me, which I could not answer. I remembered the fifty lashes. I thought and told them sincerely, that if I should answer in the affirmative, they would think me to be a greenhorn, who accuses himself when he could defend himself. If I said no, they would say that I was a practiced villain, who endeavors by every means to excuse himself. "But I suppose," continued I, "you are men of experience and knowledge, and so you can form for yourselves an answer to your question, from my statement that I served six years in the Austrian army, with my temper and nature!"

The jurors, as I perceived, were pleased with my remark.

"Have you said in public that his Majesty Charles Albert and his son Vittore Emanuele are traitors?" was the second question.

"I have read this in several French and Piedmontese public papers, and may be I repeated what I read. But I was never the author of such accusations."

"Have you said the Piedmontese officers were villains, assassins — unworthy to breathe the air of the Almighty?"

"No, sir," answered I; "I have never yet said it; but now, here, and for the first time, and hereafter forever, I say that *they are!* because I saw them run before the Austrians, at the head of their battalions with swords in their hands — and if such officers are braves and heroes in your opinion, they shall never be so in mine, nor in the opinion of the world that witnesses the events.

"And you are right," said one of the jurors.

"Now sir," said the inquisitor, presenting the packet, "what is in this packet?"

"Arsenic, sir."

"Do you know that this is arsenic?"

"Perfectly well, sir."

"For what purpose did you have it?"

"Well, gentlemen, said I; "this is another question I cannot answer. Look at my papers and you will find that I was an agent of the Venitian Republic, and as such I might want it in many instances. But if you ask a physician, he will say that this is a kind of poison, by which, if judiciously used, horses may be kept in good blood, their skin bright, and their spirit warlike, as is the spirit of Hungarian Hussars! They use it, and the horse gradually accustomed to it, may eat without danger half a spoonful of it."

They asked the physician about the poison, and he confirmed my statement.

"But gentlemen, continued I, "you know that we, among deadly dangers, deserted the Austrian flag, and came to struggle for your nation's freedom, and we were ready to give our blood and life for your cause. Yet your government tried by the basest means to lead us back to the Austrians, although they were well aware that there our lot would be the gallows. We thought this funeral ceremony, intended by your gov-

ernment for us, might be prevented by the contents of this packet."

Some of the jury hearing my explanation, crossed their foreheads. Afterwards they told me that I was accused by the Bishop of Vintimiglia and some other clergymen, of having said, in a public Coffee House,* that Charles Albert was a traitor.

"Well, sir," said I; if you put me in prison for saying that Charles Albert is a traitor, although I never said it, you ought the more to put in prison every person who does say it; and I guarantee you that your little territory transformed entirely into a prison, would not be large enough to receive them all."

They asked me if this was all I could say in my behalf, and I answered that this was all; but I had a request, if in my situation, I were allowed to come forward with a request. They asked me for it.

"Be short with me," said I. "Either let me be shot or liberated as soon as possible. My country is struggling, and I cannot bear my situation, which is to starve in prison instead of going to the assistance of my threatened nation."

They promised to proceed as soon as possible, but their proceedings were cut short by the people.

As my countrymen, not seeing me return, began to doubt my safety, so their doubt became a belief when an officer ordered them to be ready to march. They asked for me. The answer was that I must remain that day and settle the account, and that I would join them on the morrow in France. They refused to obey. The gens d'armes were bidden to enforce the order, and after hard fighting, the leaders being seized and ironed, they were escorted among bayonets to the frontier. And I perhaps can thank this demonstration for my liberty. For the old captain seeing them in irons, asked what was the matter, and they informed him, conjuring him in the name of

* In Italy the Romish clergy freely frequent the Coffee Houses.

all the saints of Italy, to use his influence to liberate me — and the worthy old man was moved by their prayers. Not succeeding in my liberation by the government, he made an appeal to the people.

It was already twenty-eight days that I had been detained, and I knew not what would be my fate. The one-eyed Corsican school master consoled me with the thought that there was a great chance to select between the gallows, musket balls, guillotine, and galleys! But he himself preferred to die *a la Seneca*—in a bath! He and all my companions were more courageous to meet their fate. Indeed they declared they would die content, if only from the stair of their gallows they could proclaim to a great mass of people, that Charles Albert and the officiality were traitors! But I found in that very little consolation.

On the 12th of June, my not-so-high-as-wide keeper, ordered me to go below. I followed him, and found my jurors, one of whom said to me, that his Highness Vittore Emanuele, considering my youthful age; my services for the Italian cause; the situation in which I probably found myself, far from my struggling fatherland; also my nationality, by his inborn kindness, overlooked my crime, and set me at liberty, and ordered 300 francs from the chest of war, as a reward for my services, and for expenses to depart where I wished.

I bowed without a word, knowing not from what quarter this favorable sentence came, because my faith in the kindness and humanity of kings was too much destroyed to attribute this justice to their righteousness.

"Are you not glad?" asked one of the jurors, seeing that I was rather serious, for I was entirely occupied with thinking from what quarter this sentence may come.

"Sir!" said I, "I am not glad so long as I am on your soil, for although I see that your juries feel and know, and proceed according to justice, yet I see at the same time that there is no

freedom. Piedmonte is a prison and I a prisoner while on her soil."

The mystery of my freedom was soon solved, for as I came out of the prison doors, I saw a crowd of the people who greeted me with cheers, "Eviva Hungaria—Eviva Görgey—Long live Hungary! Long live Görgey! Buda is in the power of the Hungarians." And they carried me off with so many congratulations and compliments, that I was ashamed of it.

At last I learned from Professor Blancardi, that the old Captain was the one who informed the people of my arrest, and who stimulated them by every means to liberate me. After his efforts were thwarted by the government, the people controlled my fate, till the news lately received from Hungary encouraged them to turn out and demand my release, or else to raise the prison. I looked for my old worthy Captain, but never found him. I shall wear his image in the centre of my heart till I die.

Signor Della Valle, a worthy citizen of Nizza Maritima, also superintendent of the deeds department, received me into his house as his guest. He was so deeply disgusted with the government, in whose employ he held a lucrative office, that he determined to leave Piedmonte and sail for the United States, as he did in the month of August of the same year. He was bound for New Orleans. If some one of my readers perchance is acquainted with him, and will inform me where he lives, I should be infinitely obliged, as all my efforts for this purpose have failed. But if I never meet him again, these lines may serve as a token of my sincere and everlasting gratitude towards him.

KOSSUTH.

"For he fled—indignant fled,
When treason blurred his country's fame—
* * * * *
While every tear her children shed,
Fell on his soul like drops of flame."

While the people of Piedmonte greeted me with most enthusiastic and hearty cheers, which were dear to me, not because they flattered my vanity, but because it was an evident indication and testimonial of their love of freedom, of their sympathy for my struggling fatherland. The superintendent summoned me to come to himself. Doing so, I found the same gentleman, who some days before was the superintendent of the city of Savona, and who behaved so humanely towards us. "I am very sorry for you" said he, as I presented myself, "I saw in Savona, that you, with your temper, would hardly leave this kingdom without some difficulty—you are too sincere, and it is a great pity that we live in an epoch when people are accustomed to disparage truth and misrepresent sincerity; but I am glad that the matter terminated as it did. Now my dear sir, I must advise you to leave Piedmonte as soon as possible, —believe me, some people look on you with no very favorable eyes. You can have the money by addressing the military treasurer. There is your passport directed for Marseilles, where you may embark for Constantinople, and from thence to Hungary as you intend." I received the passport but not the money,

being informed by the citizens that if I would not touch a farthing of their infamous government money, they would provide for me. After thanking the humane superintendent I left him.

The same day, a sergeant named Mihalovits of the legion, returned from France, and with lamentations related that the sections which had passed into French territory were forced to enter service *dans la legion etranger*, (in the legion of strangers) and embark for Africa, to fight against the Bedouin. But having refused this liberal request of the French Republic, they were sent to prison, and compelled by hunger and by thirst to obey, but they still refused in spite of starvation, with which they were threatened.

Miserable government of the French Republic! Had it not learned for centuries that Hungarians cannot be soldiers, nor fight, but in the cause of freedom?

The sergeant also related how he succeeded to escape. I procured for him a passport, and wished him to return with me, but it was no easy task to persuade him. He had a horrible remembrance of the three days' hunger and thirst.

On the 15th of June, at early morning, we arrived by diligence at the French territory, separated only by the bridge of Varro; built on a river's bed about two miles wide. The channel is filled only by occasional rains, and by water falling down from the adjacent mountains. There it empties into the Mediterranean.

At the watch house, the diligence stopped, and we passengers were summoned to descend and present ourselves, and our papers in the office, over whose doors was written, "*Egalité, Liberté, Fraternité*."

The commissioner looked curiously upon my Hungarian uniform, when I presented myself, and our passports.

"You are a Hungarian officer?" asked he.

"At your service," was the reply.

"I can not let you pass into our territory unless you bind yourself to serve in the legion of strangers."

"Will you make me general?" asked I.

"No sir," replied he, "but you may retain your present grade, providing that upon examination you shall be found fit for it."

"I am not fit, nor do I wish to be fit sir," answered I, "but excuse me if I ask, what is the reason for which you deny me entrance?"

"Because you are a Hungarian."

"Are the Hungarian infected by some contagious pestilence that they should not be allowed to pass into France? Or is the soil of France a paradise from which the sinful sons of Adam are excluded?"

"No sir! only we have strict orders not to let them enter. What is the reason of this injunction, it is not my business to investigate."

"And you," said I, because I was very much bent on tormenting this embodiment of "strict orders"—"you, who know that this order is unjust, inhuman and degrading to the honor of the French nation—why do you obey such orders? I suppose that it is your business to search into this."

"Sir!" said he, "I am not accustomed to hear insult, nor shall I suffer it, and if you continue I shall stop it." Saying so he pointed to the *gens d' arms*.

"I have no doubt sir, that you, being ready to obey such orders as you do, have no scruples of conscience for using the basest means, as you have done with my countrymen. And if you are not accustomed to hear *insults*, you must not expect *me* to tolerate such *injustice*."

"Sir!" said he quite seriously, "I shall have no more words with you. Here is your passport. Return whence you came."

"And who shall pay my fare, which I shall now lose?" asked I, only to find matter to torment him, for I observed that the passengers present, particularly a good looking gentleman

among them, were much pleased with my interrogatories and remarks, while this miserable hired tool of Luigi Napoleon was vexed by this approbation of the passengers.

"It is not my business" replied he once more.

"But it is your business, sir, to take down the device—*"Egalité, Liberté, Fraternité,"* and write, *"The French Goddess of Liberty, manufactured on the model of the Russian Bear!"*

The passengers broke out into a laughter, which was rendered more vexatious to the officer by his attempting to suppress it and not succeeding. He lost his patience and was about to give orders to gens d' arms to arrest me. My sergeant Mihailovits urged me in an imploring tone not to trifle, because they would shut us up to hunger and thirst for three days. I confess sincerely that I was very much inclined to go on with my sword, in spite of the knowledge that at last I should have the worst; had it not been before my mind that I was in haste to go to Hungary, and had no time to lose in bed, lying under wounds.

"Do not be too hasty sir!" said I to gens d' arms who accosted me.

"Le votre sabre—(your sword)" ordered he.

The passengers looked a little more stern when they saw that I was about to be arrested. May be, among them was a couple of mountaineers, and the officer said,

"I must arrest you if you continue to insult me, or if you persist in remaining on this soil."

"Don't be alarmed sir!" said I, "I shall be very happy to leave the territory where gentlemen of your stamp are to be found." So saying, I left the room, for I knew that the next sentence would cause my arrest.

The gentleman whom I remarked above among the passengers as a good looking man followed me, and said, "young man! I am sorry for you, and sorry that I am not invested

with power to do something in your behalf. All I can do is to return to you your fare which you have lost in this transaction. I know well, you are far from your country, and the moment may come, when you will need it." Saying this with not the best French accent, but evidently with the best heart, while shaking hands with me, he left some thing in my hand which I felt at first to be money.

I was not a little embarrassed, for at this time I was totally unaccustomed to receive assistance. On the contrary, I was accustomed to give. And not knowing in my perplexity what to do, I asked him, "who are you sir?"

"I am an American sir!" said he, and immediately sprang on the diligence, took a seat near a very fine looking lady and rode off.

Should this book come into the hand of this gentleman, I suppose he will be glad to learn my fate, as I too would be very glad to know him.

I hired a chaise and rode back with my sergeant who was delighted to find himself beside a good breakfast instead of three days' hunger, for which he was already prepared.

The superintendent hearing of my return and its cause, kindly tendered me his hospitality, till in the bay of the city there should be an opportunity to embark for Constantinople. I thanked him, for I was already engaged by Signor Giovanni Battista Approsio, the Notary Public of Vintimiglia, where I returned to the great surprise and vexation of the commander, who robbed my sword, and of the Bishop who so irreligiously reported me.

Notwithstanding the hospitality of Signor Approsio, in finding different amusements in this rocky country of olives and oranges—also his kind wife who exerted all her faculties in exhibiting the most exquisite and delicate meals of the Italian culinary art, and notwithstanding my sergeant and five new comers, lately deserted from the Austrian flag—were highly

satisfied with our condition; yet as for myself, every hour seemed a year, but there was no other alternative than to wait.

At last we were informed that in the bay of Nizza Maritima, there was a vessel about to set sail for Constantinople. I hastened to visit the captain, and finding him made arrangements for myself and for my countrymen who were now seven in number.

On the 19th of June, 1849, we embarked on the merchant vessel "Maria," Capt. L. Dodero, bound for Odessa, in Russia, on the Black Sea, and the same evening we left the free port of Nizza Maritima, and the land of Italy for ever.

And now as we are on the high seas where the time is rather long and lonesome, by reason of the frequent calms and slow sailing, I will relate a history of by-gone times, in as much as it is connected with our present story.

The reader perhaps has remarked hitherto that my engagement in the Austrian army was utterly contrary to my principles. I entered the army upon the advice of my father, who having three sons, disposed of them as follows: The eldest, who is my humble self, was destined for military life—the second, for a clergyman of the Roman Catholic Church—the third and youngest, to assist him in his agricultural pursuits, which he conducted very successfully, and on a large scale. Alas! The Revolution came. The priest was immolated—not on the cross as a martyr for his creed—but as a soldier, for the freedom of his country! The farmer died, but not with the death of a husbandman on the family bed, among his relations and friends, but on the battlefield, with the death of violence! I, the soldier escaped death and survived the dangers; perhaps, mourn and remember the death of my brethren. But enough of this. My father's will was that I should be a soldier, and in my country the son who disobeys the desire or counsel of his father is looked upon as if he were a blasphemer of God.

No sooner had I acquired some knowledge of the purpose of a standing army, which is to keep the people and the nation,

at their own expense, under the yoke and chain; also to guard, preserve, and secure the throne, erected on the oppression of the nation. I say, that no sooner was I acquainted with this godless and inhumane destiny of the standing army, than I abhorred, detested and loathed it with my whole heart and soul. And so the reader may easily imagine, that the mentors, who were my officers—entrusted with the duty of forming me into a tool for such an object, not only had a hard task with me, but entirely failed in their endeavors.

"You ought to despise the citizens," said they, "because you are an imperial royal cadet, a bright pillar on which the glory and greatness of the monarchy stands."

"I ought to pity the citizens," said I, "who are so unjustly deprived of their human and sacred rights, by our own instrumentality. And shame upon myself to be an imperial royal cadet, the column on which are built the oppression, misery, ignorance and slavery of my fellow citizens! Shame on myself, who am unconsciously obliged to be a Cain at a single word of the Monarchy!"

"Let the people be ignorant," said they, "in order that they may not be able to know their worth, their rights, their power, their destiny; and that we may dissipate in luxurious idleness, the fruits of the sweat of their brows."

"Teach the people," said I, "to know themselves, their rights, their destiny, their value, and then we shall not tremble for our lives, in our slumbers, and the *fury of the people*, this terrible monster, shall be blotted out from the earth. And Kings and Dukes, and Queens and Princess shall no more die on lamp-posts, and under guillotines."

"Hold the people in misery," said they, "so that being occupied with material cares there may remain for them no time to think of their souls."

Such was the doctrine of my mentors, by which they hoped to model me after themselves, but they found that my soul was

not the place where the seeds of their Jesuitical doctrine could find off-shoots and vegetation. No indeed! For my soul threw it back as the marble flings back the pistol ball.

When I saw it was impossible for me to hold my place, and fulfil the duty prescribed to me as a soldier of a monarchical army. I wrote to my father praying him to absolve me from my condition, but he thought that I was obstinate, disobedient, and that time would cure these qualities peculiar to youthful age. But my good father was mistaken. He who spent all his life in a Patriarchal manner, and educated me in the same way, knew not the infamous policy and madness of the government.

When my officers saw that I not only refused to abide by the principles of their cursed doctrine, but declared and demonstrated it to be the most infamous violation of the divine, human and natural law, they became my secret enemies; though they feared to tear off the veil from their faces; for I was protected by Baron Csorich, general of the cavalry, and second proprietor of the regiment, in which I served; also by the Bishop of Temesvar, by name Lonovich.* So they were compelled to endure from me many words, hard but just, without daring to fulminate against me the lightning of their rage and hate; so common and proper to so base and vile souls as were some of these officers.

As I entered the army, they ordered me to occupy a place in the grenadier battalion, stationed at Buda, to honor the Palatine, Joseph. I served one year and a-half as grenadier cadet, but during this time, I acquired knowledge enough to understand that the army, educated as it is, is not the strength and security of the common welfare; but a blind instrument to crush human rights, the progress of the age, and the freedom and happiness of the nation;—that if the nation asked for its sacred rights, the answer would be our musket balls, and the

* Sentenced to prison for ten years, for having participated in the revolution.

points of our bayonets in the bosoms of our own people. I felt now for the first time that I was a *Hungarian*—I felt that man has other duties than to seek his own promotion by calumniating and illtreating others. I felt that it is a sacred duty of every man to warn and advise his fellow citizens of danger which is secretly set for them. So I made an appeal to my fellow soldiers, and urged them to start a monthly paper to counteract the procedure of the government, and declare us to be soldiers not of the government, but of the nation; knowing well that the rights which through our instrumentality were suppressed would now be lost even for ourselves; because growing old, we should leave the army and become citizens. The appeal had this result, that I was ordered before military authority, examined, and perhaps I may thank the intervention of my parents and relations that it ended with sending me into Italy. This I considered equivalent to being proscribed from my country, notwithstanding that they promoted me to the dignity of corporal, and made many high and bright promises. They thought that absence from my country would obliterate the love of my fatherland, but they were mistaken, for absence only augmented it. This is the story how and why came I into Italy; how and why I was promoted to the dignity of a corporal, and not to the rank of a field marshal!

During my service in Hungary, I had a friend. Not a partner, nor an acquaintance, nor a playmate, but a friend. A friend such as the great Grecian philosopher defines "one soul in two bodies." His name was Augustus Podhajetzky.

On the 20th of August, 1843, my friend was ordered to go to the treasurer's office, and bring the monthly salary of the first lieutenant, by name Banyiza, a true Cossack. On his return he found neither the first lieutenant, nor any other of the officers. So he retained the money in his possession, with intent to hand it the next day to the owner. But alas! The same evening he went to Pesth, sat down to a card table, and

after losing his money, lost the salary of the first lieutenant. He went home, and among unmistakeable symptoms of dispair related to me the event. I tried to tranquilize him, promised to go on the morrow early to Pesth, where I could obtain the amount among my acquaintances, and be back with it before the fact would be discovered. I knew well that all my acquaintances, it being summer, were in the villages, but I thought I could sell my watch and ring, and could thus save him from running the gauntlet, which would be his punishment. I rose early in the morning, left my young friend in a sound sleep; started for Pesth, sold for half price the watch and the ring, and saw with no little trouble that the sum received for it was too small by ten dollars. The time already was about nine o'clock. I had only one hour more, for at ten, the daily report was to be made. I was in the greatest perplexity to find the balance, and in my anguish I passed the house where Louis Kossuth, editor of the "Pesti Hirlap," had his office. The thought struck me. "If Kossuth will not help me, there is no man who will;" I mounted the stairs, found in the ante-chamber a hussar, and requested him to announce me, "We do not announce," said he, "but if you please enter;" I opened the door and entered the room where I found Kossuth at his table among a heap of foreign papers. "Mr. Editor?" said I, "I come to you with a strange request, which can be excused only by the circumstances under which I am compelled to make it to you. I lost yesterday evening at cards the monthly salary of my first lieutenant. All my acquaintances are out of town. The bankers or Jews, do not trust me, being a soldier, and if I can not get the money by ten o'clock, as you know, I shall be degraded and sentenced to run the gauntlet. And if you do not give it to me, I have no other possibility of getting it in time. I pledge my honor to return it to you, as soon as I can get an answer from home."

"What is the monthly salary of your lieutenant?" asked he, surveying my whole length, as I stood erect.

"Thirty-eight dollars" said I, "but I want only ten more, having raised twenty-eight by selling my watch and ring."

"Well!" said he, "I will give you this ten dollars—not to be returned, but as a present, if you will promise me on your honor not to play any more for money."

I was in a little perplexity at this condition, for as the reader knows, I had not myself lost the money, and I only said so for the sake of brevity. But my good genius assisted me, and I said,

"Why Mr. Editor! If I make the promise here to you, you will not look after me, nor set spies to watch me, and I without impunity might break the promise, committing at the same time a double fault—that of playing, and violating my word of honor. While you may think that I make the promise only for the purpose of obtaining from you the money as a present."

"Well!" said he, "your sincerity pleases me, and while I should deeply regret it, if the fatal vice of gambling should already be so deeply inwrought in the character of your youthful life, that there is no possibility of eradicating it. I cannot deny you now for once, the sum requested. But should you come again I would be the person to report you. Gambling is often the mother of every evil of a man's life. Remember this. What is your name?"

I told my name. He took his pocket book, noted my name, and gave me the money, asking "when will you reimburse it?"

"As soon as I receive it from my parents."

"Well! we shall see" said he resuming his work. I thanked him, and with unspeakable joy hastened to the barracks, for it was already nearly ten. When I arrived in the yard of the barracks I found the officers and grenadiers who had something to request of the Captain.

The report was over and the first lieutenant asked the sergeant for corporal Podhajetzky.

But Podhajetzky was not to be found.

"This beast" (diese bestia) said the first lieutenant, "probably

deserted with my honorary. He ought to have handed it to me yesterday, and now he is not to be found."

"If he has deserted," said I, "he deserted without the honorary. Here it is. He gave it to me to be handed to you my lord first lieutenant," and I handed him the money.

"This is not enough," said the Captain, "But he is absent from the hour of the 'holy report.' Sergeant! send guards and grenadiers around town in search of him, and if he be found bring him here, and do you keep him under arrest. I will teach him not to fail at the hour of the 'holy report.' I am Captain of this company," concluded he, boasting of himself.

About four o'clock in the afternoon, my friend was brought into the barracks, but dead!

Unhappy fellow! He had too little faith in me, and the thought of running the gauntlet made him desperate. He drowned himself in the Danube!

The first lieutenant was shot and died in the city of Reggio in 1848, at the hands of the insurgent people.

Peace to their ashes!

I saw Kossuth once more when I returned him the money. He asked me if I continued to play, and when I said "no," he took my hand, gave some brief but earnest warnings, about the temptations, to which young men so easily yield and become slaves before they were aware. He added that the greatest victory is to overcome one's own faults. He asked how much money I had received from home, and how much I had to pay, also how much I had monthly from my father. Answering his questions he found that I was left without a farthing for one month, and though I was unwilling to accept it, he so cordially offered me half of the ten dollars that I could not refuse.

Six long years have sunk into the bottomless gulf of the past, since this scene. During this time he wrought miracles; for is it not a miracle to persuade the nobility of a nation to give up voluntarily their privileges, to elevate the people to the rank

of citizens, and to descend from the haughty sphere of aristocracy to the same rank? Is it not a miracle that when the Austrian government opposed this generosity and humanity of the Hungarian nobility, and sent their armies and the hordes of seven nations to suppress their truly noble and christian will, this nobility leaped on horseback and rode at the head of armies to fight, to bleed, to die for their people? Indeed! no nation, no man in the world ever displayed more generosity and humanity than the nobles of Hungary, who fought and died not for their own interest, but entirely and literally for the people. Indeed it was a miracle, or at least a fact not to be found elsewhere in the world's history. Would it not be a miracle if somebody should persuade the slaveholders of America to emancipate their slaves, and when it should be opposed by the government with military forces, the slaveholders should be the first to fight, to bleed and to die for the emancipation of their slaves? Indeed it were a miracle, and Kossuth performed such a work. For although Francis Joseph, the Emperor of Austria, has recently given the people the right to possess their land without incumbrances due formerly to their landlords,* this act came not from the generous kindness of the young lion. But this is the merit of Kossuth's many sleepless nights, toiling for it harder and with more risk than the miner, over whose head rocks are hanging, and every moment threatening to bury him forever. This is the fruit of the thousands and thousands of heroic deaths of my countrymen, of the Hungarian nobles, and not the work of Metternich or Francis Joseph.

But enough! while Kossuth was achieving his wonderful deeds, I escaped some dangers almost miraculously; and while he was at Debretzen, occupied with the great task of finishing his mighty work, I was on the smooth waves of the Mediterranean bringing him sad news from Italy.

* In reality there is no change, for what the landlord lost the government gained,—for the tax after revolution was four or five times heavier than before.

In thirty days we entered the Dardanellas, and the following day we came into the magnificent harbor of Constantinople. My first care was to inquire for the Hungarian Ambassador, if there were any. After many and tiresome inquiries, we found him in the company of an English colonel, whose name was Brown, at his own residence at Bebek. The ambassador — Count Julius Andrassy by name, a handsome man, but rather young and too good-hearted for the cunning duties of an ambassador at Constantinople — said that the Porte was in an awful position. He dared not face Russia and declare himself openly for Hungary, and recognise him frankly for an ambassador. He gave us the necessary instructions and money to go to Hungary, which he said was not so easy a task as we thought it to be, having before us a part of Servia, whose inhabitants were inexorable enemies of the Hungarians — giving us some warnings to look out for ourselves so as not to be arrested, as many of our countrymen were.

We had Piedmontese passports in which was clearly stated who we were, but Baron Tecco, the Piedmontese Ambassador, was kind enough to exchange these passports for new ones, in which we were described as Italian musicians, though no one of us played any instrument.

Providing ourselves with arms, on the 28th day of July, 1849, we left Constantinople, without seeing the Grand Turk. Our train consisted now of nine persons, for two of our countrymen joined our party at Constantinople. We marched during the hottest parts of the months of July and August, ten hours per day, being informed that by such exertions we should reach the frontier of our struggling and blood-covered fatherland, in twenty-six days. But now and then exhausted of our strength by the toilsome march, we hired horses or carriages for a little relief.

I think the reader will be better satisfied, if instead of pictures of the dry, ill-cultivated, though fine landscapes, through which our path led us, I shall give a short description of the manners

and customs of the Turks, who just now are on the eve of their extinction as a nation in Europe.

The Turks are very humane to strangers, especially to travelers. They provide the voyagers with lodgings, meals, coffee, and pipes — *csibuk*. These things are served up in their own peculiar manner, which is not only inconvenient, but among other people would be considered indecent; but such is the leading dogma of their Koran.

Before entering the house of a Turk, the boots must be taken off. Whoever should enter with boots on, would be guilty of a higher crime than if he had entered the room of some polite stranger with his hat on his head; for this is the commandment of the Koran, and the Turk would not only look sternly, but point to the door and order him to observe the precept of his religion.

In the house there is nothing, except on the floor a carpet; or among poorer people straw is substituted for this, laid down in sheets; and a sofa about one foot high. If you do not take a seat on this which is called in the Turkish language — *Divan* — he cordially invites you to sit down — *otuer Effendim* — sit down, my Lord. And if you do not cross your legs, in such a way as to sit on your heels, he remarks that you do not understand the comfort and pleasure of sitting. After you have located yourself and waited in silence some two or three minutes, and do not salute the others, addressing every man distinctly, "*Merhaba*," he will remark that you are a *greenhorn* or an enemy of Islaism. Then comes the pipe filled with best tobacco he has in his house, with a burning coal of fire on it, and last the coffee without sugar or milk, but with the thick flour of coffee-seed. Indeed, it is a point not very easy to decide, whether the Turks eat or drink their coffee! All this shall be handed with "*merhaba*," God help you. Now comes the breakfast or dinner; for they take meals only twice a day — in the morning and evening at six o'clock, the beginning and end of day and night, and the length of twelve hours by their alendar.

They have no tables, but a kind of wood, somewhat similar to the wooden block, on which the hatter irons the hat. This is put on the floor, before the Divan. The lower part is only of sufficient diameter to sustain it, while the upper part is loaded with plates, in which meals of most opposite nature are to be found, entirely cool, sometimes frozen. Having no forks, nor knives, you are compelled to use your fingers; and if six or eight persons sit round a table they all partake from the same plate. Before and after dinner water is brought, and a clean, though not very fine towel to wash and wipe the hands.

The Turk is rather inclined to leisure, though he does not neglect to work or to earn in summer so much, as he and his family shall want in winter. He realizes the Latin proverb: "*Natura paucis contenta.*" They drink no wine, nor other spirituous liquor — eat no pork. They never treat their beasts or cattle ill. Indeed, they are more Christian towards dogs, than Francis Joseph and its satellites towards Hungarians! Because, though no dog has an owner, yet it is a city ordinance that every morning and evening a dervish (priest) in every quarter shall pass the street and give to every dog a piece of bread, while the Austrian government and its satellites take the last bit from the Hungarian, if he be not able to pay the exorbitant tax. So much however is true, that their bread is only fit for dogs, but not for a man who desires to keep safe his health. They do not understand how to make good flour and good bread, though they have more than enough of wheat-corn, &c., of the best qualities.

Their soil is fertile and richly repays labor, but is poorly and only partially cultivated. There are thousands and thousands of acres of most fertile soil, abandoned to the wild vegetables of nature. During our journey we found hundreds and thousands of turtles, but of small size — marching here and there, or lying on the ground, or swimming in the transparent water left by the late rains in some hollows. Nobody cares for them. The Turks do not know that here in America, they are a delicacy.

The villages are unperceived by the traveler until he is near them, or some times even till he enters them. A quarter part only of the house-walls is out of the earth, and being covered with earth, they are rather basements than houses. They consider such habitations very useful for they are warm in winter, and cool in summer, while the mighty wind-storms, in their most unbridled fury, have no power to take down or away their roofs, as happens with some marble palaces here in America. But such tenements being damp both in summer and winter, cannot be propitious to health.

I remarked above, that when fatigued we hired horses or carriages, in hopes of gaining a little relief; but mortals cannot be more bitterly deluded in their hopes than we were. The carriages are entirely constructed of wood, without any iron on them, and so narrow that two persons cannot sit side by side; or if they do, they will break their heads against each other. For the wheels being of every geometrical figure but a circle, on the rough ground, now falling and than rising, produce an effect in the traveler's spine and neck bones, and in every joint of his body, which, without any scruple, may be termed "a kind of torture!" On horseback, the effect is still more intolerable. The horses are accustomed to as slow a pace as their owner, and if they are put into a trot or gallop they are not only easily worn out, but produce such an *eclat* in the mortal body of the rider, that his immortal soul seems anxious to depart from its habitation, while having no iron shoes they threaten every moment to break not only their own but the rider's neck. I only add that when I dismounted from these horses or carriages, and walked beside them, though wearied and worn, I found a kind of happiness, which I thought ought to be enrolled among the pleasures of Mahomed's paradise!

We passed also three capital cities: Adrianapolis, Philipopolis, and Sophia, built by the Greeks or Romans. But there remained very few vestiges of the founders of the buildings. There is nothing worthy of mention, except the conflicts of the

olden times which were witnessed by these ancient walls, on the same grounds which surround these cities.

We met also some caravans, consisting of from twenty to thirty or forty camels, heavily loaded with merchandise, and conducted by an ass, which with dandy paces marched before them, while these deformed beasts one after another followed with slow, dignified step. As often as I saw such caravans, I could not help thinking that these camels are like the people who allow themselves to be loaded with burdens, and follow with dignity and gravity the ass, their kings.

Our journey had now continued twenty-two days when we arrived at the foot of the Balkan. We were informed the distance to Viddin was yet about 60 hours' hard walking, but we set forth; for, when wearied and worn out, we gained new spirit from the thought that we were no longer far from our struggling fatherland, and should shortly arrive before its altar. There, falling on our knees, we would give thanks to God, and put upon it the offering of our blood; and if need be our life, this being the only desire and purpose of our existence.

We ascended the mountains in sixteen hours, and found ourselves on the top, where a single house stood alone among the gigantic oaks of centuries. The only inhabitant of this wilderness was a single Turk to receive the passengers, and to relieve them by his rather poor refreshments. But he had some other travelers, partly Turks, partly Bulgarians. We were happy to find this place, and concluded to pass the night here. I and my companions were so tired that we preferred rest to refreshment. And it so happened that one of my countrymen, putting his bundle and a couple of pistols under his head, to rest upon, with his elbow discharged one of the pistols, causing the ball to pass through the flesh of his arm. The Turks and Bulgarians in another room, hearing the report of pistol, rushed in, and seeing the wounded man whose garments were in flames, thought that we had purposely wounded him, and began to blame us in a most terrible manner, nay to threaten us. Had one of our

countrymen not been able to speak their language, here would have occurred a sanguinary fight, without cause. But being informed of the fact, the Turks treated our wounded countryman with such kind care that I can not help to call them more humane than are some of our brothers who profess to be Christians.

The poor fellow was not dangerously wounded; but being frightened, was overcome by fever, and unable to march. One of the Turks put him on his horse, while he himself conducted the horse, and walked with us more than forty hours.

At last appeared to our view the majestic volume of the broad *Danube* — the vein of the heart of our bleeding country. And there was a tear in the eyes of my companions, as well as in my own, and death-like silence followed a mute prayer to the Almighty, thanking Him, and praying Him to give us strength to fulfill our destiny — to bless the sword of our nation, lifted in self defence, against assassins, in the most holy cause — to emancipate our fellow men from the infamous oppressor, who dared oppress and murder our race in His Almighty Name.

It was about noon when we approached Viddin; our passports were directed to this place. From here to Orsova we had the most perilous part of our journey; for we must pass among the Servians, the most savage assassin-like and treacherous people of the European Continent, and the most bitter enemies of the Hungarian nation.

Entering the city, a Turkish policeman requested us to hand to him our passports, which, if they shall be wanted, may yet be found in the office of Capt. Marco; this gentleman being the Piedmontese consul.

Scarcely had I finished my rural repast, when I hastened to Capt. Marco, whom I found in his office. This gentleman was an old man, of rather attractive exterior. On the other side of the table, near which the old gentleman was sitting, sat also another man with a manner entirely opposite to etiquette, resting his head on the palm of his hand, while his elbow was on the

table. The manner of his sitting at first sight showed him to be a man, born for eternal peasantry ; while the large headed gold rings on his finger, displayed neither taste, elegance, nor riches, but affirmed him to be one of the above named specimens of the human race.

The old captain, after I stated to him why I came, asked me if I were Italian.

"Yes, sir!" was the reply.

"And musician?" asked he.

"The same."

"What instrument do you play on?"

"Different ones," said I.

The rustic looking and boorish sitting man looked on me with as much avidity and curiosity, as a man does when he meets another who seems to be one of his acquaintances, but cannot clearly recollect him.

"Well!" said the consul, "is it your wish that your passports for Orsova be inspected?"

"Yes, sir."

"For Orsova in Turkey or in Hungary?"

"For both."

"You are going to Hungary?"

"At least this is my intention."

"Well! What will you do in Hungary, my dear son?" said the old man with visible pleasure. "Hungary is lost. She wants no more music, except for the funeral dirge. Kossuth and his companions, if not here to-day, will certainly be here to-morrow. The Turks have already dispatched boats to bring them down."

"Well, sir!" said I, "it matters not to me. I go not into Hungary to make music for the Hungarians, but for the Austrians. I hope they will have enough reason to dance if they succeed in burying the Hungarian nation.

"Yes, they have, indeed! I am sorry for these poor, brave fellows. But they were the cause of their own final destruction," remarked the old man.

"I thought that the consul by such language tried to find out my nationality, and I said, rather in a tone of rebuke, "I came to you not to hear obituaries, or who is the cause of their final destruction. I came to you as to the consul of my government, and now I ask you, will you inspect our passports or will you not?"

"Ha! ho!" came out now, the rustic sitting. Springing up from his seat, and accosting me, he continued in a hoarse voice, "Where have you learnt manners! In Hungary. Ha! ha! ha! You think that we are so stupid, as to believe you that you are an Italian, as you state it. Ha! ha! ha! Musicians! Yes, fine musicians! Deserters from the army of His Excellency Fieldmarshal Radeczky! Musicians! Yes, to cry, "*Eljen Kossuth!*—Hurrah for Kossuth!"—What instrument do you play on except these two words?"

"Cannon! miserable slave soul!" said I, entirely forgetting the part which I ought to act; but these words came so unexpectedly that I could no reflect. "One word more, you miserable scoundrel! and I will show you where I have learnt manners," continued I, advancing towards him, as if with the intention that at the first insult I would tear out one of his eyes. But the old man was alert, and springing between me, partly by commands, partly by his strength, forced him into the adjoining room.*

While the old man thus was engaged in turning his friend out of the room, my rage caused me to turn round in the room. My eyes instantly rested upon a painting, suspended in a corner of the room, and which was the Austrian emblem, the double-headed eagle, with the inscription, "*L'Imperiale Reale consolato d'Austria*"—The Imperiale Real Consulate of Austria. If at my discovery I was excited, I became now almost stupefied. "Well, sir!" said I, "are you the Austrian consul?"

* People said that the rustic man was the servant of the consul, and that he had a good looking wife. Hence the republican equality with which he behaved towards his master.

"And a *man!*" said he, significantly.

"Myself, too, am not a *bear*, sir! But where and who is the Piedmontese consul?"

"This officiality is bestowed upon me," said he.

"Well! Are you also in reality an Austrian and substitute Piedmontese consul?"

"If you permit it, yes."

"Never mind," said I, "if you choose you may be a Russian, or a devil too, I shall not object nor envy you. But I have nothing to do with the Austrian consul, and so I ask the Piedmontese, will he or will he not inspect our passports?"

"If this is your unalterable desire, I will. But my advice is to wait till to-morrow, and you will change your mind," said he without the slightest excitement, or resentment at my latter remark.

"If you were not an Austrian consul, I would trust your words on account of your face. But your employment contradicts every good impression of your physiognomy," said I, as sincerely as I thought it.

"Well!" said he, smiling, after looking me full in the face; "if you are obstinate, I will do it; but as for the Turkish passports it is too late in the day, and you of necessity must wait till to-morrow. It is now past four o'clock, and the Seraglio is closed. But come to-morrow, and you shall find them all ready for you, and for your fellow musicians."

Knowing that the Turks after four o'clock in the afternoon do no more business, I saw that the consul in this view was right, and left him. As it seemed to me, he was either not entirely a bad man, or else, one of the most cunning kind. In the town I inquired in every manner for the news from Hungary; but there being no newspapers in Turkey, it was impossible to extract any certainty from the most contradictory reports. The inhabitants being Turks, Bulgarians, and Bosnyakians. The former, kindly disposed to the Hungarians, reported

their army victorious over the Austrians and Russians; while the latter spread rumors entirely opposite.

Towards evening, while promenading on the shores of the Danube, reflecting on the past, and thinking of the future, I met a gentleman, whom I knew in Piedmonte, and I saluted him.

"Colonel Peroni! Good evening. Are you here?"

He looked on me, and after some efforts, made to identify who I was — for the twenty-six or seven days' march had worn out not only our garments, but our faces too and being sun-burnt I looked rather like a respectable colored man than a non-respectable white person — he said,

"Be silent; do not mention my name."

"At your command, sir. But may I know why is this secrecy?"

"Come along," said he, "and I will tell all, but here we are not free from spies."

I followed him, and learned that after the affair of Novara he resigned his commission as colonel in the Piedmontese army, and was on his way to Hungary, as the only place from whence Italy might hope for redemption, providing the Hungarians should not be betrayed and sold, as they were.

I was very much pleased at this, and was about to give way to my gladness, when he said, "Do not be in a hurry, my brother! There are rumors that Hungary is lost, and these rumors come from reliable sources."

"Do you believe them?" asked I.

"I believe them not, till I shall see them with my own eyes," said he. "But I am afraid that I must not wait long to see, also to believe them."

I protested, objected, defied these rumors. I said, and stated, and swore, that while a single Hungarian was alive, the cause was not dead — Hungary not lost. Indeed! I was convinced that my nation between death and servitude would choose the former, and die. But alas! I was deceived.

On the following morning the town was full of rumors that the Hungarian generals were in the Seraglio. I hastened! And oh! Where is the pen that could describe what I felt, when in the fortress I saw my countrymen in their uniform belonging to the different corps!

The answer to my question was, "Görgey turned traitor! Dembinszky Bem, was defeated! We have been deserted by Humanity and God! It was impossible to resist any longer the ten times larger Austro-Russian strength — to endure the sufferings!" Every word was a poniard thrust to my heart. I blamed the universe — my countrymen too; accusing them of being cowards in running out from their fatherland. They saw that I was deeply touched not only in my bosom, but in my mind too, and endeavored to console me.

I afterwards went to General Meszaros, the only humane and Christian man in the whole Austro-Hungarian army among the staff officers in Italy, whom also I knew to be such while yet in Italy.

The old, but always kind man, related to me the story of Hungary's fall, which also was as above. And seeing that my ten toes were out of my boots, he asked me if I had no other boots. "Eh! what boots?" I thought then not about boots, but of my unhappy, downtrodden, immolated nation. But he offered me a piece of gold to buy another pair. I asked him about Kossuth, and he informed me that he was here, but *incognito*, and wished at present to remain so. But as I was coming from Italy and Constantinople, he might get some information from me, of which he might be in need. And so, describing his whereabouts, he advised me to go and present myself.

I found the house described by Gen. Meszaros. Entering the yard there was a Honved,* busy in feeding his horses, which

* Honved.

* Honved is the Hungarian name — defender of the country.

for want of a stable were tied to a post in the open air; also a carriage entirely covered with dust.

"To whom belong these horses and the carriage?" I asked the Honved.

"To General Damjanits," was the answer.

"Have you brought the general?"

"No."

"Whom then?"

"Three gentlemen, but I do not know them."

During this colloquy a gentleman came to the carriage, and was about to take off the trunks and carpet bags, attached to the back. I wished him good morning, for it was about six in the morning, and asked him if Gov. Kossuth was here.

"Kossuth is no more!" said he, laconically.

"Kossuth was, Kossuth is, and Kossuth shall be forever!" replied I, more laconically.

"Who are you?" asked he, glancing with curiosity at my garments; and no wonder, for I looked like a criminal just run away from the gallows.

"I am a deserter, from Italy," replied I.

"Well!" said the unknown, little moved by the answer. "My dear friend, you will do well not to ask for Kossuth. The moment is so heavy, that he himself is a burden to himself. Your appearance would affect him more," and so saying he left me, entering the house with a carpet bag in his hand.

"Who is he?" inquired I from the Honved.

"I do not know him; but he is one of the three whom I brought."

"Well!" thought I, "I am not to be satisfied in this way," and knocked on the door.

"Come in!" sounded from within.

I entered the room, for the houses of the Turks are built in such a manner, that from the yard the man directly steps into the room. I found here three gentlemen,—one who brought in the carpet bag, with which he was busy in a window arch;

the other with a long red moustache, sitting in a corner on the divan, which extended all round the wall, smoking his *caibouk** with as much ease and familiarity as if this were the business for which he was born; and the third in the act of dressing himself, being engaged in arranging his hair, without a looking glass. The bed, spread on the floor, was in the same disorder as they had left it in. "My lords," said I, "you will excuse me if I am so importune as to intrude myself even into your sleeping apartments. But I am very anxious to know where Kossuth is. I came not to trouble nor to molest him, but the contrary. If you know where he is, be kind enough to inform me, in order that I may speak with him."

"What do you wish to speak with him about?" asked the one who was occupied in dressing himself.

"A curious question!" remarked I. If you were Kossuth, I would tell it you, but as you are not, why do you put such a question?"

"Well!" said he, looking me full in the face, and smiling, "if you want to speak to Kossuth, speak, for I am he."

I looked upon him, with a doubtful ironical smile, and afterwards into the faces of the other two persons, but there was not the slightest appearance of negation or affirmation. Nay, they even seemed to pay no attention at all, to our conversation. And I said, "I believe many things in the world, which are not believed by others, but I cannot believe, sir, that you are Kossuth. You will excuse me, but I know Kossuth — I have spoken with him, I am indebted to him, and so this trifling is out of place — I may say, *senseless*, added I, seriously.

"My dear friend!" said he, smiling, "if you do not believe that I am Kossuth, I have nothing more to say to you." These words were spoken in his natural tone, which, as the reader may have remarked, is somewhat peculiar.

* *Caibouk* is a Turkish word, and means the pipe with a cane — six, eight, sometimes ten feet long.

If at the fairest midday the sun were falling down from the firmament, leaving and covering the whole universe in impenetrable darkness, or at the darkest midnight the sun should appear at once at his highest noon — I think that this change could produce no greater surprise on a mortal's mind and heart, than was produced in mine, when I recognized the tone, which was the same as when he assisted me to save my unfortunate friend.

It was now the first time in my life that I could not speak. A heavy sentiment was swelling in my bosom, which seemed to break. I attempted to speak but in vain. I put on my hat, turned about, and left the room.

When I became conscious of myself, I found that I had run up and down several streets of Widdin without purpose or end. I now began to think, but as soon as I turned my thoughts to the bleeding image of my country, whose scattered and fugitive sons, were marching in sad melancholy round me, I was overcome by my feelings. No sooner could I control myself than after retiring to my quarters, I closed the doors, and shed tears, bitter tears like a boy—but I could not help it. After this I felt myself a little relieved, and could think better. I thought to go back to Kossuth, to beg him to excuse my conduct—to say to him, that although Hungary, our dear country was lost, it was not his fault, and we Hungarians would not blame, but bless him while we live. I entered his room also a second time, and with forced coolness I endeavored to speak; I begged him to excuse me—I told him that I was the grenadier corporal whom he was once willing to save from running the gauntlet. He remembered the occurrence, but said that it was long ago. I replied, it was not so long as to obliterate the feeling of gratitude, by which I am for ever indebted to him. Afterwards he asked me about Italy. I related to him in brief what I have described above, and coming to the matters of Constantinople, I told him what the Hungarian Ambassador told me. That

is, that the Porte was not independent—that the Austrian and Russian Ambassadors had a great influence over him—that the Porte dared not refuse their requests—that I was in great anguish as to whether the Porte would or could be strong and firm enough to resist the claim of Russia and Austria, by whom, without doubt, he, Kossuth and his followers would be demanded. Here the thought struck me, would it not be better for him to leave Turkey before he should be discovered. We had passports all in order and it would bring him out to England, or to the United States. I proposed to him what I thought. But he said, “my dear countryman! while I am very much obliged for your noble sympathy thus shown towards me, I must decline it, because I have given and trusted myself to the hospitality and loyalty of the Turks. If they shall abuse this confidence, they will be traitors, but I shall never desert; I have no cause to desert. But on the other hand by accepting your passports, I should bring you into some serious trouble, which I am equally unwilling to do.”

“As for us Governor,” said I, “do not trouble yourself, we are a drop in the infinite ocean—a grain of dust on the boundless earth. If we shall be lost, it will be only a drop, or a particle of dust. But if you shall be lost, the only man who can and will save our down-trodden but unbroken country, will be lost; and with you the hope and the faith of the poor bleeding Hungarian nation.”

“I thank you very cordially,” said he, “for your readiness to sacrifice yourself as well as for the confidence which you place in me. And as I see that you belong to the small class of the mortals who do not care for self-sacrifice, if by it the common cause may be promoted, so I say to you sincerely, that if you are willing to hand me your passports, I could and would use them in our common cause.”

“With the sincerest joy,” said I, and I hastened directly to Captain Marco, requesting him to inspect them, and direct them back to Constantinople. The old fox laughed at my request,

but when I told him that such laughter might turn to bitterness for him, he desisted. And examining the Italians, he sent with me a Turkish policeman into the Seraglio to inspect the Turkish in like manner.

When I returned to the quarters of Gov. Kossuth, I met in the yard the gentleman whom I saw in the morning busy with the carpet bag, and who also was the interpreter of Governor Kossuth.* He told me that the Governor had ordered him to take the passports, but only the Turkish ones, leaving the Italians for us to help ourselves. I handed them to him, and in receiving them, he said, "Here is what the Governor ordered for you, help yourself as you best can." So saying he tendered to me an enrolled paper, in which I saw there was money concealed.

"What do you think sir?" exclaimed I, "I am a Hungarian like yourself, and what I do is not for money."

"If you decline to receive it," said he, "I cannot receive your passports." Saying this, he threw the money—some Hungarian gold pieces—into my hat which I held in my hand.

I turned the money out on the ground, put on my hat and left him.

I had no money; that is true. I needed it; that is yet more true. But I could not throw a shade upon my conduct by receiving it. I thought it would be derogatory to myself. It would be bitter for Kossuth, if it were supposed that I was moved by a desire of obtaining money, while he the fugitive Chief of the Hungarians could not expect or hope for a slight service without payment, even from his own countrymen. No! I was very glad of having declined it.

About an hour after this scene the interpreter came to me, and said, that Kossuth wished to speak with me. I followed him. When I entered the yard, Kossuth perceived me through

* Named Szollosy, once already a Turk—renegade—at that time interpreter of Gov. Kossuth, and at last an Austrian spy. Such monsters are the offspring of Hungarian marriage with Dutch blood.

the window, and coming out to meet me, he said, putting his hand on my shoulder, "My dear countryman! your conduct, though a little curious, pleases me, and it has done me some good, for it is a new testimonial in my life, that the friends of humanity shall never remain alone; not even in the most critical condition, as I am in now. He will find always and everywhere friends, and bosoms that understand him, and are able to appreciate him. But enough of this! I am willing to say to you, that if you now succeed in reaching Constantinople without Turkish passports, which would be a little surprising—if you choose, you may wait there for my fate. For should the treacherous diplomacy of Europe exile me into whatever part of this universe, I shall look on you at my side with pleasure, if you will follow my paths." I was overwhelmed now a second time. The faculty of speech failed me, and without uttering a word, or thanking him, or bidding him good bye, I left him with tears in my eyes.

Such was my second meeting with the Governor of my brave nation.

THE ASSASSINS, AND MY HUMBLE SELF.

"Shapes hot from Tartarus—all shames and crimes,
Won Treachery with his thirsty dagger drawn—
Suspicion poisoning his brother's cup."

I hired a Turkish boat which was about to transport some groceries from Viddin to Rusztsuk, whence we intended to go on foot to Varna, and thence by steamboat to Constantinople. I will not attempt to describe the condition of my mind and heart upon the sad fate of Hungary. She was lost! And these three words were enough to inspire my friends with fear that I should lose my reason.

There were in the boat some Spanish Jews. I envied their happiness, for homeless as we wandering sons of the *quondam* elect people of God as we were,* they could find consolation in the thought, that the curse by which the temple of Jerusalem was destroyed, came not to punish their own crimes, but those of their forefathers. While we could not find relief in our distress in a similar thought for the country, the country alone—which is all to the Hungarian—the freedom won by the blood of our forefathers, preserved through centuries and centuries, was lost by us, their unworthy sons!

* The Hungarian people have such a strong faith that they are beloved of God, that whoever would persuade them of the contrary, they would be ready to whip!

We arrived in twenty-six hours at Rustsuk, and upon landing we were taken directly to the consul.

Mr. Reszler was consul in the same capacity as Capt. Marco; that is actually Austrian, and substitute Piedmontese. I told him that while fishing from a boat in the Danube, our Turkish passports fell into it from my coat pocket. He nodded several times, and afterwards put some questions as to the circumstances under which the passports fell into the river, which I answered boldly, being already prepared to meet such questions. At last he ordered a *Cavass* (policeman) to come with me into the Pasha's office and provide us with new ones. But had this gentleman known that we should meet each other once more in this world, and under such circumstances as the reader shall learn, I think he would not so readily have been disposed to furnish us with passports as he did.

We arrived at Varna after four day's march. Here we took passage on a Turkish steamer for Constantinople. Here I found the legion, which as the reader knows, passed in sections into France, leaving me in the prison of Nizza Maritima. Lieut. Balogh related to me the infamous treatment by which the French government tried to send them to Africa. But not yielding to menaces and sufferings, they were escorted among bayonets to Toulon, and from thence in a steamboat transported to Folkston in England, whose monarchical people, clothed them, gave them to eat and drink and took care of their sick. For in *republican* France they were naked, hungry and thirsty, and consequently many of them fell sick.

This event may serve as a thermometre of the French and English humanity, and christianity.

I waited in Constantinople, watching the proceedings of the Russo-Austrian Ambassadors, who by every means tried to compel the Porte to give up Kossuth and his followers. The reader will remember that at this critical time, the Porte first wavered; afterwards informed Kossuth that unless he and his

followers should abjure the christian faith, and embrace the Mahometan the Porte could not save him. But Kossuth declined to purchase his life at this price.* At length when the Diván was not able to agree, they asked the advice of the Mufti. (the chief priest) His answer was, that, "to deliver up to their murderers the unjustly persecuted who seek an asylum under the Koran, were a most sacrilegious violation of the Koran." And so the Sultan responded, that he was ready to risk his *caibouk*, (pipe) his *seraglio* and his crown, but he would not and could not violate the holy book, and prove a traitor to humanity and hospitality. Indeed when the extraordinary envoy of Russia, sent by the Bear expressly for the purpose of reclaiming the fugitives, presented himself with this request before the Sultan, he ordered his dragoman to ask the Prince what his master intended to do with these fugitives. After hearing the answer, which was, "To inflict upon them the punishment they deserved"; the Sultan said with the deepest disgust and scorn, "*ce est plutôt un policon qu' un Polonais.*" This man is more a rowdy than a Pole,—referring to the Prince because he was of Polish origin.

On learning this news I was a little tranquilized, but my evil genius took such a strong hold of me, that whenever, and wherever I found a Russian or Russian,† I could not help fighting them! In many instances I was rescued by my friends, who, aware of my thoroughly exasperated, if not insane mind,

* This is a very remarkable passage in the life of Kossuth. And this entirely refutes the Catholic Clergymen, who accused him of being irreligious. It is here a fact which puts it out of all question and doubt, that Kossuth preferred to die on the gallows rather than to abjure his Christian faith. I would like to see what these Clergymen would do, not in such a critical condition as Kossuth was, but even when it were only denied them to receive the substantial payment for their spiritual services. I have much reason to believe that they would justify the words of Palingenius

"*Deme autem lucrum superos sacraque negabant.*"

Take away the gain and they—the Catholic Priests—shall deny God and sacraments.

† These were many coming from the Black Sea.

kept a good look out for me.* The latin proverb "*nulla dies sine linea*"—not a day without skirmish—was duly applicable to me. I could not resist the evil spirit which instigated me and gave me no peace upon meeting one or more Russians till I had not beaten them, or they me, which would many times have resulted in my *requiem æternam*—eternal quietness—had not my friends and the Turks themselves interfered for me. The Europeans and Christians called "Franks," inhabiting the cities of Pera and Galata, opposite to Constantinople, thought me a furious madman; and avoided every occasion of coming in contact with me. While the Piedmontese Ambassador, who on my return requested me to deposite our passports in his hand, and who, when I told him what had happened to the Turkish passports, begging him that if any body should present himself with these, he would be kind enough to help them along, as they certainly came from Kossuth; told me that while he was Ambassador, he not only could not approve my conduct, but it would be his duty to seize the man who should come with them—yet as a man, praised me for it and wished to ignore the matter. This man so kindly disposed, when he heard of, and some times witnessed the skirmishes of which I was the author, declined to receive or to speak with me, when I would speak to him for some of my countrymen who did not speak Italian. Only my countrymen were able to conceive and to understand my situation. And they instead of blaming me, had compassion for me, and several times rescued me when I was overwhelmed by the Russians, whose part the Greeks never failed to take.

While I was leading this Don Quixotte's life in Constantinople, I became acquainted with a Hungarian family by name Baron Orban, long resident in Constantinople. This family consisted of four persons, the father, an aged man, between

* Among others, I am indebted to Capt. Geo. K. Toth, working at present in Boston, in the gold beating manufactory of Clark & Bacon.

sixty and seventy, of a venerable physiognomy as far as a long white beard, mustache and hair, could make a face venerable. The mother, his wife, a woman rather below the common qualities of personal or intellectual attractions; a son, young, stout, tall, noble-hearted and well made, but not the best educated; lastly, a girl, who if not the model of the seven Greek beauties, was certainly very handsome, and the youngest of the family. In as much as this family will figure in my coming chronicle, it may not be superfluous to make the reader a little better acquainted with them, that is to say, so far as I was, and am, to this day.

The father, the old Baron, a descendant—if his name is real—of one of the most ancient families of Transylvania, in his youth entered the Austrian army, arrived at the rank of lieutenant. In consequence of a duel which resulted in the death of his antagonist, he was compelled to bid good bye to the Austrian army, and evade the hand of the law by flying into Turkey. His father hearing of the event, disinherited him and prohibited him from bearing his name. He accordingly married at Constantinople, and led a life of leisure, his wife being of one of the richest Armenian families residing in Stambul. A short time before the revolution broke out in Hungary and Transylvania, his father died, and he became the heir of the property. To take possession of it he went into Transylvania, leaving his wife's mother in Constantinople. But scarcely had he reached his home when a letter announced to him the death of his mother-in-law, and he hastened back to Constantinople and found the property of the deceased in the greatest confusion. In short there ensued a litigation between him and the Greek, who was appointed by the deceased as executor of her will. The Baron being an Austrian subject, and the Greek and his wife, Turkish subjects, the quorum of jurisdiction, according to the covenants, was to be composed of pashas and officers belonging to the Austrian embassy. Such is the story as it was related to me by the old Baron and his friends, though evil

tongues, as I thought them, tried to give another rather unfavorable color to this biography. But I was very little disposed to believe them, knowing from experience that irreproachable characters are victimized by idle and ill-disposed tongues in society. And in a short time I became not only acquainted with the family, but attached to the old Baron by ties of respect and gratitude. For I saw, though he feared to offend the Austrian Ambassador, who was the Judge in one of his law cases, he was secretly exerting his whole power to alleviate the sufferings of my fugitive and homeless countrymen. It even seemed to me, or rather it was displayed before my eyes, that the old Baron had done things, some times for the benefit of my countrymen, at his own risk and sacrifice. And so it happened that I related to him frankly, though under condition to keep silent the scene which took place between me and Gov. Kossuth at Widdin. In his house I generally found a young man, who was introduced to me by the name of Turaczy. I needed not so many nor so sharp eyes as Argus had, to conjecture and understand that the young gentleman was attracted by the pretty lady whom I mentioned above. But when for once, after some time I had learned that this gentleman, besides being a suitor of the lady, was the comptroller in the Austrian Embassy, I was not a little astonished and surprised; and had it not been for the respect which I felt towards the old Baron, and for the reputation of his house, I could hardly have resisted my evil genius which put me on such a curious footing with Russians and Austrians, as I remarked above. But the old Baron was so kind, so preventive, so anxious to calm the storm of my agitated soul, and seemed to be so thoroughly Hungarian, that I could not disbelieve him when he said that Turaczy should leave the Austrian service, as soon as his case was ended—that he was a poor fellow, and in order to earn his living was compelled to enter the Austrian service, that he, the Baron needed him, and so forth. At last I began to believe that this fellow, though in the Austrian service, yet possibly might be, if not

honest, at least not dishonest, if there is any medium. I was confirmed in this opinion when I saw that Mr. Turaczy did every thing he could for my countrymen, and never any harm. So at last I could endure him without thinking of my cane with which I chastised many of his race.

On the 5th of December, 1849, the son of the old Baron came to me in the evening, at a rather late hour and wished me to go with him to his father who was very desirous to speak to me about some important matter. I scarcely had heard the message, before I took my cane—weighing seven pounds—moved and reached the house of the family; entering the parlor, or rather the smoking room, for in Turkey there are no parlors, I found the old Baron and Turaczy in a rather troubled silence, which perhaps told me more than words could have done.

After I had asked several times what was the matter for which they had summoned me so hurriedly, and after they had exchanged some glances, which told me that they were too much troubled to speak, the Baron began in a trembling and sensitive tone. "Brother Bardy! we know that you are warmly devoted to the cause of our unfortunate fatherland. We know that you love Kossuth and his fellow leaders of the revolution; also, we know that you will not betray us, for in the secret, which we are about to communicate to you, is involved the life or death of Kossuth. "So first of all we ask your pledge of honor by the welfare of your country, that what we shall say to you shall be buried for ever and ever in your bosom, that no body shall know from whence, or from whom it comes, not even Kossuth himself."

This was spoken in so solemn a tone, and by such an old man as might have been my grandfather, that I hesitated not a single minute to agree to their request.

"Remember Bardy!" said the old Baron in a more solemn tone, "If you ever shall forget this promise, you will bring me

and Mr. Turaczy to the gallows, and my family to eternal destitution. So I hope that you will keep your word. And now be it known to you that the Austrian Government, not content with having hanged and shot the fathers of Hungary, imprisoned her heroes, whipped her ladies—abhor not to steal, poniard in hand to the bosoms of the few braves who may have found an asylum in this territory—abhor not to plunge into their bosom the dagger of an assassin.”

“Well!” said I, more moved by the skillful theatrical mimicry of the old man, with which he declared these words, than by the words themselves. “I do not understand you perfectly.”

“But you will,” continued he with the same emotion, “if I say, that the Austrian Ambassador, Count Stürmer, also Consul Mihalovich has received orders from Vienna to put an end at whatever cost to the life of Kossuth, Gen. Meszaros, Gen. Dembinsky and Casimer Batthyany. And for this purpose two emissaries have recently arrived from Vienna, and they resemble some of the most notorious assassins of Stambul. They shall start fourteen in number for Schumla.*

“Well!” said I, “Kossuth and the others are guarded by Turkish officers and soldiers, and I think it would be rather a difficult task for assassins to steal unperceived so near to their bosoms, as to be able to plunge poniards into their bosoms.”

“The matter is quite different, my dear brother!” continued the Baron, “You and they, and all of us know well that Kossuth usually takes every day a walk among the mountains, and is accompanied only by a couple of his countrymen, and by his Turkish servant presented to him by the Sultan. What would be easier than for these assassins to hide themselves among the mountains, and shoot him down with his companions from a distance, so that they could not even imagine from what quar-

* Kossuth and followers, as the reader remembers, left Widdin in the month of November for Schumla, for their winter quarters.

ter death came, or kill him as they killed poor Loschi in the public street in broad day light?*

The Baron was right in these conjectures, for such sad casualties are not very unfrequent in Constantinople. As to the Austrian government, I know well that it would not scorn to use such means, and I saw the necessity that Kossuth be advised.

"This is just what we want," said the Baron, "and as you are the man, whom Kossuth will trust, for this reason we selected you to go to Schumla and inform him."

"Well!" said I, "I am ready. Do you write a letter, stating the facts, and I shall bring it to him."

"Write!" exclaimed the baron. "How can you expect us to write, when we said to you we wish to keep the matter an eternal secret, even to Kossuth himself. And you pledged yourself to it. Now how can you so soon forget your promise? You well know that such a letter would render us the most miserable persons on earth, and so it shall be if you ever forget your pledge."

I saw that on the one hand the baron was right. But on the other, as neither Kossuth, nor myself was willing to abuse his letter, I could not see why they refused to write.

"Kossuth will believe what you say to him without writing; and that is all that we want. For if he will take the necessary steps to prevent it, this is the only escape. If not, the fault will be his own, and not ours. We shall have done our duty. And your duty must be to persuade him — to entreat him to

* This gentleman was an Italian lawyer at Constantinople, and had no other crime, than that during the revolution in Hungary and Italy, he delivered some lectures upon the benefit which naturally would result from the success of the revolution. He was admonished by the Austrian Ambassadors to desist from his public speeches, but he continued. The Austrian Ambassador dared not prosecute him while the revolutionary war was prosperous. Yet as soon as it failed, the poor man—destitute of physical strength, was attacked by these Austrian assassins, and not falling under the wounds received by the poniards, he was beaten to death with clubs like a mad dog, in day light, in the public street of Pera.

leave this territory by any means whatever. Should he want passports, you must write to us, and we will furnish him."

When I saw that they absolutely refused to write, I thought the cause was what they said it to be; and so I asked, "how they came to the knowledge of this infamous plan?"

Here Turaczy arose from his seat, where he was remaining in utter speechlessness, burying his forehead in both his hands, and said, "It is now about two weeks since two police officers arrived from Vienna. They daily hold with the ambassador and consul secret conferences in the remotest part of the building, and behind closed doors. This secrecy did not surprise me, but made me a little attentive. And when I saw that daily there came and were presented different individuals, whom I know to be murderers and assassins, I became suspicious. And by chance being acquainted with one of these assassins, who owed me some money, I asked him when he would pay his debt. Naturally, I asked him thus, with the purpose of gaining from him any information about the matter for which they were presented to the ambassador. He answered that he would be able to pay pretty soon as they would now have a good business, which would pay well. I asked him what this business was. He said that although it was strictly forbidden to tell it, yet, as a guarantee, he must confess that they were in the service of the ambassador, and should go to Schumla to see the chief of the rebels. "Well," said I, "what will you do in Schumla?"

"I shall not be there alone," said he; "but what we shall do I know not. But I have it in mind, and though it will some time be known to the world; yet at present I can say no more."

"Well?" asked I, "who pays you? And what is your payment?"

"The consul pays us, and our payment is thirty-six dollars per month. But if we succeed, we are promised a pretty round sum."

"Succeed! In what?"

"That is what I don't know; but did I know it, I would not be allowed to say."

"You are also forbidden to say that you are going to Schumla? Are you not?"

"Yes," sir!" replied he; "and I say it only to you who belong to this office; but no other soul shall hear it from me."

"Well! Well!" said I, "I am not very particular where you go, only that you being indebted to me, and now for a rather long time, I am very anxious to know how and when you will pay?"

"As soon as we come back, which I hope will not be very long."

"Well! do you go armed?"

"Yes, sir! All armed, and well. I think that I never was so well armed as now."

"How, then?" asked I.

"The consul provided us with arms, and you know he understands this business."

"And when are you going?"

"Next Friday."

"That is to-morrow," I interrupted Turaczy.

"Yes, sir! it is to-morrow. They are going at twelve o'clock, fourteen in number, in the Austrian steamboat "*Conte Kolorate*." Now, Mr. Bardy," continued he, "you don't need any comments to explain what is the purpose here."

"If it is as you say," said I, "the affair is not only a curious, but a dangerous one. But I will convince myself upon this point. I will go with them in the same steamboat."

"What!" exclaimed both at the same time; "you in an Austrian steamboat! with your temper! No! no! You will be killed a dozen times before you could or would be useful for the purpose."

"Don't be afraid!" said I, "I will go and I must know these men, face to face. And if there is any possibility, I will gain some more information about their expedition."

They attempted by every means to dissuade me from this intention, but as they saw that I yielded not, that all their efforts were in vain, they gave me an infinite series of warnings and advisings how to behave myself. Finally they particularly recommended me to entreat Kossuth and to persuade him to leave the territory, where he was not sure of his life for a single moment, and where, if not killed, his fate could be no other than transportation for life. I promised to do my best. And afterwards they gave me money to cover the expenses of my journey. After repeated and repeated warnings, the old Baron blessed me and kissed me, conjuring me with tears not to forget my promise. But, oh hypocrisy! Who could have credulity enough, even to *suspect*, that among human kind, created in the likeness of the Eternal God, there could be found such a perverse monster as this old baron was! Who could believe that his kiss was a Judas kiss!

The reader may well imagine that I passed a sleepless night. On the following day, which was the 15th of December, 1849, the same Friday on which the *Serazaners** were to start at twelve o'clock, I presented myself to the Piedmontese ambassador, though it cost me not a little trouble. But pushing aside the porter and some of this liveried sort of people, who were attempting to quiet me with the pretext that the ambassador was not at home, I forced my way, mounted the stairs, and without any preliminary ceremonies, entered the cabinet of the ambassador. He was rather surprised at seeing my humble self. I told him that one of my relations, having recently fled from Hungary, had arrived at Schumla, and the Turkish authority not allowing him to come to Stambul, I was very an-

* This kind of people are called in Turkey *SERAZANERS*—from the Italian—*Serazani*. They are of Servian origin. They are the secret executors of the secret orders of Austria as we saw recently in the Kossuth affair. They can murder, plunder, and rob with impunity, for if arrested, they must as Austrian subject be delivered to the Austrian Ambassador, who by one door sends them into prison, and lets them out by the other—such was the case with the assassins of Louis.

xious to join him; and for that reason I requested a passport, in virtue of which I might want a Turkish Firman — a passport written in Arabic.

The ambassador said that, besides having the strictest orders from his government, not to provide any of the exiles with passports, it was better for me to remain than to go to Schumla, from whence every one of my unfortunate countrymen would gladly come here if they could. I now begged him very hartily, stating to him some reasons for my intended departure, but he would not listen. I entreated him once more, but with no better success. I well knew that without a passport I could not advance a single step. The time was so short, and the thought, that I could not go with the above mentioned party, and that they would be in Schumla four days sooner had struck me at once. And as I arose from my seat, I said with indignation and not without solemnity, "Well! If Kossuth and the other chiefs of the revolution shall fall victims of the assassins' poniards, their blood shall remain on your soul! And here, before Almighty God and before the whole world while I leave, I will charge you with his crime! Because denying me passports, you deny me the power to prevent this assassination. Their blood be on your soul, and the blame of millions on your name and honor." Saying this, I turned about with the intention of leaving him forever. But His Excellency followed me, and catching me by my coat, he asked me what I had said?

If the reader cannot imagine the situation of my soul, I cannot describe it. I was exasperated intensely. I saw and knew nothing else, than that in two hours — for it was ten o'clock, and at twelve the steamboat would leave the harbor — I must have a passport. But how and from whom I knew not. It was in such a condition of my mind, that the ambassador, holding me by my coat, stormed me with a series of accumulated questions. And before I became conscious of it, I found I had betrayed my pledge given to the old Baron and Turacz.

The ambassador, after understanding how matters stood, put an air on his face which may well be termed a cloud heavy with thought. I cherished the hope of a passport, and in this hope waited silently and patiently. After thinking about half an hour, to my greatest vexation he said, "I see how the matters stand. But do not go to Schumla. I will make every effort to detect the whole plan, also these men, whom I am acquainted with, and to prevent it." "Well," exclaimed I, not without rashness, "you think that I am unaware of your diplomatic procedure, which some times proceeds backward rather than forward. If this is your kind and sage suggestion, I would have liked it better not to have been detained here for half an hour, when every minute is so dear to me. Now should you offer me a passport, I would not accept it. But I shall go. And you shall see that I shall go. Adieu, Excellency." I left him. He probably thought, that being unable to procure a passport, I must remain.

When a man finds himself in such a critical condition, as I have some times in my life passed through, as the reader has seen, and as I was at present; not only the mental but also the corporeal faculties of the man are sharper, quicker and clearer. Accordingly I was thinking during the night how I should get a passport, in case the ambassador refused it to me. I saw no possibility of it, and now at once the thought struck me, that the Poles who arrived two days previous in our hotel from Paris, must have passports. They, I thought, would give me one, though I was not acquainted with them. They would simply because they were Poles and I a Hungarian. And I was not deceived.

Scarcely had I presented myself to these brave — but like ourselves unfortunate men—countrymen of Koschiusko; scarcely had I opened my lips to expose the feigned cause of my intended departure, when every one of them was ready to offer me his passport. But as the personal appearance of one, by name Sterbinszky Wratiszlav, was very like my own, I took him

The Poles were exiles from the revolution of 1829, and the sufferings of twenty years had not extinguished the generosity and humanity of their bosoms. Now I borrowed some pistols from my friends, loaded them carefully, and reposed my hopes after God, in them.

It was half past eleven when I presented my passport at the Turkish office. At sight of these the Firman was granted without delay. I now bade good-bye to my friends, without telling them the cause of my hurried departure. Poor fellows! they blessed and kissed me too, and *theirs* was not the kiss of Judas.

Shortly after my arrival on the deck of the Austrian steam boat "*Conte Kollovrat*," there arrived two boats, each of them containing seven *Serezaners*, whose look, arms, and gigantic stature, at first glance told me they were the men.

I shudder now as I turn my remembrance to those monsters. Their height was about six feet, and their robustness corresponded. They were clothed almost alike, in new oriental costume, adapted to the severity of the season. They were armed with two pistols and long Janitsar knives, somewhat similar to cutlasses, besides Turkish scimeters and muskets, longer than themselves.* Their faces were the unmistakable embodiment of brutality and callousness—I might say of cruelty. When I surveyed at full length these giant monsters, and their bright weapons, and felt in my soul that the latter were sharpened and loaded to murder the best and bravest hearts of my nation, I confess frankly that I hardly succeeded to resist my evil genius, which instigated me to draw my revolvers, and without saying a word, shoot them down from the first to the last man, and afterwards give myself up, and die in the satisfactory consciousness that I had done my duty. So me thought I could tranquilly sleep the eternal sleep. But

* Such muskets can be found only in Turkey, or among other oriental people. They are remnants of the once tremendous Janitsar class. They are above six feet long. The ball is not forced, and the barrel is always genuine Damascus metal. From 500 to 1000 paces the ball is sure.

the warnings of the old Baron, "you will be killed a dozen times before you could or would be useful for the purpose," resounded in my spirit, and I swallowed my bitter rage.

Before the signal was given to start, a new boat arrived of which the contents were, a dark looking, republican-dressed gentleman; also a fine looking European lady. The lady was assisted up to the deck, and the gentleman followed. During this manœuvre his cloak was blown aside, and I perceived under his arm a couple of the finest English pistols. Offering his other arm to the lady, he was escorting her to the first cabin. I thought him to be an Italian exile, for the Italians generally go in battle with their wives, pistols, and all their money in gold tied in a belt round their body. Had he had a horse I should have thought him a Hungarian for a similar reason. But who he was, or who he might be? We shall see presently.

As our course from Constantinople to Varna was about a hundred miles, and generally performed in from eighteen to twenty-four hours, I intended to pass the night on deck, not only to save a few piasters, but to look out for an opportunity to converse with the *Serezaners* who also lodged on deck. But when we came out from the channel of the Bosphorus, we were saluted by the not only freezing but most stormy breath of the Northern bear, so that the captain thought it not advisable to press forward, but on the contrary, to return into the channel, and shelter ourselves during the night among its elevated and beautiful shores.

Whoever is derirous of seeing the most enchanting landscape in the universe, I advice him to go and see the two banks of this channel. I am sure he will not scorn me for my advice. Indeed, when I beheld this landscape which the Almighty had created most beautiful, and which by gardeners, architects and sculptors, had been rendered most enchanting, I could have thought, had I not feared to offend the bounty of my Creator, that He was *excessively* good when he gave to the assassin;

human race so beautiful a world as this. But let us not intermeddle with the work of God.

I was consulting myself whether there was any way to gain a more precise knowledge of the expedition of these men. After considering and reflecting, but without finding any possible mode of accomplishing my purpose, I saw the gentleman dressed in republican style, approach the club of the *Serecaners*, who were seated in a circle before the bar-room of the Greek who was selling liquors, pipes, and tobacco to the deck passengers. When they perceived the new comer, they saluted him in a respectful manner, which was returned by the republican gentleman in the same language; that is, in Slavonic. They now began to converse about the unfavorable weather, which would probably detain us for some days. I was much surprised not only on learning that this gentleman's mother-accent was the Slavonic language, but also to find that they were connected together as was shown by the respectful manner in which the *Serecaners* treated him. I had not forgotten what Turaczy told me that from Vienna lately there came two police agents. I thought this might be one of these two. But with a lady, in such an affair, this was what I could not understand. The republican-dressed man now ordered for every man a glass of rakky (brandy). He also drank himself, and giving order to the Greek to give them as much as they wanted, he left the circle. I had now no doubt that this man was one of the Vienna agents; and taking advantage of the right to which every deck passenger is entitled, that is, to seat himself as near the liquor-seller as possible, I seated myself among the *Serecaners*, with the express intention of making acquaintance with one of them. I selected for this purpose one whose more particularly stupid physiognomy gave me hope of succeeding. The first thing I did, was to offer him a glass of brandy, which he did not decline, but offered me another. I accepted it, and so the first step towards friendship was taken. After some talking about the weather, time, distance and voyage, I offered him a

second glass. He accepted and followed my example. So we like two pigeons which give food to each other from their mouths, were going on. But in the depth of my soul a volcano was boiling. I gave with the third glass as a toast, in a whispering tone, "Good luck for the game!" While I was emptying my glass slowly, I raised my eyes from under my hat, and fixed them on his face, whose changing lineaments told me that I had touched the chord intended. "Well, one more!" said I. "We must drink the glass of brotherhood!" The glasses came, and I gave as a second toast, "The best shot to you!" He looked now rather confused, and after swallowing the contents of his glass, said, "I do not understand you."

"Eh, what! You don't understand me!" said I familiarly, but at the same time mysteriously. "Are you not going a hunting?"

He looked now in my face with such a stupid curiosity that I was hardly able to bear his stupid inquisitive glance. "Well!" said he at length, "who are you?"

"Who am I? I told you when I said we were going a hunting. And if you wish for more, I can say more. For instance that the beasts which we are going to hunt are not four, but two-legged! That one single skin of them will be worth more than the skins of all the bears and wolves of the Balkan!"

He looked now sternly, but with most evident symptoms of understanding me. But he could not decide as to whether he should acknowledge it or not.

"You look sternly," said I, smiling. "But be not alarmed at what I said. I said it only in order, should we meet each other elsewhere and under other circumstances, you might know that I am the man who shall bring within range of your shot, the beast whose skin is worth more to us than its weight in pure gold."

Here joined us another of their number, whom I had already

discerned by his manner to be the chief among them. He asked us what was the subject of discourse?

The Serezaner gave no answer but looked inquiringly now on me and then on his chief. This gave me to understand that he did not entirely distrust me. I answered the chief, saying that we were talking about the unfavorable weather.

A few minutes passed when the chief made a sign to my companion while emptying the glasses. He arose and followed him.

I remained in my place, but my eyes followed them, and by their gesture, I could well conjecture that the chief was inquiring about what I said.

I found now that I had gained nothing and lost much, for I had convicted myself of being aware of their intention. And as the chief would know I was not admitted into their secret by the Austrian ambassador, so from whatever other quarter I might be introduced, I should prove but a slight obstacle to their proceedings. They would have little scruple of conscience to put me out of their way, especially as there would be a favorable opportunity while passing over the same route from Varna to Schumla, which for a considerable distance runs through the bosom of a narrow valley. It was certainly of no little importance to me to trace this unlooked for miastep. How I effected this, the reader shall see.

I descended the stairs of the first cabin saloon, in which I found the captain, the republican-dressed man, also his lady, and some Boyard, Wallachian nobles, at the end of the tea-table. I said to the captain that I was desirous of speaking to him in private, and he would very much oblige me by stepping aside a few minutes. He consented without delay, and we mounted on deck, the stern of which was entirely quiet.

"Captain?" said I, when out of hearing, "will you give me your word of honor, that what I shall say to you, shall be a secret?"

"Yes, sir! Why not?" said he. If the matter is in reality so important, you have my word.

"Well, sir! I thank you. And I hope I shall not be deceived in my opinion of your character. Do you know these armed men on board?"

"No, sir!" was the reply.

"Well, if you do not know them, I do. Ask me no questions because I am not allowed to speak. But believe, without further inquiry, that they are murderers, hired by the Austrian ambassador at Constantinople, and sent to Schumla to murder Kosuth and his companions.

The captain was not a little surprised when he heard me speak these words boldly and firmly in an Austrian steamboat, to an Austrian captain. And I saw clearly that he himself feared I was right, though he would not believe my words.

"It is of little importance, captain," said I, "whether you believe or disbelieve me. I believe it, and this is enough. What I have said, I said only from a desire to form, or rather to gain through my sincerity, a little confidence from you towards myself; also to request from you a trifling service, which shall cost you nothing."

"What is it?" asked he.

Here I narrated to him how I betrayed myself through my rashness before these men, who making the same journey from Varna to Schumla, during which they being armed, and fourteen in number, while I was only one, might inflict a fatal blow not only upon me, but upon the cause for which I was bound to Schumla. And here I sincerely and plainly requested him to detain these men on board, under some pretext, for a couple of hours, when we should arrive at Varna, in order that I might get a horse and precede them so quickly that they could not join me.

He said it was out of his power, and that in spite of his best wishes he could not do it. I looked very uneasy when I heard

the answer. I saw that instead of one error I had committed two. But there was no possibility to correct it, and I desisted, reminding the captain, that what I had told should remain secret. He promised it once more, and so we separated.

The coming night was terrible. Nature itself opposed the passage of these assassins. The winds and waves, like so many infuriated fiends, persecuted each other, while they broke on the rocky shores. I could not close my eyes during the whole night. The Serezaners also, buried in wolf's skin cloaks, were smoking and drinking till morning. It was about nine o'clock in the morning when the wind abated a little, and the captain gave orders to weigh anchor.

About eleven o'clock, the mate of the steamboat came forward on the deck, and proclaimed that every one, having arms in his possession, should deposite them in the hands of the captain, as was prescribed by the maritime laws, and they should be returned at the landing. The Serezaners obeyed the order, though not with the best grace; while I, who had my pistols in my pockets, thought that nobody would see them, and I might as well keep them. I thought the order really came because it was prescribed in the maritime code.

After a few minutes, the captain made me a sign to approach him, and said in a low tone, "My dear sir! You have spoken not without foundation, and now I am willing to agree with your request. I shall keep these men on board for a few hours, for I shall delay to hand them their arms. But do you make off as quick as possible."

"Thank you, captain! I am satisfied with you," said I cordially to him.

"They suspect you," said he. "Do not speak to them any more. Keep silent, and take a room in the second cabin." Saying so he left me.

During our voyage, that is to say four days, because at night we sheltered ourselves always between two coasts. The Serezaners avoided every opportunity to speak with me, though I

tried hard a couple of times. On the fourth day, about evening, we entered the harbor of Varna. The captain asked me if I had enough money to hire two good horses, and set forth on this same day. I answered, yes, and he pointed to a boat, saying, "Step into that boat, and go on your way. God guide you." I was very much touched by the humanity of the captain, and was about to thank him. But he left no time for it, turning round and assuming his business. I dropped into the boat, and in half an hour put my feet on land.

I went directly into the Hans, and inquired if there were a couple of horses to hire. But all my efforts were unsuccessful, for the Turks do not stir themselves or their beasts after sun set. I had at first only a couple of hours, that were already consumed. I saw the Serezaners go into a Han. The thought struck me, that they might start directly, and so prevent me while I must remain for the night. Being informed previously by some of my fugitive countrymen, of the humane and generous disposition of the English consul, I presented myself, and requested to speak with him. But he was so ill that he was compelled to retire to his bed at this early hour. Yet after repeated and repeated entreaties, the secretary announced me, and I was admitted. I told him the matter, passing in silence the old Baron and Turaczy. He was very little disposed to believe my words; and to ascertain he sent his secretary and a couple of spies. These returned with intelligence that caused him to leave his bed, and go out himself. He returned about nine o'clock, and said, "What you have told is true. But we shall prevent it. These men intend to go to-morrow, but I will take care to put an obstacle in their way. You shall be my guest to-night, and to-morrow at an early hour your horse and a Turk shall be ready at your service. "This is right," thought I, and thanked the consul who was not able to partake of our supper. This was the first time in my life that I had seen an English lady, and the impression made on my mind was, that she was excessively refined and exquisite. The consul

handed me two letters, one for Kossuth, and the other for Count Battyhany. After a short nap, I was awaked by the Turk, who presented to me two fine English races. The reader may well imagine, that the poor horses had now the harder of my expedition. Indeed, in thirty-six hours I was in Schumla. The Turk who accompanied me, said I was not a good muselman, for I "torment and kill the horse." He kept pace with me for some sixteen or twenty hours, but afterwards he was not able to keep up, and I left him behind. He joined me on the subsequent day about twelve o'clock. When I entered Schumla it was towards evening. As soon as I had left my noble horse, which had been too much hurried and abused, I asked for the house where Gov. Kossuth was living. Being told, I presented myself. In the ante-chamber I found some young officers, smoking their pipes leisurely, also a Turkish officer, and an Arab dressed entirely in red, embroidered with gold. I asked how it were possible for me, to speak with Kossuth, and they told me that there was no difficulty, only I must present myself with my request, to the officer on duty. I did so, and was immediately admitted.

I found the exiled Governor on his sofa in a Turkish position, smoking his *csi bouk* with as much ease and "con amore," as if he were the happiest man on earth. On the side divans were seated some officers of the higher ranks, while on the sofa-table was a plate loaded with the choicest oranges of Asia Minor.

After I had saluted him in our mother tongue, he looked on me and recognized me at once. "Oh! my dear friend!" said he, "we know each other. You are welcome; sit down and tell me what there is new in the city of the Grand Turk?"

"True, I bring some news Governor," said I, "but it is told me only on condition of communicating it to you privately. So if you will accord me a few minutes, I will tell it."

"Very well," said he, rising and entering the adjoining room making me a sign to follow him.

When we were alone he pointed to me to sit on sofa beside him, but I deemed it an honor I had not deserved. So I seated myself in a chair opposite him. And here I related to him the whole story, as I have told it to the reader, adding that I thought it best to make him acquainted with every little circumstance which might have any bearing whatever on the matter, that I had rather a thick head for finding out the true thread of plots and intrigues. He thanked me very heartily, and afterwards said that the news for him was as cheering as unpleasant—cheering, because it showed that the tyrant was afraid of being punished through his instrumentality for his thousand sacrilegious crimes by which he trampled upon the life and heart of the Hungarian nation. “And unpleasant,” said he, “because I feel very little disposed to die by the poniards of assassins.” I also handed him the letter from the English consul. After reading this he said, “No doubt there is hidden here something serious, but we cannot yet see with certainty what it may be. I shall think the matter over to night. And now if you are not very tired go and inform Count Battyhany, General Meszaros and Dembinszky. Afterwards, come back, for you shall be my guest during your stay in Schumla.

Such was my third interview with the noble Governor of my brave, but down-trodden nation.

MY PRISON AND FLIGHT.

“Eternal spirit of the chainless mind !
Brightest in dungeons, liberty thou art ;
For there thy habitation is the heart—
The heart, which love of thee alone combined !”

On the following day I was summoned to Kossuth. He said to me, that as there were no evident proofs of the intention of these armed men, so as to bring the matter before the tribunal of the world, it were not only useless, but to our enemies a source of ridiculing us. His advice, therefore, was to keep silence, and not to tell for what reason I came from Constantinople, but at the same time to keep a sharp eye upon these fellows, if they should arrive, and above all to find out where they take lodgings, with whom they converse, and what they are doing. He said also, that he on his part should not fail to make such an arrangement, that in case they should attempt a desperate attack, they would find their men.

I promised to comply with these requests, and accordingly I rode out a few miles to spy whether they are coming or not. I came in good time; for at hardly eight miles distance I saw two Turkish wagons approach, and in one of them I recognized the republican dressed man with his pretty lady—as I termed her—and in the other wagon, three of the *Serezaners*, one of them being the chief, whose name I learned while yet in the steamboat, to be Davidovich. What I could not understand was, where the other eleven were. I followed them at a re-

spectful distance, so as not to let them observe that I was on an errand concerning their cause, also so as not to be recognized, although I was disguised as far as garments may disguise a man.

On their arrival the gentleman and lady put up at a house, where as I learned the Austrian Consul, Mr. Reezler, resided, the very person who provided me at Rustsuk with new *firman*s. The three *Serezaners* entered the Han opposite the residence of Gov. Kossuth, whom I faithfully informed about the matter.

On the following day I entered the coffee house which was situated in the centre of the yard belonging to the Han, where the *Serezaners* took their lodgings. I found all three here, sitting and smoking their pipes. The chief on seeing me, was a little surprised, but I with frankness wished him good morning, and shook hands with him, though I felt a chill pass through my heart. There were some thirty or forty subaltern officers of the scattered Hungarian army, reporting odd stories from the recent war so fresh in their memory; fresh because it was every day, every hour, and every minute renewed, by the out-poured blood of their parents, brothers, sisters and relations.

Now a stranger entered the room with the question, Boys! do you know what is the news? This question was put in such a loud tone, and with stentorial declamation that it arrested the attention of every one present. And while a few voices cried out, "No! what is it? Let us know!" the eyes of the whole assembly was fixed on him with an expression evincing that they were in a situation where news of whatever kind, might alleviate, but could not render worse their condition.

"Madame Kovats is arrived from Hungary," said the new comer.

"Is that all?" asked several at once.

"Is it not enough, said the new comer, when a lady braves danger and comes to join her husband in exile, danger, and sufferings and perils. Indeed! this is such a wife as is described

in Holy Writ, "Where thou goest I will go, thy people shall be my people, and thy God shall be my God."

"But how did she succeed to come out from Hungary?" asked one of those sitting by.

"Why! this is the substance of the matter. She probably entreated Mr. Jazmagy with tears and prayers, and at last the heart of the Austrian spy was moved, and he undertook the liberation of the lady."

"Or probably he was moved by another hundred gold pieces, as was the case with Count Stephen Battyhany, Alexander Makay, and others," remarked one dryly.

"No matter how, enough that she is now here. Major Kovats is only half as unhappy as he was. Enough that he was assisted in carrying out her escape by Mr. Jazmagy, and accompanied from Hungary to Constantinople, and from thence yesterday to this place."

"Well thought I on hearing this conversation," who else could the lady be, if not the one whom I saw yesterday come with the republican dressed man? And who can this man be if not Mr. Jazmagy as they call him? At all events, thought I, it is advisable to inform the Governor about the matter.

Now the discourse of those assembled was transferred to Jazmagy. One said he was a scoundrel, a ruffian, a spy,—another, a money making man—a third, a good-hearted fellow, who at his own risk had already liberated some exiles; that, is helped them by false passports into the great world, for which he had paid himself very richly.

I spoke not a word, and nobody guessed that I was a Hungarian. But when the debate upon the character of Jazmagy was finished, I went to the house of Gov. Kossuth. Entering the ante-chamber, I requested the officer on duty to announce me, but he told me to wait a few minutes as there was a lady in.

I waited not long there, when the door opened, and to my great surprise, I beheld the lady whom we saw in the steam-boat with the republican dressed man. Kossuth following her

to the door-way, bade her good bye very courteously, when I entered his room, I asked him, "who is this lady?"

"The wife of Mayor Kovats," answered he.

"And who is Mayor Kovats?" asked I.

"He is our countryman and fellow exile. He had no time when he fled from Hungary to take her with him, and she has secretly arrived from Hungary."

"Well sir!" said I, "this is the very same lady who came with me in the steamboat, in the company of the man whom I called the republican-dressed, and who spoke in Slavonic with the *Serezaners*, and who treated them to brandy, and who according to the letter of the English Consul at Varna, paid their expenses, hired wagons for them, and who at last arrived yesterday in the same carriage with this lady. She is no other than the one whom I called the pretty lady."

"It might all be true," said the Governor. She told me the whole story. That is that she was assisted in her escape by an Austrian agent, and accompanied here by the same agent.

"Do you know this agent?" asked I.

"I heard something about him, but never spoke with, nor saw him."

"May I ask the motive of Madame Kovats' visit?" I asked the Governor.

"Oh yes!" said he, "She was paying a visit, and informed me that the same gentleman who rescued her from Hungary, is very anxious to rescue us from Turkey, and bring us to the shores of free America."

"And what was your answer?" asked I.

"I said that I was very much obliged for his kind and generous sympathy, but at the same time must beg him not to trouble himself on our account."

"Well Governor!" said I, "Are you able to catch a single glance, and see the course and purpose of this labyrinth?"

"Hardly my dear friend. But did you not say that the old Baron and Turaczy told you to entreat me, to persuade me to desert?"

"Yes sir!"

"And that they would furnish us with passports if you would write them?"

"Yes sir!"

"I can conjecture something, but this matter is very uncertain. So it is better not to speak about it. All we can do is to keep a sharp look out for these fellows."

"I do not fail to do so," said I.

"Well! I trust you and I am obliged."

So I left the Governor. On the subsequent day he received a letter from the English consul at Varna, in which this gentleman informed him, that he had exerted all the means in his power to detain these *Serezaners*. Accordingly he had denounced them to the local Turkish authority, as an armed band, which were suspected from reliable sources, of having pernicious purposes. But the Austrian consul protested against their detention, alleging that they were Austrian subjects, and provided with passports by the same authority. So that the English consul could not prevent them from coming to Schumla, and warned Kossuth to take every precaution to meet and confront perhaps a most desperate attempt, such as owing to Turkish in-ertness are so frequent in the Sultan's empire.

After five or six days, also, he received letters from Baron Tecco, the Piedmontese, from Sir Stratford Canning, the English Ambassador, as well as from the Porte. These informed him that while they should make every effort in their power to thwart a malicious plot, which, as there was reason to suspect, was laid against his person, he on his part should do his best to avoid, or prevent the unfortunate collision. For should it take place, there was involved the honor of the Porte, and the honor of all the powers who undertook to be responsible for his safety.

The civil and military commandants also of Schumla, received orders warning them, on penalty of death, to keep in safety

the life of Kossuth and his companions, and commanding them to arrest and expel from Schumla these *Serezaners*.

These letters and orders from the Porte caused trouble in the mind of the city Commandants. They ordered the *Serezaners* to be arrested, and to leave the town. But the Austrian consul, Mr. Reszler, protested against this procedure, and alledged that these men came into Schumla, for the security of his life, which was in danger from the exiles, and he took them into his own house.

The plot now was not only entirely discovered, but prevented. Two companies of Infantry were ordered to guard Kossuth, and the *Serezaners* were no more to be seen outside the doors of the Austrian consul.

Three weeks passed without any change, when a new and perhaps a more dangerous plot gave indications of its existence.

The reader knows well that sufferings, bitterness, uncertainty, may soon break down or shatter the character of frail mortals. This was the case, and perhaps is yet to this day with some of my brave, but in adversity not sufficiently strong, countrymen. The Austrian consul, Mr. Reszler, and his spies, very naturally did not fail to turn to their advantage these characters, which tottering and hallucinating, undecisive, and wavering under the mania of the moral and spiritual paroxisms, could perpetrate a deed at the artful and well timed instigations and promises of the diplomatic scoundrels—a deed which at first promised them heaven and happiness, but as soon as it was done rendered them the most miserable beings on earth. I like to believe that such was the mental condition of my countrymen, when they without resentment hearkened to the words of one of their fellow officers who said, that if they would shoot Kossuth they would not only receive an amnesty, but a reward too from the Austrian government. For he said, the Austrian government well knew that they, being infatuated and misguided by Kossuth, were not guilty. And he declared himself ready to strike the blow, if he should find a party strong enough to face the

men, who all the while still depended with servile affection upon Kossuth. On the other hand the reader may imagine the situation of Kossuth, when such words could be spoken in presence of twenty or thirty of his countrymen with impunity. The gentleman, who uttered this praise-worthy (?) language was engaged in the Hungarian army as courier, with the rank of first lieutenant, by name Pollack, and by birth a Jew. He spoke thus against Kossuth, who labored day and night, year after year for the emancipation of his race. And he spoke for the Austrian government, who made his race pay for the very privilege of breathing the air, or treading upon the earth. Indeed, I am at a great loss to know whether the liberal government of Kossuth, or the despotism of Austria is more becoming for such kind of people.

Kossuth was informed by Capt. Dancs Kosztolany and first lieutenant Lönyi. All three now in America. And as it had already been observed that Mr. Pollack was in the habit of paying secret and frequent visits to the Austrian consul, it was supposed that the stormy wind came from this quarter. So the military commandant of the Hungarian exiles, Colonel Kabos, gave orders to bring Pollack before him. But Pollack being informed of this, sheltered himself in the house of the Austrian consul; which, being a consular residence, was for this reason an asylum not to be entered; or if entered by force, such enter would become a "*casus belli*"—so the military commandant turned himself to the pashas, demanding of them to arrest and hand over Pollack. But the Austrian consul found enough pretexts, rights, and articles of agreement, to decline the request as well to the Porte as to the Hungarian authority.

When this event was related to me, I felt uneasy and heart-sick, because I did not think any of my countrymen were men who flatter and idolize while in prosperity, and in adversity connive at every injustice and injury to the character or person of the man who was elected by our unanimous vote, Governor

of the nation. And I said, that if Pollack had spoken these words in my presence, I would have reprimanded him as such a man deserves.

Some ten or twelve days passed, and the talk about the *Serezaners* and Pollack became silent. The latter was never to be seen in the street, and the former very seldom. I was now about to leave Schumla, when lieutenant Lönyi came to me in a coffee house, where I was sitting with some of my countrymen, and in a whisper said to me, "well Bardy, if you are such a brave fellow as you profess to be, there is Pollack in a grocery store, arrest him if you dare?" The reader may imagine that such an appeal as this must ring in the soul of a man, if he has a bit of manliness. I said not a word, but putting aside my coffee and pipe, requested him to show me the store. He did so; on my entrance I saw two of the *Serezaners* evidently waiting for a gentleman, whom I for that very reason thought to be the man for whom I was looking. I approached him and asked, "What is your name?"

"I am Captain Pollack," was the answer.

"And I am Bardy—and Captain Pollack or Bardy shall die." Here I pointed my revolver to his head, and drew another, in case the *Serezaners* should attempt to resist. He began to speak, but he saw that to continue it would bring the worst. Accordingly he obeyed, confounded and astonished so as to be scarcely able to walk on his trembling legs.

He entreated me to take him to Gov. Kossuth, and he would confess all sincerely. I doubted not that this was the best time to hear him, and agreed to his request. But the Governor was not willing to see him, much less to speak with him; and briefly said that it was not his business, but that of the military commander to settle with him. So our friend Pollack was handed over to Colonel Kabos, who ordered him to be locked up for further examination, which was to take place before a mixed commission of Turks and Hungarians.

Pollack was interrogated in a rather harsh manner, by Col. Kabos, for what reason he was induced to hold such language as he did? He answered, that he was very anxious to go back to Hungary, as he had there an aged mother without any support. He said he requested of the Austrian consul an amnesty. The consul encouraged him to hope, but at the same time instructed him to spread dissension among the Hungarian exiles and excite them against Kossuth. He guaranteed to Pollack that under such circumstances the amnesty would not fail. He said moreover he had been ready to shoot Kossuth, but had never done it. The poor fellow was so debased that I myself pitied him.

On the following day about dusk the report was spread that Pollack had escaped. The two sergeants ordered to watch him were intoxicated. What was more natural than that he sheltered himself in the house of the Austrian consul?

At this intelligence my long-suppressed rage—the restrained bitterness and hate so naturally felt against every Austrian employee, and so justly against Mr. Reszler, broke out like a volcano. I said, “How long shall Mr. Reszler shelter the murderers and assassins in his own house? And how long shall we suffer it? Not a minute more — whoever is a Hungarian and has courage to meet the assassins in their own nest, let him follow me.” Saying this publicly, I left the room accompanied by seven of my countrymen. I had then rather a quixotic intention to enter the house of the consul, and at the pistol’s mouth compel him to give up Pollack, whose testimony before the Turkish authority would unquestionably establish the fact that the Austrian consul and his companions were sent into Schumla by the government, not for any other purpose than to take the life of Kossuth by any means whatever.

As we approached the house of the consul one of my countrymen, Lieut. Bako, said to me, “Here, this is the vice consul of Austria,” pointing to a man who came down directly opposite to us.

"So much the better," said I, "we will arrest him and detain him as an hostage, till his principal shall hand over Pollack." And accordingly I met him and asked, "are you the Austrian vice consul?"

"At your service," was the ironical reply, probably being encouraged by the Serezaner who followed him.

"I do not want your service, but I want your honorable body, if you resist I assure you, you will find the worst. Now come."

"Where?"

"No matter—come along, or we will bring you, which will not be a very pleasant way of riding, I assure you!"

"He made a sign to the Serezaner who put himself on guard." But at my first word, "disarm the dog," he was deprived quicker than I can tell it, of his pistol, sword, and knife, and jumped into the river near the road.

The vice consul, whom I seized by his collar to prevent him from jumping also into the river, thought it best for him to obey, and he did so. I brought him before Kossuth. This act was the most careless in my whole conduct.

The reader may well imagine that when I presented the consul to Kossuth, asking him to give orders to detain him till Pollack should be delivered up, he was not only surprised, but in fact angry with me. And casting a contemptuous glance on the consul said, "Col. Asboth! you will be good enough to order a Turkish guard, twenty-four strong to escort this man home in safety."

When I heard this from the Governor, I did not know where I was standing. But no sooner was the vice consul removed than Kossuth made me a speech which I shall never forget. He said, "You accuse other people of being assassins, while in fact your conduct in a manner shows the world that you yourself are one." He said, not without excitement, "In such way you compromise me." But this admonition which was very true, instead of bringing me to my senses made me worse. I had concluded that I must have Pollack, not because I feared

him, but because I knew that if the Austrian consul should have the better of this game, it would encourage him. He could hire a desperate man who would not speak as Pollack did, but would *act*, being secured from the hand of the law, and of every person, if once in the house of the Austrian consul. And we went back, with the intention of having Pollack at whatever price.

Arriving at the door of the consul's house, we found it closed. I knocked, but no answer. I knocked harder, but the door was not opened. My friend Bako took up a club and forced the door which partially yielded to the violence.

A ball now came through the simple pine door slightly wounding my friend in his left arm. It was followed by a second—a third, till seven had passed. Of course if we had fronted the door, we should not have survived to this day. I pushed my friend to the side to shelter himself behind the door-column, while I myself performed the same manœuvre on the opposite side. At last the shooting ceased, and we heard a voice inside. I had not so far lost my presence of mind as to enter; for being no novice in such affairs, I knew well he who enters is dead, before he can see the hand that strikes. I waited in hope that they would come out, but they two seemed to know that the man who comes out is dead before he sees the hand that strikes him. Waiting in vain a few minutes, I told my friend—all the others having fled at the first shot—to retire cautiously out of range of the shooting. We did so. The house was upon a hill and when I came down to the yard gate I looked back and saw the consul in the window of the first story. I shouted to him in Italian, "We did not come with such ill will as you return us. We came only to demand Pollack, who by the confession of his own lips threatened death to the man, who is the hope and faith of our whole nation. If you refuse to surrender him, don't wonder if before the whole world I declare you a protector and patron of the assassin, and an assassin yourself." Scarcely had I uttered the last word

when the report of a gun and the whistling of the ball told me that here was no time to bandy words. I threw myself instantaneously through a fence, and was out of reach of the next gunshot.

Infuriated at our unsuccessful attempt, I declared willingly to give up my life if I could only have Pollack.

The next day, after a sleepless night, the Governor summoned me. When I presented myself, he reproved me again and told me to go with his dragoman to Halim Pasha, the military, and Mohamed Pasha, the civil commanders, and explain to them how matters stood, letting them know the reason for which I left Constantinople. I did so, and frankly told them it was their fault that the Austrian consul disdained to regard their orders. The Pashas—that is, three of them—after asking if I were not wounded, highly praised me, touching my shoulder with their hands, and saying, “*Ei kardacs Peki kardacs*,” which means in the Turkish language, “Very well brother.” I returned to Kossuth and informed him what the Pashas said to me. “Well,” said he, “you may be thankful if the matter shall end so. For you know that the violation of a diplomatic person, or his house, is a great political crime here in Turkey. Now I advise you to go back to Constantinople, for owing to your unfortunate temper, you might here meet a melancholy end. I will write some letters, and if you please, you may go to-morrow.

But alas! To-morrow I was summoned to Colonel Kabos, where I found the greatest part of the refugees assembled. Here I was informed that I was claimed prisoner by the Turkish authority, for the offence committed yesterday. It was vain that I asserted this matter was settled between me and the three Pashas yesterday, who not only acquitted, but commended me. Colonel Kabos said that there was this morning a written order from these very Pashas conjuring him to hand me over to the Turkish authority. I knew well that this order came at the instigation of the Austrian consul. There was every reason to

believe that if the consul succeeded in changing the minds of the Pashas, so that they sent orders entirely opposite to what they twenty-four hours before had said, he would succeed still further in retaining me in a Turkish prison, until he could have opportunity to put his hand upon me,—in other words to hang me. Accordingly I said I would resist being arrested, and whoever should attempt it he or I must die. For I preferred death to an Austrian prison, as the Turkish prison would be.

They told me that Gov. Kossuth was charged by the Austrian consul, with having advised, or hired me to assault the consul and his house, and that the whole body of exiles are declared to be in mutiny against his sacred person. Moreover that these charges could not be refuted otherwise, than by giving myself up willingly, and before a lawful body, giving the motives which actuated me in doing as I did. They promised to control the proceedings, and not allow any serious injury to befall me.

I told them the Pashas knew already the reasons for my conduct—that there was no other purpose in my arrest than to keep me in prison till the Austrian consul should have an opportunity to lay his hand upon my head. And, I repeated, that for the same reason I would resist my arrest till death.

At last they told me that the honor of the Governor, the reputation of the exiles, absolutely demanded my surrender in order to make in a lawful way, a lawful explanation of the matter.

I could not resist this appeal, and I said, "Well! If my arrest is requested to exonerate the calumniated character of the Governor and the reputation of my countrymen, I am ready, not only for prison but for the gallows. I give myself up. But remember what I say. My arrest will not exonerate the Governor, nor add to your reputation, but will bring me to an Austrian gallows. For they have a little interest in making me for ever silent about the matter which brought me here. Remember that in spite of your best wishes, you will have no

power to save me. But I shall save myself." Saying this, I put my pistols and papers on the table.

Some of those present were deeply affected at this scene. I saw a bright tear sparkle in their eyes. I saw their down cast faces as Mayor Brick approached me and said, "Do not despair. Should we leave such a man as you, a prey to Austrian tyranny, we should be unworthy to be called Hungarians. This noble and hearty sympathy of my brave countrymen lighted up the darkness of my dungeon, now opened before me.

The Turkish officer who was in attendance upon my humble self was now introduced, and also I was introduced to him by the single words, "This is Bardy." He told me he had orders from the Pasha to arrest me, and if I resisted, to shoot me. I bowed to him, saying, that I was at his service. He made a sign to those outside, and summoned me to follow him. As I was coming out, I found myself amidst twenty-four bayonets, whose bearers glanced at me with terrible eyes. For in Turkey a man can be a prisoner only for certain high crimes: uttering oaths against Mohammed or the Sultan, theft, murder, and adultery. And the prisoner can not look for compassion. He is condemned in the heart and soul of every musulman.

They presented me to the colonel, who welcomed me with these words "Bu Adam scok fena Adam." (Bad man! very bad man!)" He ordered me to a place where I could have no words with Austrians.

Accordingly I was conducted among bayonets, into a room in the barracks on the first floor. Here I found another officer with his head buried in the folds of his cloak, and a stick in his hand, with which he pointed to some straw in a corner, saying, "Otur orda" (sit down there). But I had very little inclination to sit down, and was beginning to walk back and forth opposite him. I observed that he was displeased with my disobedience.

The door was not closed, in spite of the severest cold; for it was January the 19th, when I was arrested. It was guarded.

inside by two sergeants with Turkish cimeters, and outside by two corporals with muskets and bayonets, besides the officers. I saw from this that I was considered a greater criminal than I really could have been.

I am little willing to annoy my readers with the description of my prison, or the suffering to which I was subjected; still less am I disposed to enumerate the torments enjoined by the rules of the prophet. I simply remark that I waited patiently two weeks, but nobody came to ask me why I was there, or to bring me a spark of hope. I was not surprised, for I anticipated all that, but when the order arrived from Constantinople that Kossuth and fifteen others of the leaders should leave Schumla, and remove to Kutahaja, designated by European diplomacy as their residence, I saw then, that these could have no more control over my safety, and that the Austrian consul would become my master in every sense.

Kossuth and the other Hungarian chiefs did every thing in their power, and all they thought lawful, to bring me before a mixed commission, or send me to Constantinople, where I could explain myself, and if guilty be punished accordingly, and if not, be restored to liberty. But the Austrian consul found means and ways to hinder this step till Kossuth and the others were ordered to leave Schumla.

They had gone and I remained in my prison. I waited patiently in the firm determination that should they take me back to Austria, I would kill one or two of them, and die in this transaction. But I infinitely abhorred the thought of affording to these lowest people of the world, Austrian officers, the pleasure of witnessing my hanging. Indeed I was, and am to this day so exasperated against these soul-less monsters, that, were my life their gift, I would not accept it for a single minute.

I waited five, six and seven weeks, when I began to feel myself weary. The cold had not permitted me to take off my

boots and garments.* The wind blew from every side, through the window filled with paper instead of glass. The cold ice-water, the frozen meals,† the thousands and thousands of vermin which the Mahometan does not allow to be killed, in the straw bed. Such an amount of suffering would break down the strength of a beast, much more of a man. All brought on a sickness, and on the ninth week of my captivity I was transferred to the hospital, located among Mussulmen, and attended by a Turkish physician. His operations, and the room which was as little fit for a sick man, as the prison was for a healthy man, left me very little hope of life.

When the remnants of the Hungarians at Schumla became aware of my awful condition, they made every effort to relieve me. But their good, noble, and humane efforts were thwarted by the intrigues of the Austrian consul. He, from what source I know not, became aware that I was not one of the Hungarians who came with Kossuth from Hungary, and consequently not entitled to the protection promised to Kossuth and his followers; that I had come into Schumla with false passports, and violated the sanctity of the vice-consul's person and his house, the fortress of his sacred self. And he claimed me as an Austrian deserter and an assassin against his person and house. And when this claim was denied by the pashas, he brought the matter before the Divan at Constantinople.

My condition became more serious from day to day, and I was not only ready to die, but was glad to dwell on the thought that a natural death should prevent my suicide or my being violently and ignominiously killed to the great delight of the Austrian government. But that I am not dead, nor hanged, the reader may know from the title of this book, for I write these lines in the year of grace, 1854. How did I succeed in

* The Turks sleep always in their garments, only the shawls and pistols are put aside.

† The Turks never eat warm meals.

extricating myself from this critical condition? This remains for me to inform my readers.

The strength of my rather youthful age, the habit of experiencing dangers and sufferings, the consciousness that I was right, and perhaps the kindly thought of approaching death, prevailed against my malady. And when conscious, I found myself among Hungarians and Poles, also lying sick in the hospital. They told me it was now about one week since I was brought to this room at the request of all the Hungarian exiles, whom Feyk Bey, a noble Turk, was unable to resist when they celebrated the anniversary of the declaration of Hungarian independence, the 15th of the month of April. I was constantly guarded by two soldiers, without arms. A sentinel was also posted for my special honor before the door. The physician, an Italian by birth, and by name "Fontana," informed me that the matter looked rather serious with me. He was very doubtful while I was in the mania of my sickness whether it were not better to send me to the other world, than cure me for the hangman. He too was an exile, not from Italy but from Hungary. When the revolution broke out he found himself in Hungary, as I was in Italy, both in the delightful service of Austria! But he said to me, "You now are aware of your position. As soon as you shall gain strength, you must use it for your best." I understood him. He meant *desert*. But how desert? Watched by two soldiers, without strength or pistols, without money or passports, I was scarcely able to turn myself from one side to the other.

Among the Hungarians was Major Joseph Brick, and Captain Salkowszky, who felt a deep and true concern at my unjust persecution. They did every thing to restore me to liberty. But in spite of their energetic endeavors, they did not succeed. On the contrary the Divan agreed to the claim of the Austrian consul.

It was the 9th of May, when Dr. Fontana informed me, that if I did not desert, I should be handed over to the Austrian

consul. He told me he was already urged to allow me to leave the hospital, but said that I was not strong enough to give up medicine. He hoped I would use this opportunity. Sal-kowszky also came, and entreated me to desert, promising that he would escort me, and faithfully share my fate. At last we all concluded that I must escape. But in what manner? was the question of questions.

On the following day I informed my fellow countrymen, and the Poles of my threatening situation. I told them that there was only one way to save myself, and this was flight; and there was only one way to carry it out. That was, when the sentinels for a moment should turn their eyes away from my bed, one of them should get in, cover himself and remain tranquilly till evening, and then leave the bed as unperceived as he entered it. Also that some one of them should lend me his garments, because mine were taken away from me, when I entered the hospital, as a sure guarantee to render my desertion impossible. As to garments, there was no difficulty, for every one was ready to give me his, little caring if he himself should remain entirely without. But as to taking my place, there was no one among the forty-six Hungarians and Poles willing to run the risk and the danger, which would come if the manoeuvre was detected. I endeavored to persuade them, but no one was disposed. Seeing that the intended desertion was impracticable for lack of courage in my countrymen, I gave it up. But a young Pole, about nineteen or twenty years old, asked what was the matter; for he did not understand the Hungarian language. Being informed, he said he would gladly occupy my place. I looked on him, but his youthful, though well-developed face, gave me little hope of his being able to perform the theatrical scene. I pitied him, for I knew that if he should be detected the Turks would have little mercy on him. I communicated to him my fears; but he said smiling, "You do not know me. Be quiet, accept my service, and you shall see that I shall evade the vigilant eyes of these Turks as skillfully

as any other man." His name was Marhowasky,* descendant of one of the richest families in Poland. The cause of Hungary had made him leave his father, mother and fatherland, and come to the battle-field. By his personal courage and behavior he attained the rank of first lieutenant, and received three honorable wounds, one of which on his foot, too quickly, and only partially cured, was now troubling him again. This was the reason why he was at this time in the hospital.

When I saw he was decided, in what he said, and there was absolutely no other person willing to undertake this singular task, I accepted his offer repeated with earnestness.

We were now on the alert. No sooner were the eyes of the sentinels turned aside, filling and lighting their pipes, than my young friend was in my bed, and I in the corner of the room which was separated by a linen screen from the rest of the apartment. I never dressed myself so quickly as now. Putting on a cloak, and throwing the right of it on my left shoulder, and round to my neck in such a manner as to cover my face to my nose, and throwing a white hat with a red feather over my eyes, in heavy boots with clinking spurs, I marched out, like a most superb hero. The sentinel in the door, also the double sentinel before the principal entrance, thought me to be one of the Hungarian or Polish visitors, and laughed heartily at my being enveloped like an Egyptian mummy. But I thought, "My dear friends, you will not laugh if it shall be discovered that I deserted between you." I

* I was deeply grieved, and am to this day, by the melancholy fate of this young man. Had he been surrounded by honest people, who would have rightly guided his noble heart and brave soul, instead of abusing his generous disposition, he could and would have become a Bem, a Kosciusko, or a Punyatowsky. But here in America—in New York—falling into the hands of some ruffians, who seemed faithful companions, till the hundreds and hundreds of dollars he periodically received from his parents, were spent, he was at last not only left alone, without money, but being ridiculed and insulted by them, the noble fellow became exasperated and shot himself! Poor fellow! He never spoke to me of his mother or sisters without tears in his eyes, and used to say, "They suffer more for my sake than I for theirs."

was sorry for them, knowing they would be horribly punished. I hastened my steps to the lodgings of my friend Salkowszky, but the short distance which I must traverse before reaching this place, told me I should not be able to walk far.

Our first care was to cut off my long hair, moustache and beard. Providing ourselves with some victuals for the journey, we started immediately. Very naturally we marched not along the road but through the field, for fear of being joined by our persecutors in case my desertion was discovered.

After walking half an hour or less, I fell down entirely exhausted. In another half hour, while my friend was going to the next village to hire a horse with his last gold piece, my legs were miserably swollen. My friend arrived with an aged Turk who led a meagre horse. They helped me on horseback. I assure the reader that this ride was not a pleasant one. We traveled four days, and slept four nights on the fields, or in the woods. At last we arrived in the neighborhood of Varna. Being already acquainted with this country and town, I informed my friend that, if we entered the gate to which our course brought us — that is, the one leading from the country into the city — they would ask for our passports as they had always done. But if we made a turn round the town, and entered the gate on the gulf side, we might pass without passports. For at this gate passports are demanded twice every week, that is when the steamboat arrives from Constantinople. But alas! In spite of our precautions we were stopped in the door, and asked for passports. Of course we could not present any. So we were conducted by some five or six *cavasses* — policemen — into the watch-house. Here presented himself a dervish — a Turkish priest — and drawing from his shawl a piece of paper, he commenced a silent examination of the same and of myself. I had no doubt that this was the description of my beloved self. When he at last finished the operation, (the reader may surmise that this was rather a ticklish matter for me,) he said, pointing to me with his finger, “Bu adam!”

(This is the man!) Scarcely had he uttered these words, when two or three of the *cavasses* sprang on my left and right, and held me fast by my arms and clothes, saying that the devil himself should not take me from their hands! I was escorted or rather carried into the yard of the pasha's house, who deigned to send down his dragoman to question me. I thought there was yet a spark of hope, and this was if I could appeal to the English consul, who knew me, and knew the motive which brought me to Schumla, I thought he might be able to do something in my behalf. So I did not give my name, but said that I was a Hungarian exile, and wished to go to Constantinople, to find some work, as many had done before me, who without molestation, though without passports had passed Varna and reached Constantinople. I stated further that I had already been in Constantinople, and came from there to Varna and Schumla with passports, which was well known to the English consul, and I claimed my liberty.

But the pasha answered that if the English consul should recognize me as a British subject, I should be set free. But for this night, I and my friend must remain in his custody. He promised that next morning he would let the English consul come.

We were taken to the watch-house in the yard surrounded by walls, high enough to render it impossible to mount it in such a state of health as I was. But this was not enough. We were watched by six athletic *cavasses*.

We found in the watch-house two of our countrymen. I did not know them, but my friend did. And I being extremely tired threw myself on the floor, and listened to the following discourse among them.

"Why! Captain Salkowsky! How comes this that you are here in the same category as ourselves?" said one of the young men.

"My friend!" said Salkowsky, "I was going to put you the

same question, and as you saw how I came here, you need no answer. But I did not see how you came. Tell me."

"Well, Sir! like yourself," was the answer. And he continued, "We have been already in this city, about eight days. Arriving, we were taken before the Pasha, and finding us without passports, he told us to look for work, and keep quiet. We found work, and labored tranquilly. But last night some body knocked on the door of the house where we lodged, and seized and brought us here. We do not know ourselves what may be the upshot of all this."

"Well!" said the other, "I heard words to the effect, that some great criminal, who had uttered oaths against Mohammed and the Sultan, and was arrested at Schumla, had escaped. And the Turks, as they do not know the fugitive, now arrest every one who wears European garments, and is a stranger."

Salkowszky made a glance, which told me what he meant. But I was so tired, that sleep — the only benefactor of the unfortunate — overcame the menacing future, which was about to unfold itself, before my eyes.

The reader may imagine, I slept so soundly that the noise which aroused me, must be a harsh one. I heard voices in various languages, that is in Hungarian*, Polish and Turkish, I looked on, and saw three Poles brought in by force; and while the *cavasses* were taking off the ropes by which they were bound, one of them protested against this procedure with rather pugilistic manifestations, saying in Turkish, "You oxen without horns! I told you, and I repeat now, that neither I, nor any one of my companions is the man you look for. We are authorized by the Pasha himself to remain and live in the town. You to-morrow shall see your stupidity and mistake.

* During my stay in America, I have been asked at least a thousand times, if the Hungarian language is not the same as the German, or Polish. So I think it advisable to remark that the Hungarian—Magyar—has absolutely no relation to the Western, Northern or Southern languages. It is an Eastern language, but has no resemblance to either of the other Eastern languages.

And I shall ask satisfaction from the Pasha for your savage conduct." "Be quiet!" said one of his companions. "These Turks are as stupid as beasts, it is useless to speak to them. But to-morrow the pasha will see, that no one among us is Bardy, and we shall be free." But his exasperated friend was not so easy to be tranquilized, and with insulting expressions abused the Turks so excessively, that I myself wondered they suffered it without resentment. I now asked the Pole, constantly remonstrating, "Who and what was this Bardy?"

"He is a Hungarian, had some difficulty with the Austrian consul, was arrested by the Turks, and escaped from Schumla," was the answer.

"How do you know he escaped?" asked I.

"My employer told me."

"Who is he?"

"A tailor, who works for the different consuls here, and for the Austrian consul. The consul told him, and begged him, to look out; and should Bardy arrive, to arrest him."

"Does your employer know this Bardy?"

"No; but a personal description was handed to him."

"Well! Have you seen this description?"

"I did."

"What is it? Or how is it?"

"A young man, tall, dark complexion, very thin, for he was lately sick, without a moustache, and with short black hair."

"This is not bad," thought I; and I asked the Pole, "Who brought this description?"

"It was the apothecary from Schumla, who saw Bardy every day, while he was lying in the hospital."

"Well! my dear friend!" said I, "you may sleep tranquilly, because if you are arrested instead of Bardy, you will be set at liberty to-morrow. For the man who bears the name of Bardy, is no other than myself."

The Poles were a little surprised at this manifestation, and after they had expressed the regret with which they saw my

situation, I wished them good night, and began to sleep. I was not troubled nor entertained any fear, because I felt in the bottom of my heart, that I had done right.

The following morning in the watchhouse a man came who recognized me, and I recognized him as the assistant apothecary of Schumla, by birth a Greek, and by name Nicholas.

The Poles brought in the last night, told me curious stories. They said, "This honest apothecary informed the cavasses that I had stolen his uniform while under arrest and sick, that I was arrested for the crime of having blasphemed the great Prophet, his religion, and the Sultan, — and that, like an evil spirit, I deserted my bed while the eyes of two faithful mussulmen were fixed on it!" The reader can imagine that this superstitious people looked upon me, as they would on a thief, infidel, nay, a blasphemer of their prophet and faith, and a mysterious being in secret alliance with the devil! The Austrian consul, well knew how to inflame these bigots against me, and they with terrible menaces told me that there was no devil in hell who had power to liberate me from their hands.

About nine o'clock the English consul came, and I was ordered to present myself. The English consul, on seeing me, could not suppress the exclamation, "For God's sake! Are you Bardy?"

"Yes, Sir! I am; though I may seem to be only his shadow." Here the noble man took me by the hand, and told me to relate the events, as they took place at Schumla. I complied. He turned to the pasha, and after an hour's conversation, told me, he was very sorry, he was not able to secure my liberty, for the pasha had express and strict orders, based on the Divan's orders, from the pashas of Schumla, to let me be escorted back. He also advised me to obey, to be tranquil. He said he would report the matter to his minister at Constantinople, and do every thing to prevent my being handed over to the Austrians. I saw that this gentleman did every

thing he could as consul; and if he did no more, it was because he was consul. And to this day I feel as warm gratitude to him, as when I left him, though I knew well that his noble efforts and promises could hardly be crowned with success.

At twelve o'clock we were summoned to be ready to start on foot towards Schumla. I asked for the liberty to speak once more with the pasha, and it being granted, I requested him to set free the other Hungarians and Poles, as there was now no reason for their detention; they being arrested instead of myself, who was now in their hands.

"You all, all together shall be escorted to Schumla. Because you are dogs and infidels, who repay with execrations the generous hospitality of the Sultan, and desert in such an ungrateful way," replied he in a repulsive manner and tone.

"Well!" said I, "you see that I am sick, and so unable to walk; will you not be so kind as to order a carriage for me?"

"My *cavasses* shall teach you how to walk," was the more inhuman answer.

"Well!" said I, with a little bitterness, "I am not a Turk but a Catholic. But should I ever see once more the village where I first learned to pray to the Almighty, I will insert in our Litany, '*From the hospitality of Turks, Good Lord deliver us! And from the intrigues of Austria and Russia, Good Lord deliver the Turks!*'" And I left this first inhumane Turk.

We were put among three horsemen, and solemnly escorted out of the town, — a rather unpleasant amusement, I can assure the reader.

Very naturally weak and weary as I was, I could not keep pace with the horses of our escort. One of the Turks summoned me to go quicker. But it was not possible. He did not order me a second time, but with a stick held in his hand, struck me so unmercifully that I even now feel uneasy if I recall this blow to my remembrance. At this barbarous act, I lost my self-possession, and the anger having

collected together all my remaining strength, I seized him by his leg, dragged him down from his horse, and in an instant was on his breast with my knees, while my fingers were convulsively sunk into his throat. In a second the others fell upon me, and both the Turk and myself owe it to the intervention of these others, that we went not in company to the paradise of Mohammed.

My Turk, who hardly succeeded in getting his tongue back into his mouth, for it was expanded some thing like half a foot as soon as my fingers came in close contact with his naked throat, after this demonstration became more humane, and ordered one of his fellows to dismount and let me ride. But I declined, till entirely exhausted, I fell a second time. Now they put me on the horse which was guided by the Turk in order to prevent my desertion. In the next village a wagon was ordered with two oxen. I was put on it, and conveyed like the Turkish women who take their pleasure rides in wagons drawn by oxen. On the fourth day of our journey we were no more than ten or twelve miles distant from Schumla, but at sun set the Turks proceeded no further. We were quartered in a house before whose door, as usual, the two *cavasses* were lying, like the dog Cerberus before the entrance of Hades. The third spent the night without sleeping, watching us. My companions very sensitive about my situation, tried to persuade me to desert, but there was no possibility of it, or if I had attempted it, I should have been shot. But their noble sympathy and untired ingenuity concocted a plan which seemed to me altogether impracticable, yet we put it through.

Schumla is situated at the foot of the Balkan, which extends its majestic arm from the Danube to Constantinople. About a quarter of a mile from the town, which is properly built on the slowly rising slope of the mountains, flows a little river in a deep, wide and irregular bed. We were near the bridge when my companions informed me that they were determined at the

risk of their lives to save me. I thought, they intended to knock down the *cavasses*, and I opposed it. "No! no! Be quiet," said Salkowsky; "no one shall be killed. You have nothing else to do, than when you see that you are alone, leave this wagon, enter the town through some fence, and hide yourself in the quarters of some Hungarians." Saying this he left me, and joined the others who were walking about twelve paces ahead. One of the *cavasses* shouted after the three Poles who were now about thirty paces in front, ordering them to stop and wait for us. But they instead of obeying, began to run. The Turk losing his patience began to run after them, but as they left the road, and chose for the manœuvre the rising field, which by heavy falls of rain was rendered impassable on horseback, he leaped down from his horse, and began to give a chase, firing after them both pistols without effect. We were standing on the bridge, and the chase gave to the Turks much enjoyment, and they looked on like the oxen on the green grass by road-side. I saw that my companions who remained, profited by the opportunity, while the Turks were entirely occupied in witnessing the hunt, they stole slowly down from the bridge into the river's bed, two of them on the left, and the other two on the right hand; and they advanced along in the channel. And in fact they would have succeeded to escape unobserved had not the attention of the Turks been arrested by the parting, "Good bye! good bye!" waving their hats in their hands. As soon as the Turks observed what was the matter, they sprang one on one side, the other on the other, commanding them to stop, or they would shoot them. But seeing that an ironical laughter was the answer, they discharged their pistols, and leaving their horses ran in pursuit.

Unquestionably this scene was an interesting one, and I think the reader, if he has any humor in his composition, could hardly have retained his gravity, had he seen the Turks, folding together the superfluous width by which their trowsers are wider than they ought to be, and which not only hinder the

man in running, but at the slightest breath of an auspicious wind, swell up like two balloons. In this manner they followed the fugitives, who by taking different directions, and by nimbleness of foot were now out of reach.

The Turk who drove the oxen, while contemplating with interest the chase, murmured some dreadful oaths against "every Christian dog." I wanted to suggest to him that in the present game at least, the Turks are the dogs, because they followed my companions as the dog follows rabbits. But I thought it more advisable to quit him unobserved if possible. It was not very difficult, for as he was sitting on the anterior part of the wagon, deeply immersed with his eyes and thoughts in the scenes before him, I moved slowly, descended, and as soon as I reached the deep bed of the river, I took care to hide myself from step to step, as I advanced behind the low trees which here and there grew in the valley.

I fortunately reached the fence of the nearest house of the town, glanced round me, and saw that the Turk was yet all the while on the bridge enjoying himself with the spectacle. But I could see no more any of the cavasses, nor of my companions. I mounted the fence, but never with so much difficulty in my life, as then.

After six or eight minutes, I entered an eating saloon — at least so it would be termed here in America. But the room occupied the whole building. It was constructed of wooden fences, put together in a square, and inside, as well as outside, walled up and plastered with black mud. The roof was covered with the same material, and in a triangular form, covered with reeds to prevent rain and snow from falling into the saloon. The proprietor of this "Alhambra," was a Hungarian, who served with me, and was also under my command, in Italy. I knew him to be a good fellow, and trusted him. He came here to marry a certain woman, who, as sutler, came out with the Hungarian troops. They built this saloon and provided his countrymen with dishes prepared in Hungarian style,

for these poor fellows, as well as my humble self, were so hard to get accustomed to the Turkish meals, that there was only one thing on earth harder for them, and that was *hunger*.

He was astounded at seeing me, and clasped together his hands, by which the Europeans indicate utter despair. He informed me, after a rather prolonged declamation, how the town, after I deserted, was surrounded by outposts — how the Turks searched every house and every corner of the town, to find me — how the sentinels attested that I was brought away by evil spirits — (for the young Pole left the bed as unperceived as he entered it) — how, in spite of their oaths, the sentinels were cruelly beaten. And he significantly nodded his head when he said, “If you fall into their hands——” but he had not courage to say the rest.

“Well,” said I, “you yourself see, then, that now there is no time to trifle, nor to lose. Tell me, if you can, what place would be most secure for me?”

“To leave Schumla — for there is no corner, no chimney, no pot, no cellar, no garret, where you have not been searched for.”

“It is impossible, my dear friend. I am weak. I cannot walk; and before I move myself I want to gain some strength. As there is no other way for my salvation than to pass on foot the Balkan. In some of the country villages, I could not remain unknown for twenty-four hours, and so my fate would be certain.”

“This is all true,” said he, “but I do not see any other way. Let me awaken my wife, to prepare some refreshment for you, and we shall see what we can do.”

The wife came forward, and after making a funeral-like declamation upon the law of nature, which so unmercifully despoils youthful strength and vigor, as my humble face showed to her, she began to prepare a breakfast in Hungarian style. The kitchen being in a corner of the saloon, separated only by a simple partition, while she was engaged there we were con-

versing as to what place would be the most safe for me. But we could not hit upon one, until the wife said —

“There is no place as safe as our garret.”

“Our garret!” exclaimed the husband; “have you lost your mind? Here, in the vicinity of the barracks, where from morning till evening people come and go — as well Turks as Greeks, Bulgars, and Hungarians!”

“Well,” said the wife, “just for this reason. You know that every other house in town was lately searched. But not our saloon, nor our garret. And why? Because it is the nearest to the barracks, and frequented by everybody, and nobody would think Mr. Bardy had enough temerity, or stupidity — but it is not stupidity — to shelter himself where every man has free entrance and exit.”

I saw that the wife was right, and, in short, concluded to stow away my honorable lordship in the garret. After finishing my breakfast, Friss and Fekete* helped me up, and I solemnly installed myself in my new residence.

As the garret was so low that it was impossible to stand up, and the floor so weak that it threatened to break down under every pace, of course I was compelled to lie down. The smoke coming up from the kitchen, and the large spiders which in every direction were coming and going, added more to the uncomfortableness of my residence. But there were some things which amply compensated me for all this — particularly that I could distinctly hear every word which was spoken down in the saloon. And as my humble self was the hero of the day, very naturally every one spoke of me. By this means I was informed how cruelly were whipped the three cavasses who brought the report of the Pasha of Varna, to this effect:

“I gave these men the duty of escorting the notorious Bardy and six other fugitives.”

*Fekete was the name of his partner. He is now here at Worcester, and works in the Wire Factory of Washburn & Co.

But neither Bardy nor any one of the fugitives being presented to the Pasha of Schumla, he with his own hands beat these poor fellows soundly! I also learned how the ox-driver affirmed that I must have been carried off from his wagon by evil spirits, as I was evaporated before his eyes, like camphor when exposed to free air! This affirmation strengthened the statement of the two sentinels, who constantly swore that I was carried off from my bed by devils — and the Turks, superstitious as they are, now began to believe that I actually was not a man, but a devil! But the Austrian consul was not to be blinded by such nonsense. He caused Salkowszky and the five others to be arrested on condition that they should suffer the punishment which had awaited me, if they refused to discover my whereabouts. But this arrest aroused the whole body of emigrants, and they in a rather stormy manner presented themselves to the Pasha, declaring sincerely that if he did not release Salkowszky and his companions, they would themselves tear down the barracks, and liberate them, or every man die in the attempt. This manly demonstration had more effect on the mind of the Pasha than the gold and false pretensions of the Austrian consul. He restored the captives to their liberty. The city was now surrounded once more with outposts. Nobody of the Hungarians or Poles were allowed to go out of town, and guards were despatched to search the town from house to house. Ten thousand piasters were promised to him who would discover my whereabouts. Three days and three nights the search of the town was going on. Some of my countrymen, having some resemblance to me, were arrested, beaten, bound, and detained in prison till the next morning, when the mistake was discovered. The body of the refugees resented even more vigorously, this barbarous procedure, by which the Austrian consul knew so skillfully how to turn the stupidity and superstition of the Turks to revenge himself upon the Hungarians. They informed the Pasha that if one of them, instead of me, whether by mistake or by pretence, should be arrested

and beaten, they would *en masse* fall upon the house of the Austrian consul, demolish it, and, if they caught his person, would make him suffer the sum total of all he had inflicted on the Hungarians severally. At this declaration, the search of the town ended. Only now and then, by some suspicion, a house was examined. But no one guessed that I was in the garret of the saloon, three rods distant from the barracks, and that I heard the execrations uttered against me, as well as the compassion of my countrymen.

My residence, indeed, became more interesting for me, than the box of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, in the theater of Drury Lane, when the play "La gazza Ladra" is performed. But if the reader should ask me if I was not willing to change situations with her, I must confess that I would with the greatest complaisance.

One of my countrymen below inquired of another if he knew where I was hid, in order to caution me to look out for myself. I thanked him for his attention, but spoke not a word. The other reported that I was arrested last night and secretly shut up in the house of the Austrian consul! But I could not believe this, in spite of my Catholic religion, which sometimes commands to believe greater absurdities and impossibilities. A third related that he saw me early in the morning, leaving the town, on horseback — though I constantly lay in the garret! The fourth alleged that I hearkened at last to the Turks, and embracing their religion, was now hid in the house of the priest. All the while, I, with the greatest Christian patience, awaited my fate in the garret. So I heard different and contradictory reports about my humble self, during whole days and evenings. No one knew, except Friss, his wife, and Fekete, who faithfully and cheerfully served me whenever I requested him, and for which I owe him thanks, which I now give him publicly.

I wrote to the Piedmontese ambassador at Constantinople, informing him of my precarious situation, and requesting him

to do what he could in my behalf. I wrote also to the English minister to the same effect, while Major Brick* convened a meeting of the Hungarians, where it was unanimously resolved to inform the Divan faithfully of the fact in which I was involved, and request them to change the decree, and instead of handing me to the Austrians, to restore me to my liberty. What effect all this had, we shall see.

I had already been confined six days in the garret, and nobody guessed that my brave self was there in such utter silence and quietude, while the houses of the town were turned upside down, in the search; and though my position, which compelled me to lie down day and night, was not very propitious to my health, still less to my wishes, which were to gain some strength, yet I may say, on the whole, that I enjoyed myself, hearing daily new and contradictory reports, of which the most interesting feature was, that none were true. But on the seventh day, in the afternoon, I was discovered by accident.

The day was Saturday, about 4 o'clock P. M. All the guests were going into the yard to roll balls, except a company which, so far as I could judge from their voices, was composed of three, two men and a woman. They were below in the saloon, playing cards for money. A dispute arose among them, and the woman, wife of one of the litigants, took the part of her husband, and begun to heap upon her husband's opponent insolent epithets. The man to whom the terms were applied, two or three times coolly asked his antagonist to order his wife either to go home, or hold her tongue. But he paid no attention to the summons; on the contrary he allowed his wife to use more and more abusive language. The fellow, seeing that his antagonist was willing to shelter himself under the "woman's rights doctrine," seized a chair and gave him a blow which made him fall under the table. But the woman was not

* This gentleman is somewhere in one of the New England States, preparing himself for ecclesiastical service.

frightened; on the contrary, she attacked the fellow with a club, but finding that she was not skillful enough to wound him, as the soldier parried every blow, she sprang out and ran into the barracks to call a Turkish guard, to arrest him. But when she entered with the guard, the fellow escaped, so, not finding him in the saloon, she thought that he was probably hid in the garret. As she did not speak the Turkish language, by a sign she made the Turkish officer understand what she thought. I heard the whole attack—the noise of the Turkish guard, but could not understand or hear the sign by which the officer was invited to visit the garret. And as I lay with my head very near to the hole, which was left to mount, I saw nobody, but felt at once the touch of a warm hand upon my forehead. I turned, and saw a Turkish officer, who ordered me to come down. I was determined not to give myself up without resistance. I was loth to leave my place, which commanded those below me. The officer, seeing that my rising was not with the intention to obey, but to resist, seized the plank on the corner of which I was standing, and with a strong grasp of his hand, threw it so violently forward, that I lost my balance, and if he had not been standing in my way, I should have fallen headforemost down to the kitchen, instead of falling on his shoulder. He embraced me; also I embraced him. He tried to get me down, I tried to get him up; and had I succeeded to get him up from the ladder, we should have fallen together. During this contest, the woman, who was standing below, perceived and recognized me, as I appeared in the hole at the top of the ladder, and exclaiming, "For God's sake! it is first lieutenant Bardy!" ran out into the yard and informed the others, who were rolling balls.

In a second the room was filled and the officer seized on every side. They told him I was not the man who beat the woman's husband—that I was a brother of the proprietor, and sick, and that was the reason for which I retired to the garret.

The poor Turk was assaulted with such a storm of hands and tongues, that he seemed to lose his presence of mind. The woman seized him by his coat, saying to him in Hungarian, little caring if he understood or not, "Come! come! this is not the man. I know where he lives. I will guide you, and you may arrest him there." Saying this, she literally dragged the officer, not only out of the room, but through the street.— They were followed by the guard.

I saw clearly that I could no more remain in the garret, and forgot not that if the Turkish officer only had a little shrewdness, he could not fail to conjecture that the person for whose sake the whole town had already been searched and researched, must be myself. I feared that if this thought had not occurred to him yet, he might return and arrest me. So I concluded to leave the garret. Descending, I found below, some thirty or forty of my countrymen, who saluted me with evident signs of mingled gladness, compassion and rage, all uttered in the single word "Bardy!"

"My dear friends," said I, "I understand what you mean, but am not able, or willing to say it. I thank you, and hope you will understand me. What I beg of you is no more and no less than not to speak about me, or if you do, to speak the rumor, that I left Schumla. And now, good bye. We shall yet see ourselves in a land less cursed than this." Saying this, I left the house, followed by Friss, consulting him where we should find a second garret. He told me he had a friend who entertained towards me very sincere pity and respect, from hearing of my tribulations, and that he was living in an isolated spot, with his wife and brother-in-law. He assured me that his friend, Sergeant Erdey, for such was his name, would receive me heartily, and keep the affair strictly secret.

"Well, let us go," said I, "I do not know your friend but I will talk with them, and if he suits my views I will request the favor." After walking a mile, we arrived by hidden paths to the north end of the town. Here we entered a yard, which

was carefully surrounded by wooden fences, leaving the house in the middle, and the gardens, flourishing with various flowers. I found Sergeant Erdey to be a young man of the Protestant school of Hungary, open hearted, witty, not without scientific knowledge, honest in the truest sense of the word, and thoroughly Hungarian and Christian. Men of this type in Hungary, may be expected only from the Protestant school. His wife, a little brunette, full of wit and vivacity, and, sorry to say, sometimes indulging herself in swearing, or using rather equivocal expressions, and which sound repulsively even from the lips of a man. But, for all that, I could now enjoy the free air, could walk in the yard and garden, while Erdey never left me alone to my melancholy thoughts, very naturally my health improved rapidly, and after eight or nine days of my sojourn, I felt strength enough to ascend once more the Balkan, and go to Constantinople on foot. But my friend Salkowszky said it would be better to remain some days yet, for confirming my health.

The Austrian Consul did not give up looking after me, and spies were searching from day to day in the quarters of the Hungarians. Some of them had a hard reward, for my countrymen, as soon as they suspected a man to be looking for me, found also pretext and opportunity to whip him unmercifully,

On the night of the second of May, about eleven o'clock, in the room where myself, Erdey, his wife and her brother—who then was not at home—slept, a guard of Turks entered so noiselessly, that we did not perceive them, until in the room one of them said, “Mum, mum. Light! light!”

“Who are you?” asked Erdey.

“The guard of the Padisha,” (great Lord!) was the answer.

“What do you want?”

“Light.”

“We perceived at once that the guard was informed of my being here, and stole silently into the large room, in order not to give me opportunity to escape. Erdey told me, “My dear

friend, now you are lost. But be quiet and perhaps we may help you yet:" while his wife entreated me with gentle words, contrary to her habit, to pretend to sleep, and leave the rest to her.

The candle was lighted up, and I saw by a furtive glance four men in the room—one the adjutant of Mahommed pasha, whom I knew, who also was acquainted with me—a dervish, and two Arab sergeants with naked cimeters in their hands, one of whom as soon as the room was lit up, took a position over me, and the other near Erdey.

The dervish took the light from Erdey, and after looking him full in the face, said, "This is not the man. This is Blond." Saying so, he approached the bed where his wife was lying. "Well!" cried Erdy, "This is my wife! what will you have there?" The Dervish started back and came to me, touching with his foot, and saying, "kalk! kalk!" Get up! get up. Now the woman entreated me, once more, pretending to speak to her husband—not to move myself, and afterwards said to the Dervish: "What will you have with that man? He is my brother, and a little happy. And when he is tipsy he is a little devilish! So I advise you let him sleep, because if he gets up you will not thank him."

"I don't care," said the Dervish, "if he is the real devil himself! I must look in his face." Saying so, he took me by my shirt and endeavored to awake me. I looked up. He also looked in my face, and kneeling down, he drew from his belt a paper, and holding the candle so near to my face, as to burn my nose, he began to make a comparison between my face and the paper. The reader may imagine that this scene had an aspect rather difficult for description. But when I saw that he recognised me, and every hope was lost, I said to him with a smile, "Wait my dear friend! If you want me I will go." At the same time I seized the pistol, which I had under my pillow. The woman who knew me well and understood what

I meant, sprang out from her bed, like a tigress, whose little ones are assailed by another beast, and seizing the Dervish by his toga, commenced a storm of words so terrible as to astonish all present. "You ruffian! you scoundrel! you soul-seller! will you take my brother away! Stop!" And spitting in his eyes, and hitting him with her foot, she continued, "stop! stop! I shall go with you, and ask the Pasha if he gave orders to arrest; to bring into your hell-like dungeon my harmless brother, while he calmly sleeps. Come you! You the most cursed among the great prophet's priests." Screaming out these and a hundred other words like them all in one breath, with desperate violence, while now and then spitting in his face and giving him a thrust with her little foot; the little Amazon not only disarmed the priest, but brought him into utter confusion. Indeed! I knew not, which of those persons had on the most interesting expression. The priest who was moving himself to and fro like a dog, in a narrow place, anxious to evade a whip. The adjutant who stood motionless with folded arms, in the middle of the room, and seemed by his smiling to enjoy the scene, or the woman, who would have used a hundred hands if she had them, while the two she had seemed to be too much busied in arranging her garments, and whose tongue kept the storm in constant increase! Or the two blacks who turned their bright large eyes here and there. At length the Dervish turned to the adjutant and asked him, "What is to be done here?"

"Nothing!" said the adjutant.

"Nothing!" exclaimed the Dervish, "I am sure the man is Bardy," continued he pointing to me.

"The man is the brother of the woman," said the adjutant, "and cannot be Bardy, because Bardy has no sister."

"As to that I am not sure," said the Dervish, "but let us go and ask the Pasha if Bardy has a sister or not? If he has he must be Bardy, but if he has not, of course he cannot be Bardy."

The adjutant made to me a significant glance before they

left the room. I could not explain to myself his conduct. I saw that he recognized me, but could not understand the reason why he did not order my arrest.

About two or three minutes after they left the room, we heard voices in the yard. The matter was that the Dervish when he left the room, remained in the yard with some of his men, in order that should I be Bardy and attempt to escape, they might catch me. They also silently remained in the yard, while the adjutant was going to ask the pasha if I had a sister or not? During this, Mr. Bako, the real brother of the woman, was coming home, and not willing to disturb the folks by knocking on the yard gate, and unaware that it had been opened by the guard, he mounted the fence and jumped into the yard. At once the soldiers rushed on him and seized him. He protested in vain that he was the brother of the Hungarian woman who resided here. They told him he was a liar, for the brother was in the room. Erdey had now gone out and in Hungarian language informed him of what had happened, and advised him to go with them, and let them believe that he was the man for whom they were looking. The poor fellow was bound like a malefactor, and received some blows too, from the unmerciful people, while they gave them titles no more respectable than his sister gave the dervish.

On the morning dew I left the house, knowing well, that if they should find out that the man whom they had arrested was not Bardy, but the brother of Erdey's wife, they would return, and take me without further ceremony. I was right, because the dervish came, and not finding me, and inquiring in vain, he ordered Erdey to present the man who was lying last night in his room, and who was falsely pretended by his wife to be her brother. He also ordered Erdey and his wife to present themselves before the pasha. Erdey came to me and informed me of the matter. But his wife was not at a loss for a new trick. She said, that if Lieutenant Dienst, one of the Hunga-

rian exiles, would shave his beard, and cut short his moustache, he might pass for myself, for there was such a resemblance between us as would deceive the dervish, who in particular seemed anxious for my arrest. The trick was done, and the woman had opportunity to give anew some beautiful titles to the dervish. He asked her before the pasha, "why did you say that this man was your brother?" pointing to Lieut. Deinst. "Because, if I had not said so, you would have arrested him, and unjustly, as you see now, for he is not Bardy, but a friend of my husband, and I would not like to have him lie a night in your worm infested prison."

"Well," said the priest, "when we arrested your brother, why did you not say that he was your brother?"

"Because, if I had, you stupid and unfaithful as you are would not believe either the one or the other, but would bring both of them into the dungeon."

In short the dervish was so prettily eluded, that he at last asked pardon, for arresting her brother.

On the same day, Erdey came to me and informed me, that the adjutant waited on him, and said, that he had recognised me and was desirous to know my whereabouts, to inform me of some news favorable to me, and asked me if he should let the adjutant know where I was.

I had reason to believe that the adjutant meant me no harm, but in spite of his conduct last night, I had lost every particle of confidence in the Turks. I know them to be good hearted, but not independent, as generally is the case with stupid men. So I told Erdey not to disclose to him my whereabouts.

On the following morning was handed to me a Viennese newspaper. "Die Wanderer." Here I found under the head of the correspondence from Constantinople.

"The rumor about the assassination of the Hungarian leaders was already entirely silent, when by the death of a citizen Bardy it arose anew. This Bardy, it is reported, had some expedition from Constantinople to Schumla, in the transaction of

which he gave proof to what an incredible degree shamelessness may reach. He compromised persons of high standing. Count Sturmer, the Austrian Ambassador at Constantinople; very naturally could not bear the stain on his character. He proceeded against Bardy who was also arrested in Schumla. But the arrested was claimed by Barone Tecco, the Piedmontese Ambassador, as a subject of Piedmonte. The intention was to set him free, but he was found in his prison—dead.”

Two or three days after this news. Count Kostyielszky came to me, and related that he came yesterday from Constantinople, where the Piedmontese Ambassador, the same Baron Tecco told him, that I had embarked for England some ten days ago, after having been his guest for a couple of days! The count also told me that I had nothing to fear from the Turks, for they should not arrest me; and he requested me to go with him to Halim Pasha, who was desirous to speak with me, and would help me to leave Schumla. But I had no more confidence; no more trust in the Turks. I refused to go, requesting the Count not to let them know my whereabouts, which he promised.

At length when they saw that all efforts to persuade me to present myself to the pasha were in vain, and on the contrary, I became more cautious, and every night changed my quarters, Count Kostyielszky came, and brought me a Turkish passport under a false name; also money. He said that whenever I wished, there were Turks, and a horse at my service, and I might leave Schumla. I took the passport and the money, but declined the service of the Turks. I was perhaps wrong, but I could no more trust them. Assuring myself that the passport was genuine, so far as it was ordered in it to let the bearer pass freely, and without molestation, and assist him in case of need. I concluded with my friend Salkowszky to go once more in company. Accordingly on the 10th of June, we left Schumla on horse-back, and in two days arrived at Varna. I went directly to the English consul, who received me

with great satisfaction, and requested me to remain his guest while in Varna. He also told me, when I was through with the account of what had lately befallen me, that he had written letters to Constantinople, both to his minister, and to the Divan. He also advised me not to go by steamboat to Constantinople, as there were always people who might know me, and prove dangerous to me. Accordingly he engaged passage on a Turkish sailing vessel for thirty Hungarians and Poles who were all coming from Schumla, and going to Constantinople.

We had a rather pleasant trip, for there were some Hungarian ladies, wives of officers, who gave spirit to our gloomy mood. Among the ladies was one, by name Julia Banyay, whose father, mother and two brothers, were slaughtered by the most infamous death by Wallacks, which caused her to vow revenge upon this sanguinary race. Leaving the smoking ruins of her forefathers building, she dressed herself in military uniform, and entered service as private in the army of Transylvania, under the command of the late Gen. Bem. This lady, known as Julius Sarossy, was never detected of being a woman. She advanced gradually to the degree of corporal, sergeant, lieutenant and Captain; was loved and respected by every one, who once saw her on the battle field—gained two medals by her bravery and courage. But she was also abhorred by many, because they saw her kill with slow and tormenting death, every Wallack who fell into her hands. She was for a long time undiscovered in Turkey, when at length she presented herself to Kossuth, who knew her as Capt. Sarossy. She revealed to him the secret, giving the reasons for the cruelty with which she had killed, and would kill every Wallachian. She became afterwards the wife of Capt. Matta. But it is a question rather hard to solve "*which* wore the hat?" So much is true, that the wife had three times as much physical strength as her husband, or any other man of ordinary strength. I, for my part, never saw the like.

Scarcely had we weighed anchor in the harbor of Constantinople, when a police officer presented himself, ordering the Captain, not to allow any of the Hungarians or Poles to leave the vessel, before they were examined by the Austrian consul Mihalovich. My companions glanced at me. This told me that they were ready to get up a fight, and perhaps had a little inclination to battle Mr. Mihalovich in the harbor! But I was not willing to let the matter go so far. I intended to lower myself silently into the water by a rope and swim ashore, half a mile distant. The lady of whom I above spoke perceived my intention, and taking me by the hand, said, "stop a minute my dear friend! There is another way; you may go through dry;" and conducting me by my hand to the Turkish Captain, that is, the Captain of the vessel, said to him, "My dear friend, you see the time is late, who knows when this Austrian dog will come? We are entire strangers at Constantinople; in the night with our baggage we cannot look for lodging. So you will be kind enough to allow my husband—here pointing to me—to go with one of his friends to the shore, make arrangements by day light for lodgings, and return in time." The Turk first opposed the request, but when the lady began to exert those magic powers which are given only to woman's eyes, saying that she would remain as a hostage, the Turk could no longer resist. So I, and her real husband lowered ourselves in a boat, and gained the shores of Constantinople.

After this scene I saw no more of this lady. I think she is in Turkey somewhere, and if the present awful condition of Turkey shall open for her a field to war against her terrible foe, she will not fail to do it.

THE CRIME IN ITS NAKEDNESS.

"Oh for a forty-parson power,
To chant thy praise Hypocrisy!"

Putting my feet on the soil of Constantinople, I thought and felt myself not only free, but in a place where I was entitled to, and could rightly claim satisfaction for the innumerable sufferings, to which by Austrian intrigues, the stupidity and indecision of the Turks subjected me. But alas! Matters stood quite differently.

First of all, I came into the hotel where I was residing while at Constantinople, and where I left my good comrades, of whom I could not find a single person. The wife of the proprietor, a fair Hungarian Jewess, met me first, but she received my warm and hearty salute with astonishment and confusion.

"Well!" said I, "What is the matter Madame Adler?"

"For God's sake! Is it you, or your shadow?"

"Both," said I, "when have you seen in such a fine day as this, a body without a shadow, or a shadow without a body?"

"Well, if you are not dead, you had better come with me, and not let yourself be seen by any one else, or you are lost!"

"Why?"

"For two weeks there have been different rumors about you. One says you are dead; another that you are gone to England; a third that you became a mussulman; but the truest report is,

that in my hotel you are inquired for by men whom we know to be Austrian spies.

"Is this all?"

"Yes, this is all, and I advise you, that if liberty is dear to you, you go not into the bar-room. There are many people who know you, and in a couple of hours the Pera and Galata will be full of reports that you have arrived."

During this discourse a young Hungarian, by name, Francisci, came, and perceiving me, nodded mysteriously with his head to follow him. He entered a room, and I followed him.

"My dear Bardy!" said he, "I know you do not know what *fear* is: but you now must know for once what *precaution* is."

"Well!" said I, "what do you mean by that?"

"I mean, that as you know, I gained an amnesty, at the request of my parents, from the Austrian government."

"What else?"

"So I am now the guest of the Austrian Minister, Count Sturmur."

"Enough! Shameful!"

"Let me speak, and afterwards blame me if you can. As the guest of the Austrian Minister, and also as a person who is considered to have returned to fidelity towards his Highness, they gave me some confidence, of which one proof is, that I was ordered to arrest you and escort you to the Austrian Ambassador as soon as I should meet you. Ten thousand piasters and pardon, is the reward of your arrest. And there are men looking anxiously for you. Should one of them meet you, you are lost. You see I advise you as your countryman, and I wish no other reward or thanks, than that you may take care of yourself, and remain entirely *incognito* in some corner, till I, and some good friends of yours shall get together some money to help you leave this territory."

I thanked him heartily for his sincere good will, but could not understand how they could arrest me, though I saw many men

arrested in the street upon the bare word of their accusers. So I thought the best I could do was to go to the old Baron Orban, and hear his opinion.

It was already a little dusk when I moved toward the house of the old Baron. I confess sincerely that I felt very uneasy as I approached the house. The thought, both in the prison and out of it, tormented me many times, that I might have caused some injury to his family, when in my confusion and anger I discovered the old Baron to the Piedmontese Ambassador.

I entered the house, mounting the stairs slowly. Entering the parlor in the same manner, I found here lady Celestina, alone, deeply immersed in thought. "Poor girl!" thought I, while I stood unobserved, and gazing on her, "she is probably in love, and unhappy—I too was in love, my sweetheart was—my fatherland. She is lost, and so I too am unhappy."

"Good evening, Miss Celestina!" saluted I after some moments.

"Ah! Barty!" cried she springing up from the sofa, evidently with the appearance as if to spring out by the window, which was in the rear.

"Well Miss!" said I, "are you disgusted at me?"

"For God's sake!" said she, rather articulating and gazing on me with her large bright wide open eyes—"They said that you were dead."

"They said a lie, my dear Miss, because I live and am hungry and thirsty as a wolf." I dared not move myself forward, for she was all the while yet in a position which told me, that she wished to be as distant from me as possible.

"Well!" said I, "where is your father?"

"Gone out."

"Your mother?"

"The same."

"And you?"

"I am not well to-day, and so remained at home."

"Can you send for your father?"

"Yes! if you wish it," and here she rang the bell.

The servant came in. He was one of my soldiers, and the good fellow scarcely recognizing me, fell on my neck and shoulder, and began to cover me with kisses, so fervently and stoutly laid on, that I feared he would bite off my nose or ear. At last he began to speak. "They told me you were dead, and could I have believed it, indeed I should have shed many tears for you. But I always said: Ho! Ho! Lieut. Bardy is not a man to die like a musquete at the slightest breath of autumn. And I told well."

"Thank you, my dear brother, but now be good enough to go and look for the old Baron, informing him that I am here, and wish to speak with him.

"Well!" said he, "But—let me see—yes. All night. Saying these broken words, he turned out in the greatest confusion. "This is very amusing," thought I, "I am to inspire every one here with horror, surprise and confusion. What could be the matter with this fellow?" Just then he called out: "Lieut. Bardy! will you step down? I want to speak with you."

I came down stairs, where he was standing, looking very suspiciously round him. Putting two of his fingers on his lips he began to speak in a whisper: "Sir you are in a bad place. There are reports that the old Baron is a spy of the Austrian Ambassador, and I do not think it safe for you to come here and speak to him. Do you know that ten thousand piasters are the prize set on your head, as a reward, to him who shall detect and arrest you, and that there are spies in every direction looking for you?"

"Well!" said I, smiling, "Do you also think that the old Baron is an Austrian spy?"

"I think so, because every body says so."

"Also, that he would cause my arrest?"

"Yes sir! Though not directly, but indirectly, because he

fears the Hungarian exiles, who have already given him a few warnings."

I confess my faith was not bad enough to suspect the old Baron of what he was accused, and I thought my countryman was mistaken. And so I told him.

"Well!" said he, "if you do not believe my words now, take care, that when you shall believe them, it be not too late for you. I may go as you command, and inform him. However, I shall not say that you are here, but, that a stranger is come. And I entreat you by every thing that is sacred to you, do not allow the Baron to go out alone; you must go with him, and steal away from him, and never return to this house; or it would be best to leave directly and never come again."

"My dear friend," said I, "I wish to, and I must speak with him. But do not trouble yourself. If there is any reality in what you fear, I shall have enough presence of mind to prevent it."

"Well! One word more! I beg you not to say a single word to Miss Celestina, or to her brother about what I have said. Poor creatures! They will be both sacrificed, if they are not already, to the base avarice of their old father."

The reader, perhaps, like myself, till now, would not even imagine the old Baron could be an Austrian spy. He who had done so much for my fugitive countrymen—who mourned the ignominious death of the Hungarian Generals, executed at Arad, who informed me, *and sent me to Schumla* to say, that there were assassins looking for Kossuth's life! How could he be an Austrian spy? That was a question to answer which I had not enough penetration of mind, nor enough bad faith in humanity. Yet my countryman was right.

I remounted the stairs and found Celestina more quiet now, and no longer frightened. She recounted to me how the whole family were sorry on learning from the Austrian papers of my death, and how they mourned for me as if I had been one of

their family. I also in my turn communicated to her some things of my adventures which I thought would please her.

Now we heard the approaching steps of the old Baron, who with his usual authority, in measured paces, advanced and opened the door, always a yard wider than any other person would do.

When he entered and learned who I, the stranger was, he almost lost his presence of mind, and exclaimed, "Bardy! you here?"

"Yes sir, I am here."

"Unhappy man! You are lost! Quick, quick, hide yourself in any part or corner of this house. Hide yourself or else you will be lost."

"Why? What is the matter?" asked I not without surprise at his confounded manner and language, which generally are so unbecoming to men of his years.

"Well! you know that the Austrian Minister is well aware that you are not dead, nor yet out of Turkey, and that you are all the while yet wandering on this territory?"

"I wonder not at this, sir!" said I, "I should wonder if the Austrian Ambassador believed that I was dead before having had satisfaction upon him. I should wonder if he should only imagine, I might leave Turkey before I had this satisfaction."

"Satisfaction!" exclaimed he, "What are you about? Who shall give you satisfaction? Don't you know that the Divan concluded to hand you over to Austria?"

"I know it. But I know too that the Pasha of Schumla sent me passports, and money, and ordered horse and men to accompany me here."

"Is that possible?"

"It is *certain*, not *possible*, sir!"

"And so, what do you intend to do?"

"To ask satisfaction from the Divan, and if they deny me, from the Grand Turk himself, when he is going on Sunday into the Church, though my head fall in this endeavor."

"My dear friend, you cannot have satisfaction. But you will be arrested as soon as you present yourself by day-light in the street. And if you resist, you will be beaten to death, as poor Loschi was. Don't you know there is a reward for your head of ten thousand piasters?"

"I heard of it, and think this is rather a heavy sum for Austria to pay, in her miserable financial condition. Generally, they pay a dollar and a half per head."

"Well," said the Baron, but constantly confused in his manner, "the best you can do is to remain here concealed in my house. Go not out — and by the next steamboat you may go to England."

"I am much obliged to you for your kind offer, and as soon as I shall need it, I will avail myself of it. For the present, let me go to the Piedmontese ambassador, and hear what he shall say."

"He will not protect you. I can assure you on this point. May be, he will order your arrest, as you have violated one of the diplomatic body, to which he also belongs. His official duty is to prosecute the offender, as much as if the offence had been perpetrated on his own person. I advise you, as your father, to remain here silently and secretly. We will find means to save you, but if you go out you are not safe a single minute."

"Eh! my dear baron," said I, a little resenting the opinion he had of the Piedmontese Minister, who, at least as a man, was one of the best-hearted and most honest men in the world. "I have not yet lost my courage entirely, nor am I afraid to look once more into the face of danger and death. I will go, and I will go now."

"You will arrive too late," said he. "Ten o'clock is past."

"The ministers generally do not retire before eleven — so I have yet an hour."

The young Orban, son of the Baron, arrived during our discourse, and saluted me with that noble and sincere fervor which

belongs only to the immaculate age of youth. And now, he volunteered to accompany me, in spite of the wishes of his father. He took down a tomahawk* from the wall, and brandishing it in the air, said, "If any man attempt to arrest him, I myself shall be there!" Also the servant, arming himself with the same kind of weapon, could not be persuaded or ordered to desist from following me.

We proceeded to the residence of the Piedmontese minister, leaving the old baron with the promise that in an hour we should return.

When we arrived at the dwelling I requested my companions to enter the Italian coffee house opposite the residence of the minister, and wait for me there. I presented myself to the usher, to report that I was desirous to speak with His Excellency.

"Too late — nobody can be admitted to-night," said the usher, in the contemptuous tone used when he spoke to people in garments like mine.

"Take my name up, my dear fellow, and you will see that there is some one who will be admitted," said I, handing him my name on a card.

He gazed on me rather doubtfully, and afterwards obeyed. In a few minutes afterwards I was permitted to enter, and found the minister on the stairs, with a burning candle in his hand.

"*In nome di Dio!*" — for God's sake! — exclaimed he. "Is it you?"

"Yes, sir; it is myself."

"Well; come up stairs."

I followed him, and when we entered the cabinet, he turned towards me, looked on me for some moments without uttering

*The tomahawk is a weapon very familiar to the Hungarians. There is a class of people who manage it with incredible skill. Whoever has not seen them, would scarcely believe that they can kill a swine from fifteen to twenty paces, by throwing this instrument into the neck of the animal, in such a manner that it utters not a single cry!

a word — but I saw that he was full of compassion for me. “Well,” said he, at length, “please sit down.”

I obeyed.

“And now,” said he, “will you tell me minutely every event and accident that has happened to you?”

“Yes sir;” and here I related what the reader already knows.

“My dear friend,” said he, after I had concluded my story, “you are like a blind man, who fancies he is walking on a smooth, level plain, and goes straight forward, though here and there are yawning depths, and a single step may bring him into eternity! But he is not afraid, because he does not see the graves of death, but goes straight forward, while his destiny or fate guides his steps so fortunately that his feet never come over the depth. That has been your destiny, or fate, till you came here.”

“*Providence*,” I suggested to his Excellency.

“Well, Providence was favorable to you till now; but how far it shall favor you, is a great question.”

“While I remain in the path of honesty.”

“Well,” said he, “this is a dogma, on which I am indisposed to dispute, pro or con. I only want to say to you, that you have managed in these whole transactions, like a blind man. And now I ask you, if you know what was the purpose of the Austrian ambassador in sending these men to Schumla?”

“To bring Kossuth here, dead.”

“Dead or alive little matters. If once in their hands, he certainly could not live. But how, and what was the way, to carry out this infamous plan?”

“I do not know certainly, but, as their weapons indicated, it was by open and desperate assault.”

“On the contrary,” said the minister, “the baron and Turaczy did not reveal the secret, in order to save Kossuth. They did not send you to him to inform him.”

“For what, then?” asked I.

"To intimidate him—to entreat him—to persuade him to prevent the approaching, and seemingly unavoidable danger, *by escape.*"

"Well, is not that the same as to save him?"

"No; this is the same as to bring him within reach of their sabres and muskets, in such a place that they could cut him or them in pieces with impunity, or even without the shadow of a suspicion.

"I do not understand your Excellency."

"Well, did they not tell you that fourteen *Serezaners* were going to Schumla?"

"Yes, they did."

"To assassinate Kossuth, Meszaros, Dembinszky and Batthyany?"

"Yes."

"That you must persuade and entreat them *to escape?*"

"Yes."

"That they would furnish passports in case of need?"

"Yes."

"Yes," re-echoed he, "the old Baron and Turaczy, as we all were well aware, after Kossuth had found the Divan not independent enough to protect him against the unlawful, base and inhuman claims of Russia and Austria, after he found out that in the most favorable case, his lot could be no other than "detention for life," very naturally he would become not only willing, but anxious to elude in some way his impending, mournful lot. And for this there was no other possibility, than by escape. The Austrian Government being aware of this disposition of Kossuth, planned to turn this circumstance to their account. So you were sent to Schumla to intimidate him, while by you and by others he was courteously informed, that he might have passports if he wished. But all these orders came from the combined source of the infamous plot. Had Kossuth embraced one of these offers and attempted to escape, he would not have reached a quarter of the distance between Schumla

and Varna, before he would have fallen into the hands of these men, forty-five in number, under the command of one of the Austrian agents, for they were alert in that direction. But neither Orban, nor Turaczky mentioned it to you.

Suppose Kossuth had attempted to escape, you naturally would have followed him, and fallen with him. So this infamous plot would have remained forever secret. Austria, the secret assassin, would then raise her voice, and demand an account of the person of Kossuth, for whose safety the Divan was responsible, while Kossuth would have been believed to have fallen in some accidental death, ungratefully deserting the hospitality of the Sultan. Had the Baron and Turaczky surmised that you should disclose to me their names, they would never have informed you, nor sent you to Schumla. And this little accident ruined the whole infernal plot! I and the English Ambassador, seizing the thread of the intrigue, which you gave into my hands, succeeded in discovering the whole conspirators, and the plan by which it was to be executed, and destroyed it entirely. Under existing circumstances you became a very important being in the eyes of the Austrian Government, and unaware or regardless of your own position, instead of avoiding the slightest contact with the Austrians, you gave them cause to prosecute you as an assassin, and to reclaim you from the Divan, as an Austrian deserter. I heard of your precarious condition in Schumla; knowing that your existence affected much the Austrian Minister, also that this gentleman had some interest to make you silent forever. So I turned myself to the Divan, presented the original passport, emanating from my Government at Nizza Maritima, with which you came here, in virtue of which I reclaimed you as a Piedmontese subject. But they told me you *evaporated* from the hospital, and they did not know your whereabouts. Shortly after, I heard of your arrest at Varna, and I repeated my claim to the Divan. The Divan, after the English Minister and myself

had declared to them plainly, that if they handed you to Austria, to be hanged, we should denounce them before the Sultan and the whole world, as having consigned to his enemies' hangman the man who saved their honor. The Divan at last said that they would find some pretext to save you, but dared not refuse directly the claims of the Russian and Austrian ambassadors. Hence the rumor in the newspapers that you are dead and buried. While I, unaware of this trick of the Turks, spread and stated that you had departed for Europe, in order to lessen or annul the vigilance of the Austrian spies. But in spite of all these rumors, the Austrian ambassador knows that you are not dead, nor gone, and there are the strictest measures taken to detect you. God be loved, till now you have fortunately escaped, and I hope you are now entirely safe, providing you do not put your foot out of my doors while at Constantinople."

"Well, sir," said I, being not a little affected at what I had heard, "I promised to Baron Orban to return to him this evening."

"What!" exclaimed he, "Have you already been there?"

"Yes, I have."

"Unhappy man, do you not know that he is thoroughly an Austrian spy?"

"Your Excellency is the second person who has told me the same."

"And there will be one hundred of us who will say the same. He is acknowledged and considered by every respectable man as such."

"Sad enough, to find such a kind of a man," said I. "But his son and servant are waiting for me in the coffee-house opposite."

"Let them go." Here he rang the bell, and gave order to his servant to cross the street and inform the young man whom he knew as young Baron Orban, that Mr. Bardy was gone by the back door.

"And now," said I, "can I not have satisfaction for these injuries and sufferings to which I have been unjustly subjected?"

"No, my dear friend. If you give any sign of your existence, you will compromise the Divan, who officially stated that you are dead and buried, while the Austrian ambassador, as you lie very heavily on his heart, will once more use the pretext by which you were persecuted. But even suppose that you should come not into the Austrian, but into the Turkish prison during your trial, they could and would find means to send you into mute eternity. You can do nothing else than wait here quietly in my house, till an opportunity shall present itself to embark for England. For you are not safe on the Turkish territory. If you shall once be in a free land, you may write your history, and people who are able to appreciate self-sacrifice and virtue will give you satisfaction, as well as your own conscience."

Here we closed the conversation, for the night was late, or rather morning early, and retired to bed. The reader may well imagine that I was so much affected in relation to the old Baron Orban, that it had shaken my entire faith in the human race.

On the following morning I found an entirely new suit of clothes, and my old garments missed. I saw this was the preventive doings of the minister, and dressing myself like an American or Parisian dandy, I was invited to breakfast. During this, the minister related my story to his beautiful and good wife, which caused no little sensation in the officers of the Embassy, who were also present.

"Well," said the minister, when we two remained at the table, "I know now your character perfectly well, I know also your feelings, which perhaps one minute are calm, but the next breaks out with violence. So I thought," continued he, smiling, "I would give orders to my servants, that should you wish to go out, they must resist it, even with force! I am not sure whether you would bring Count Sturmer to me, as you

brought the Austrian Consul to Kossuth, and I am not very desirous to see him; for I and the English minister Stratfort Canning, lately presented a note to the Divan, wishing the immediate dismissal of His Excellency, as we could not serve with a man of his stamp.*” He also gave orders to the servants, that if the old Baron should inquire after me, he must be told that I was gone.

Among other less important matters, the ambassador also related to me, that Baron Orban had recently gained a very favorable verdict in his law-suits, which was directly to be attributed to the Austrian ambassador. He affirmed also that he has more than enough proofs to state publicly that the old Baron was in the secret service of Austria.

I had now rather a comfortable sojourn, after incessant wanderings, imprisonment and sickness. It entirely established my health. At last an opportunity came to embark for England.

Captain Antonio Copola, proprietor of the merchant vessel, *Washington*, from Chiaveri,† to whom the minister introduced me, with a short sketch of my tribulations, received me with the greatest pleasure. He declared at the same time to the minister, that all his property was his vessel, but could he bring Kossuth and his companions out from the Turkish captivity, and land them on the shores of the free America, he would with pleasure see the next minute his vessel go to pieces and would be willing to become a penniless old beggar. Accordingly I embarked on the 20th of June, and after a lonesome and tiresome voyage of seventy-three days, we were compelled by adverse winds to enter the bay of Cork, in Ireland—instead of Liverpool, which was our destination. This was on the morning of the 5th of September, 1850.

* And in fact he was shortly afterward dismissed, and probably was rewarded by Austria with a cross or star, as Haynau was for the high merit of having peacefully suffered the blows inflicted by the men and women of Barkley & Perkin's brewery, in London.

† Situated near the city of Genoa, on the Mediterranean shores—a fine ship-building place.

For me now remains but a few words to say. These are, that beside the testimonials which I here append to this volume, I invoke Almighty God as my witness, that what I have here written, literally so happened; that this volume is not a fabrication, but history—no fiction, but the real picture of human life. To judge whether I deserve more blame, or praise, for my management, I leave entirely to the public. For myself, I am convinced that I have done the best under such a temperament and condition of mind and heart as mine were and are. And I finally add, that after I deserted the Austrian flag I became persuaded that there are sometimes greater monsters in citizen garments than in Austrian or Russian uniforms, in which alone I was accustomed to seek and find them. I became persuaded that there are Jesuits covered with citizen garments, who are more dangerous to humanity than those who wear their long black *reverenda*. And I became persuaded that there are citizens professing themselves Democrats and Republicans, and Christians, while they are more base tyrants than corporals of the Austrian army—more base Pagans than the so-called Mohammedans.

But now I bid good-bye to my reader, wishing him in his daily devotion to raise to the Almighty this, my most fervent prayer, "From Tyrants, Sattellites and Jesuits, good Lord, deliver us."

(COPY.)

This is to testify, that the bearer, Mr. Rudolph Bardy, now an exile, is a Hungarian officer, brave, of undaunted personal courage, and warmly devoted to his native land, and its freedom and independence, to whom also I feel personally indebted, for his having opposed, according to his best abilities, against a malignant plot of ustrian enemies, against myself during

my stay in the Turkish Empire, by which, and other daring acts, he has particularly signalized himself to the hatred and persecution of that dynasty which so treacherously oppressed my fatherland.

[L. S.]

LOUIS KOSSUTH, mp.

Washington City, 15th April, 1852.

(COPY.)

Mr. Rudolph Bardy has rendered a valuable service to Governor Kossuth, by discovering a plot planned by Mr. Jazmagy, presently Austrian Consul at Kutaia. Mr. Bardy was arrested on the charge of insulting the Austrian Consul, and may be thankful for his liberty, as well to his own courage as to the attachment of some of his countrymen—also to the generous intervention of His Excellency, Baron Tecco, Sardinian Minister at Constantinople.

FRANCIS PULSZKY.

London, January 18th, 1851.

(COPY.)

We, the undersigned, companions of Governor Louis Kossuth, exiles, do hereby testify, that Rodolph Bardy, First Lieutenant of the Piedmontese Hungarian Legion, is the very person who discovered an infamous plot planned against the Governor's life, while in the Turkish Empire.

* * * * *

Finally, we testify, that Mr. Rudolph Bardy is the very person who, in the year 1850, was reported and published in the

European papers as dead and buried. We beg to recommend him to the friends of history, and of historical truth.

Chicago, Nov. 28th, 1851.

JOSEPH BRICK, Mayor.

ANTHONY TAKACS, Capt.

STEPHEN BUKOVICH, Captain.

and thirty others.

ERRATA.

CORRIGE

Page.	Line.		
15	10	Laseiatelo.	Lasciatelo.
18	30	Cassellibz.	Castellitz.
43	9	Jesu.	Jesus.
46	24	Proposit, disposit.	Proponit, disponit.
<i>id.</i>	28	Tract.	Track.
<i>id.</i>	30	Marshal.	Martial.
51	2	Castellibz.	Castellitz.
75	14	L	Io.
<i>id.</i>	27	Vagyor.	Vagyok.
95	<i>last.</i>	4 miles.	$\frac{1}{4}$ mile.
132	10	Without.	With.
136	20	Otuer.	Otur.

